BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1933

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STRANGE CHAPTERS
IN HISTORY
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPLETE HOME SECTION IN THIS ISSUE
THE COMING PARIS FASHIONS SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED

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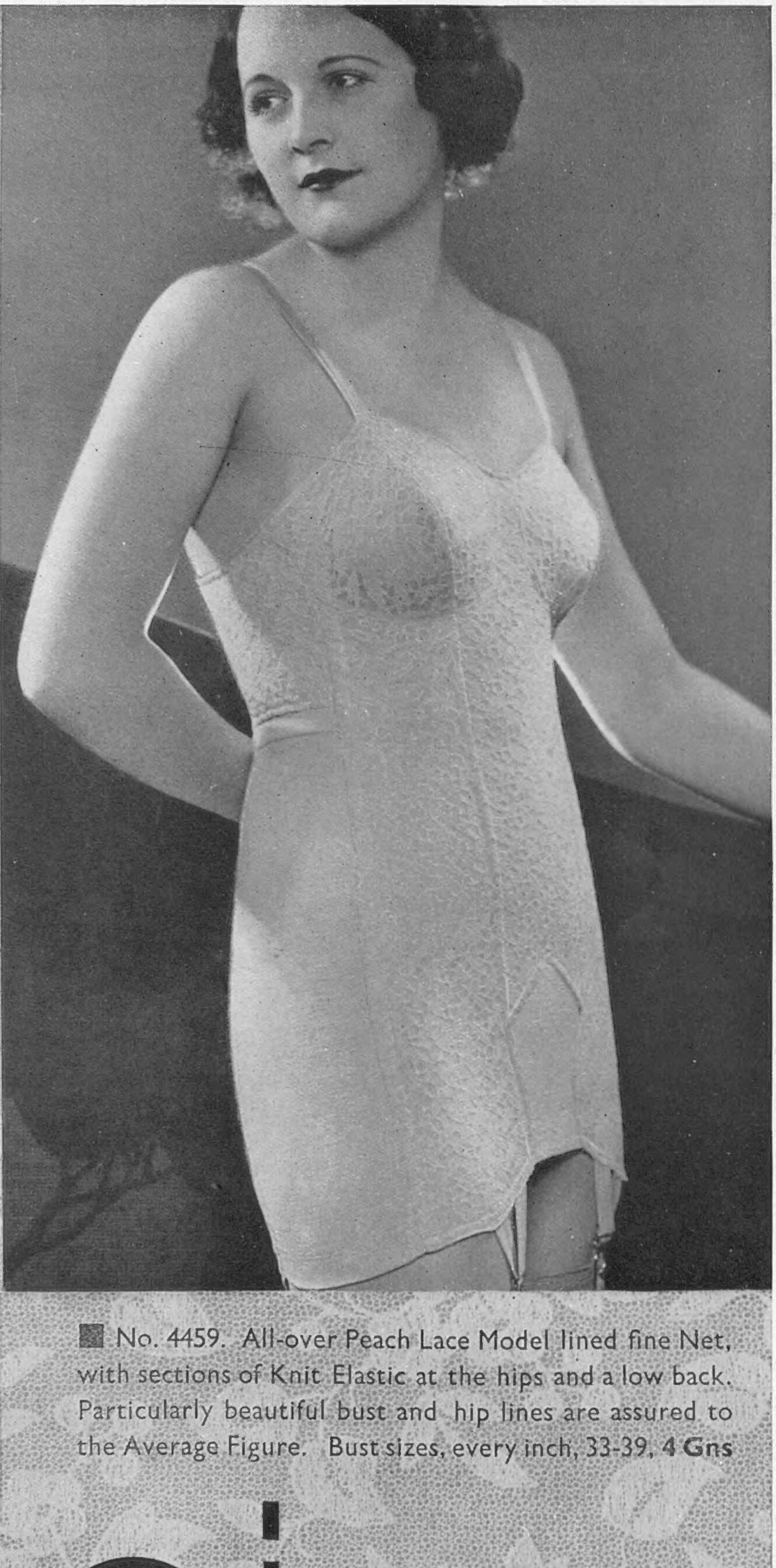

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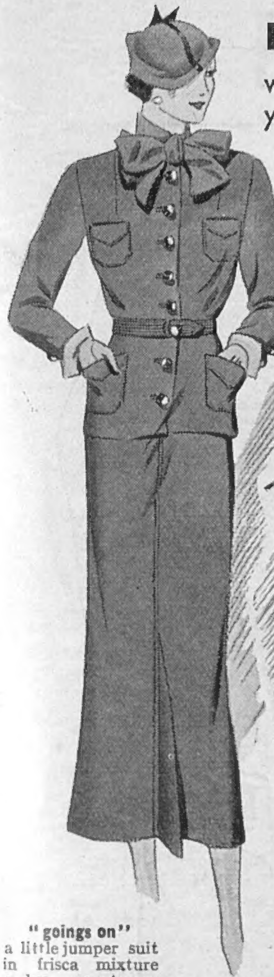
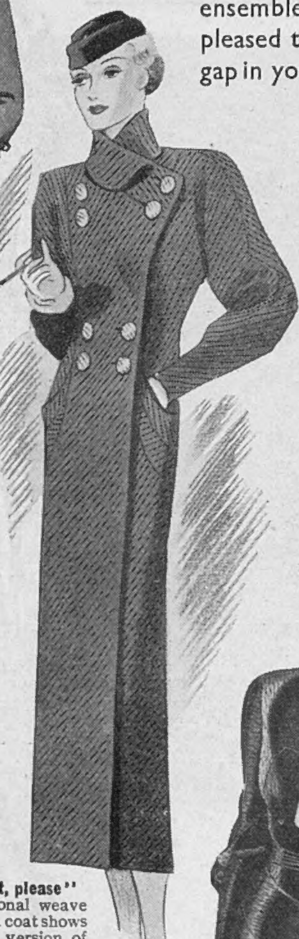
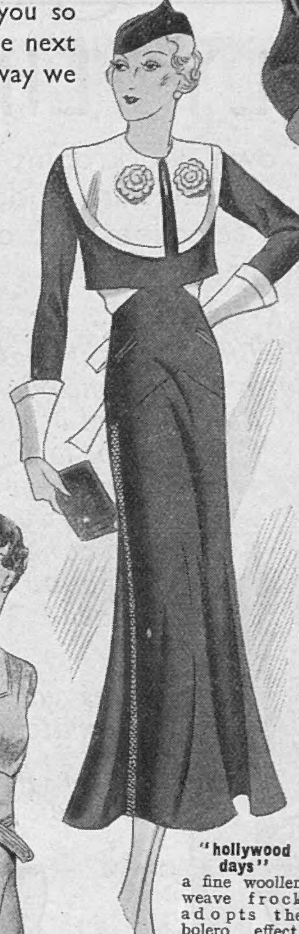


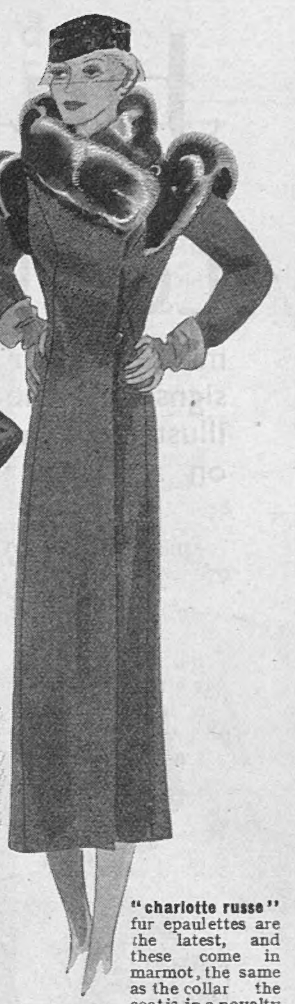
"goings on"
a little jumper suit in frisca mixture makes expert use of buttons. four pockets and a scarf collar are notable.
4 gns.



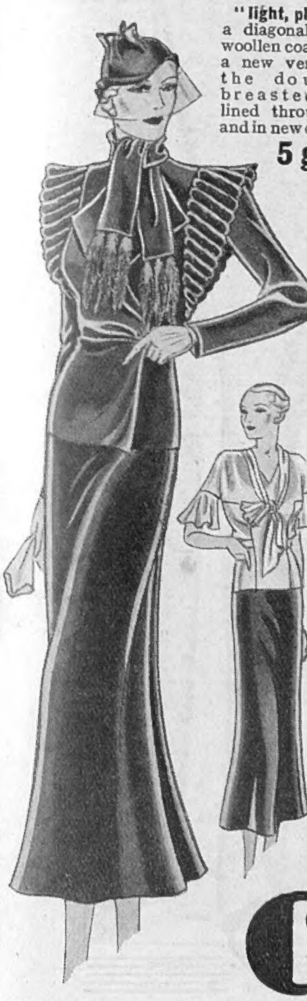
"light, please"
a diagonal weave woollen coat shows a new version of the double-breasted style. lined throughout, and in new colours.
5 gns.



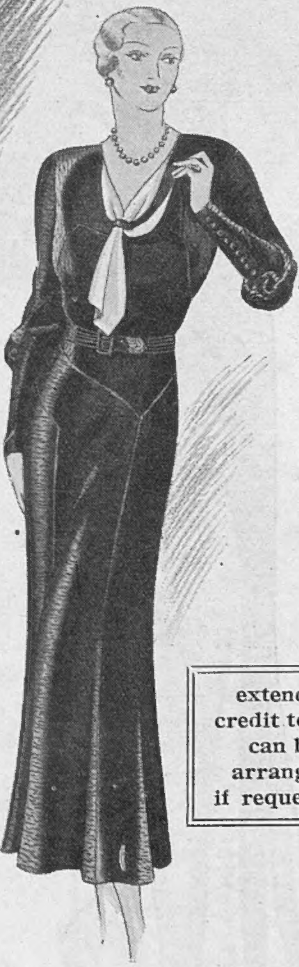
"hollywood days"
a fine woollen weave frock adopts the bolero effect. the gauntlet cuffs and cape collar are in crêpe. seasonable shades.
6 gns.



"charlotte russe"
fur epaulettes are the latest, and these come in marmot, the same as the collar the coat is in a novelty cloth. lined throughout.
8½ gns.



"her going away"
(at left)
a costume in coating velvet displays the broad shoulder line and a scarf collar trimmed with mink tails. blouse is of satin.
10½ gns.



"the interview"
wind-swept crêpe back satin is an elegant medium for this matron's afternoon gown, which adopts modified puffed sleeves. exclusive colourings.
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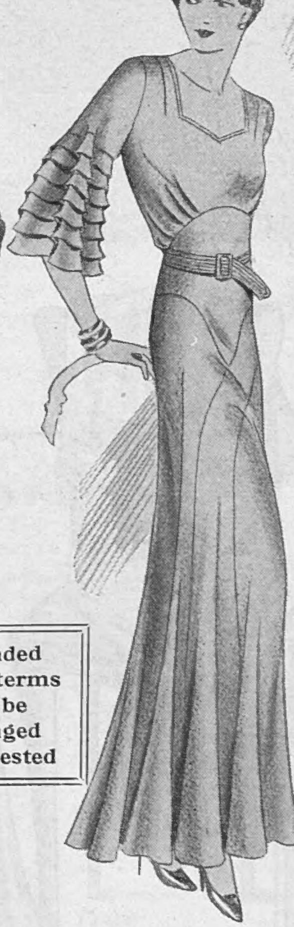
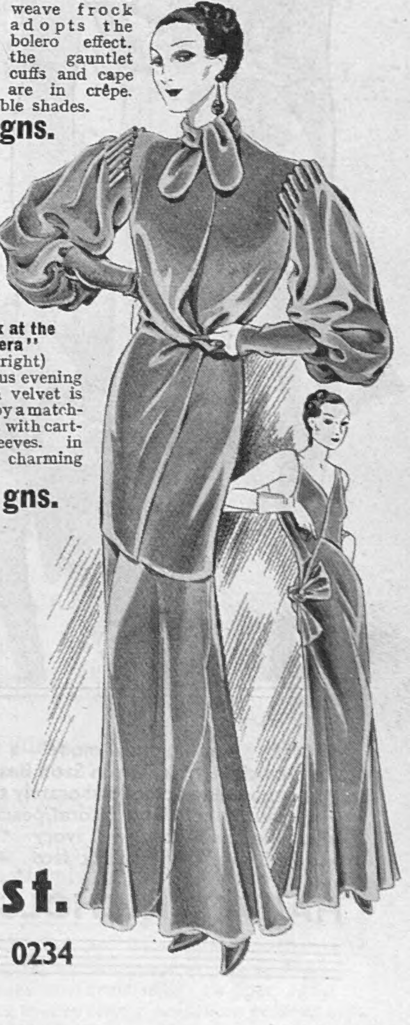


"what about bridge"
in delicious "dusty" pink and other shades you may choose this pebble crêpe afternoon gown with tiered sleeves and latest neckline.
5 gns.



"box at the opera"
(at right)
a gracious evening gown in velvet is topped by a matching coat with cartridge sleeves. in many charming colours.
8½ gns.

(dept. b.70)

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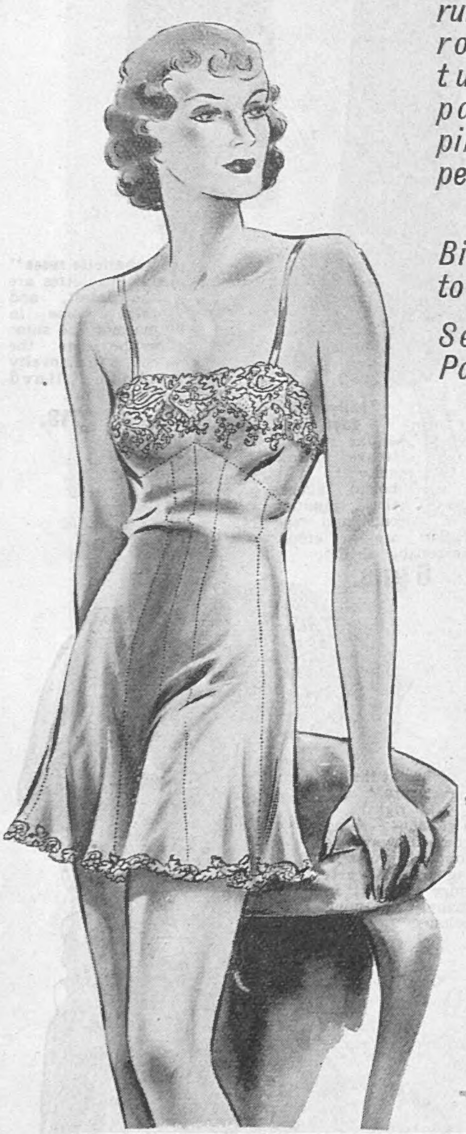
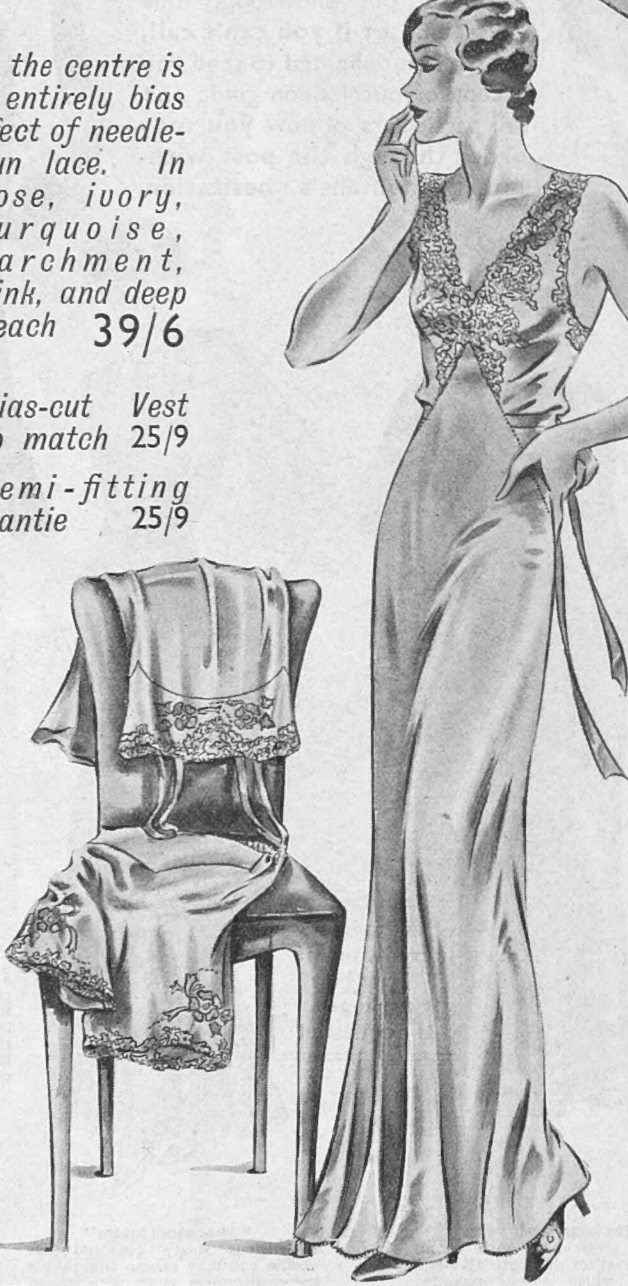
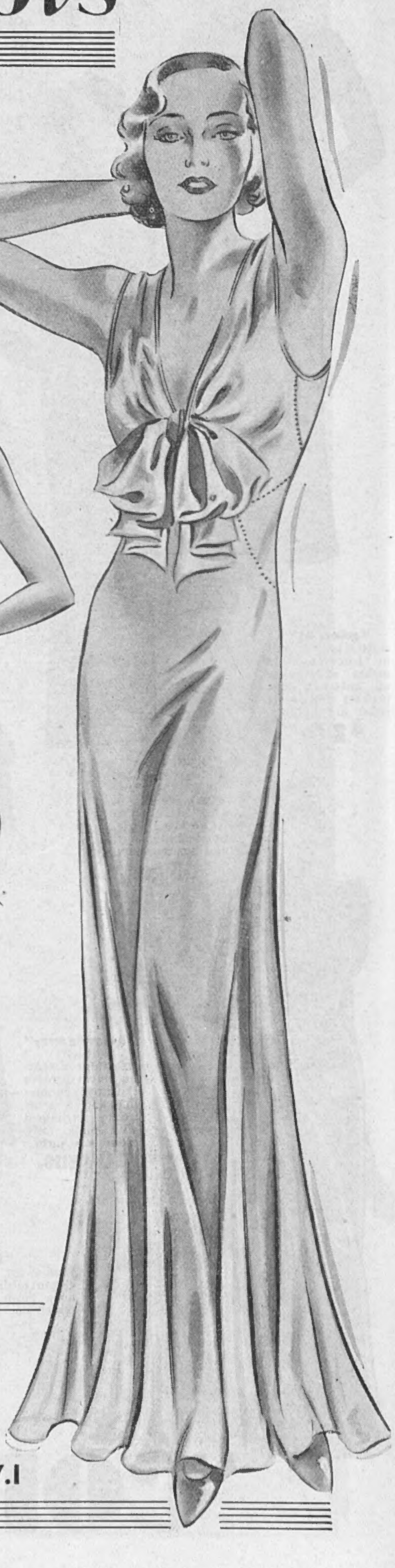
THE NIGHTDRESS in the centre is in pure Satin Beauté, entirely bias cut, with butterfly effect of needle-run lace. In rose, ivory, turquoise, parchment, pink, and deep peach 39/6

Bias-cut Vest to match 25/9

Semi-fitting Pantie 25/9







ABOVE: Another new model—a backless Cami-knicker in rich rayon Satin Beaute, the figure-moulding bodice elaborately trimmed with beautiful ecru lace. In coral, peach, parchment, pink and ivory with ivory lace, and black with black lace 29/6

ON RIGHT: Elegant simplicity is expressed in this new Model Nightdress. Perfectly cut and made in our own workrooms in the lovely diaphanous material CREPE SUZETTE—peach, ivory, flame, eau de nil, turquoise, lemon, pink and black 69/6

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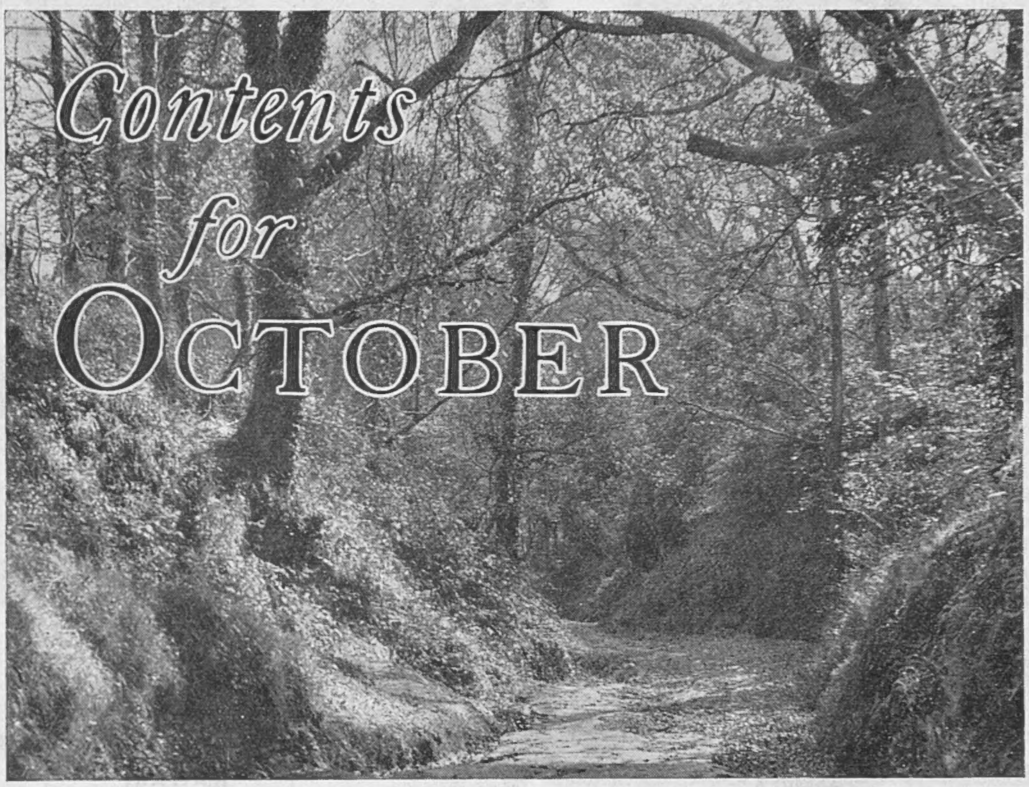
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 7, No. 4. OCTOBER, 1933



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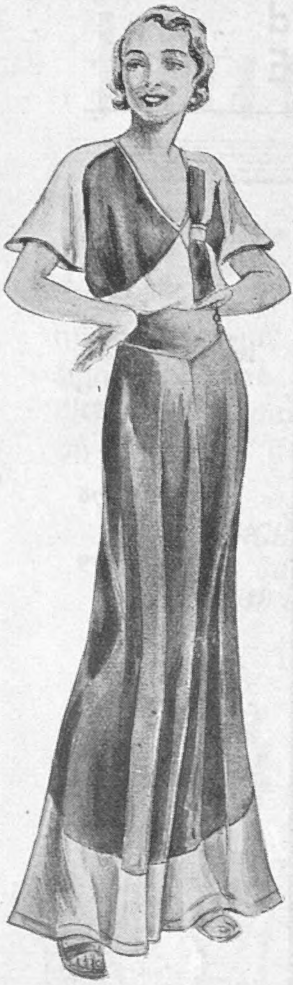
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 128. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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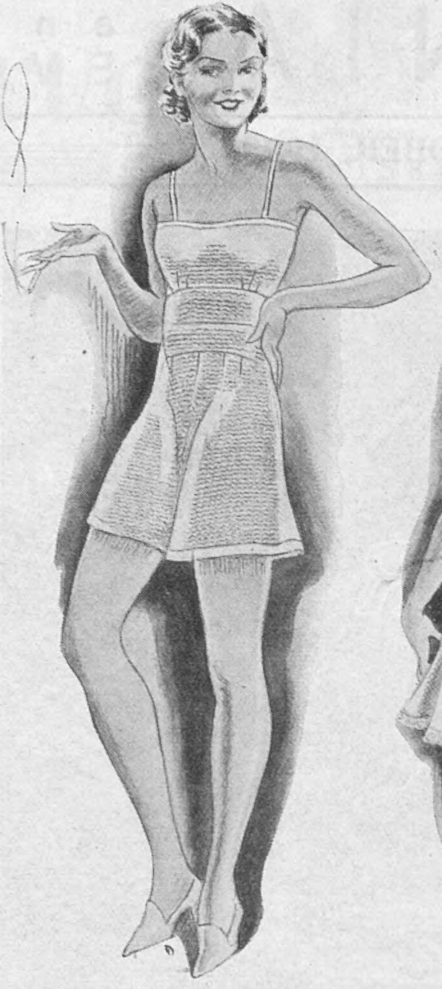

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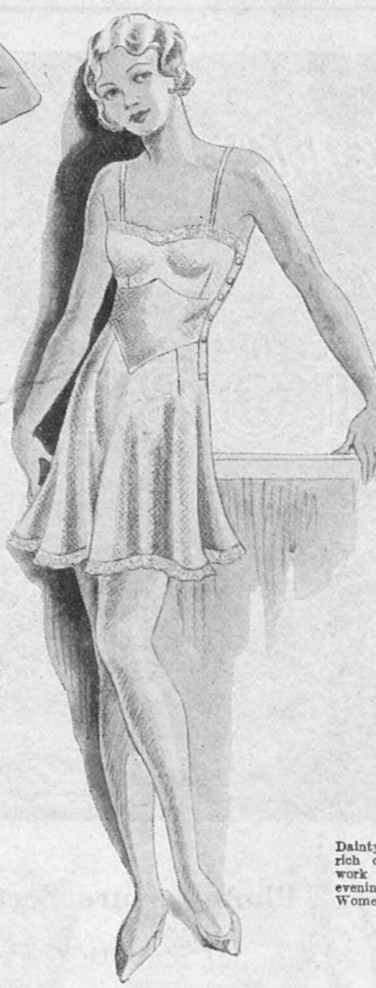

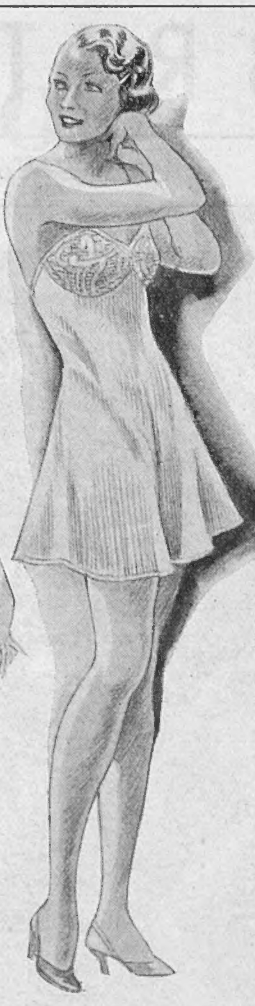

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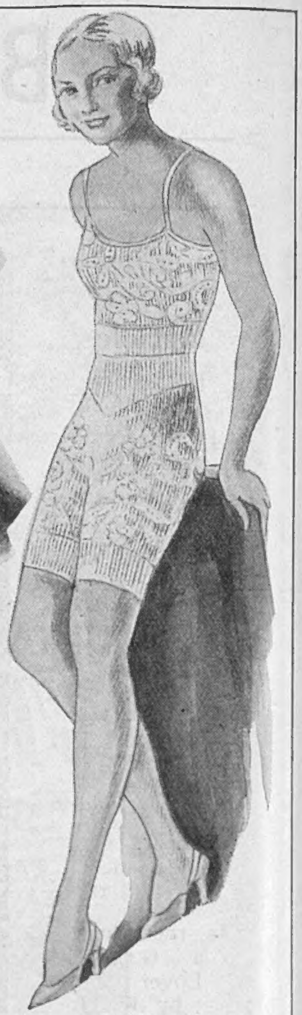

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Vest ...	**29/6**
Pantees ...	**25/9**

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"MARTINE"
Charming Cami-knickers in open, fine mesh, daintily trimmed Valencies lace, snug fitting at waist and bust. Colours: Pink, Ivory and Peach.
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"WYNYAD"
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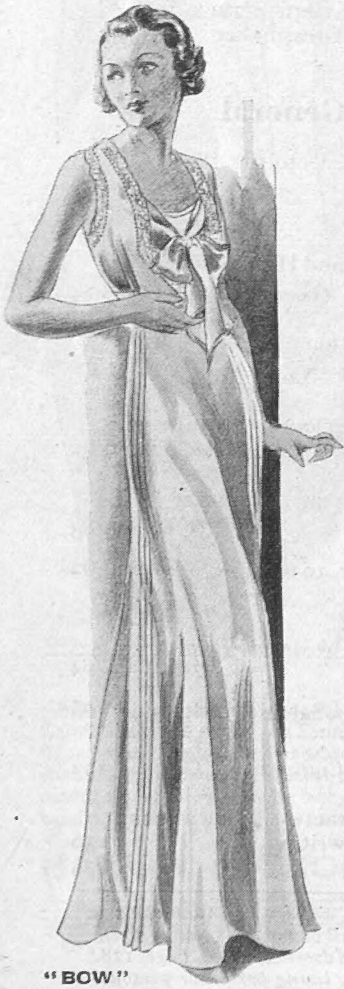

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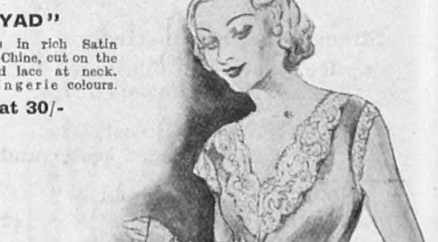
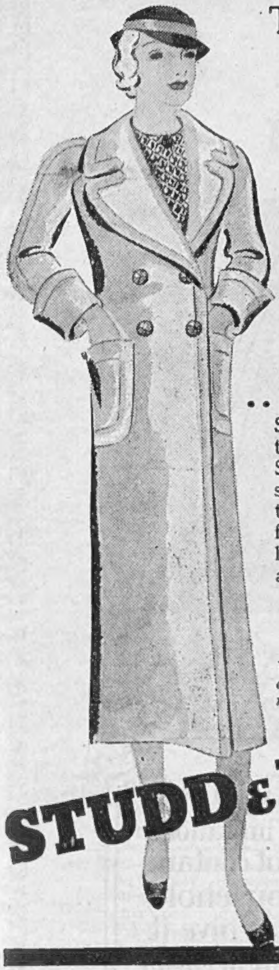


"WYNYAD"



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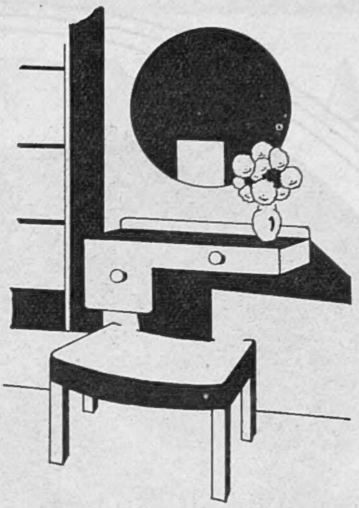

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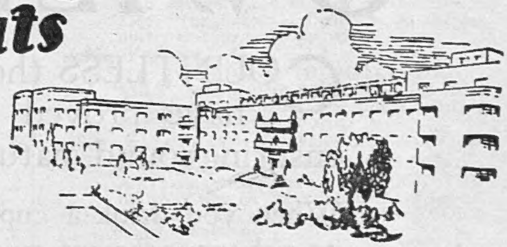

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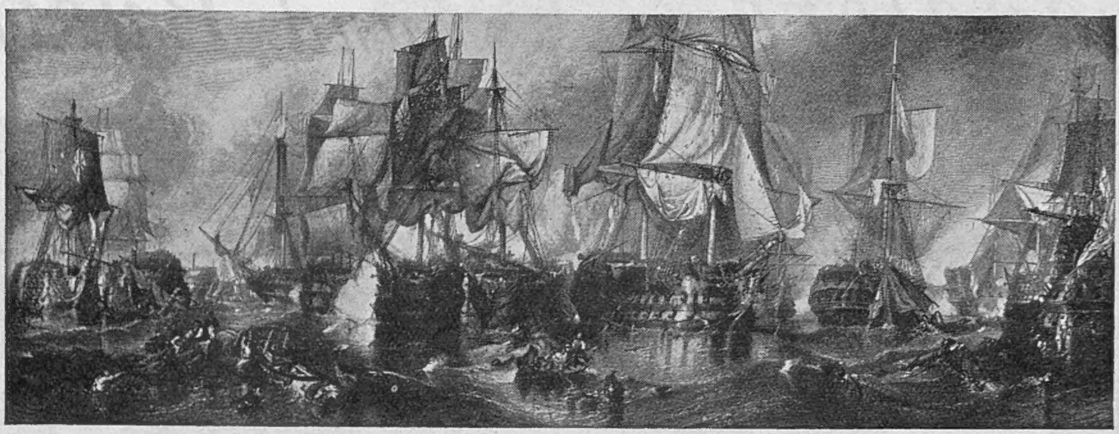
BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for October 1933



"The Battle of Trafalgar," October 21st, 1805. *From the famous painting by C. Stanfield, R.A. The original picture is now at the Royal United Club.*

1st, SUNDAY. — *Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

1st, Sun.—A "mixed bag" on this day. Pheasant shooting begins. On this day in 1609 PIERRE CORNEILLE, French dramatist and Molière's forerunner, was born. GARIBALDI in 1860 won one of his fiercest battles against the Royalist troops in Southern Italy.

2nd, MONDAY.
MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG, Grand Old Man of Germany and creator of the almost impregnable Hindenburg Line, was born 1847. The line was held by the Germans for nearly two years. Burnham Beeches opened to the public in 1883.

3rd, TUESDAY.
FERDINAND, KING OF BULGARIA, abdicated in favour of his son Boris in 1918 on his country's failure in the war. He retired to Germany.

4th, WEDNESDAY.
HENRY CAREY, reputed to have been the composer of the National Anthem, died in London in 1743. ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, the "radiant pauper," died in 1226 in a borrowed cloak, having given his own to a beggar.

5th, THURSDAY.
Three years ago this day the *R101* crashed near Beauvais, France, while on a flight to India. LORD THOMSON, Air Minister, and SIR SEFTON BRANCKER, Director of Civil Aviation, and 46 others lost their lives in the disaster, which shocked the world and ended Britain's airship-building programme.

6th, FRIDAY.
MR. JOE CHAMBERLAIN proposed "Tariff Reform" at Glasgow in 1903. It was nearly thirty years later that his son Neville, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, carried out his father's ideas.

7th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 7.11. *Sun sets* 6.24. *Lighting up time* 6.54 *B.S.T.*
EDGAR ALLAN POE, founder of the modern detective thriller, died in 1849. A drug and drink addict, his last words were "Lord help my poor soul!"
Put your clocks back one hour before you go to bed.

8th, SUNDAY.—*Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.*

8th, Sun.—Summer Time ends officially at 2 a.m. Summer this year has been the best for a whole century.

9th, MONDAY.
Twelve jurymen on this day in 1791, "maddened" by hunger from being shut up to consider their verdict, smashed open the door of their room and went home to dinner.

10th, TUESDAY.
Fiji, Crown British Colony, was annexed in 1874. Cook, who found Australia and thus made cricket Tests possible, was the discoverer of Fiji.

11th, WEDNESDAY.
The day in 1893 of the only dead heat in the Cesarewitch, the race called after Cesarevitch Alexander, afterwards Alexander II, who was then (in 1839) in England.

12th, THURSDAY.
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, Prime Minister, born in 1866. He is thus 67 years old on this day. He was President of the "Wurrrruld" Economic Conference held in London a few months ago and which "flopped" badly.

13th, FRIDAY.
An unlucky day for the French town of Lille. It fell into the Germans' hands on this day in 1914. They kept it till late in the autumn of 1918.

14th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.23. *Sun sets* 5.8.
Lighting up time 5.38 *G.M.T.*
What every schoolboy knows—the anniversary of the Battle of Hastings. But few know that it was on this day that the Coldstream Guards were in 1856 ordered to shave off their beards. Since when no Coldstreamer has worn one.

15th, SUNDAY.—*Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

15th, Sun.—Poet VIRGIL born in 70 B.C. near Mantua. In more recent years the anniversary of G. Bernard Shaw's declaration that the "unvenerable institutions" of Oxford and Cambridge "should be razed to the ground."

16th, Monday.
SIR AUSTEN "LOCARNO" CHAMBERLAIN born in 1863. Son of the famous Joe "Tariff Reform" Chamberlain. Foreign Secretary in 1924 and prime figure in the Locarno pact.

17th, Tuesday.
PATRICE MAURICE MACMAHON, Marshal of France, son of an Irish family exiled for its loyalty to James II, died in 1893.

18th, Wednesday.
LORD PALMERSTON, great autocrat, one dismissed from Premiership of England, but twice its Prime Minister, died in 1865. He loved cards, horse-racing and society, but hated smoking.

19th, THURSDAY.
DEAN SWIFT, of *Gulliver's Travels* fame, died in a helpless lethargy of brain disease. Was Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

20th, FRIDAY.
GRACE DARLING, heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse rescue, died in 1842. It was the same date in 1784 that LORD PALMERSTON was born.

21st, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.35. *Sun sets* 4.54. *Lighting up time* 5.24 *G.M.T.*
Battle of Trafalgar and the death of its immortal hero NELSON.

22nd, SUNDAY.—*Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

22nd, Sun.—CAPT. MAYNE REID, son of a Presbyterian minister, who served with the U.S. Army in the Mexican war of 1847, died. He put his war adventures into thrilling adventure novels.

23rd, MONDAY.
Metropolitan Opera House, New York, "goal" of would be opera "stars" and "goal," during the season of New York's upper few hundreds, was opened in 1883.

24th, TUESDAY.
In 1930 an amazing day on Wall Street. An amazing day of panic and crash . . . 13,000,000 shares changed hands on the exchange and 6,500,000 on the Curb Market.

25th, WEDNESDAY.
LORD MACAULAY, writer of *Lays on Ancient Rome* and the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, died in 1859.

26th, THURSDAY.
VISCOUNT SANKEY, who knows more about the conditions of the coal industry than anyone else, was born on this day in 1866. The famous Commission on the industry in 1919 bears his name.

27th, FRIDAY.
U.S. PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT born in 1858. Became President through the death, by an assassin's bullet, of President McKinley in 1901.

28th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 6.47. *Sun sets* 4.40. *Lighting up time* 5.10 *G.M.T.*
A day connected with food. ALFRED THE GREAT, who let the cakes burn, as legend has it, died in 901, and SIR JAMES BROOKE found Labuam, near Borneo, whence comes sago.

29th, SUNDAY.—*Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.*

29th, Sun.—Turkey was in 1923 declared a republic.

30th, MONDAY.
BONAR LAW died in 1923. Born 1858. GEORGE II, spiritual ancestor of Colonel Bogey, born in 1863. Should have been a bank clerk such was his passion for detail.

31st, TUESDAY.
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW again. . . . His play *Mrs. Warren's Profession* withdrawn, in 1905, from the New York stage after a run of one night for being the "limit of indecency."

H.R.H. —*Landlord and Business*

THE Prince of Wales in holiday mood. Enjoying a quiet smoke before a round of golf at the Chilberta Club, Biarritz

By Joan Woollcombe

HE is now thirty-nine—and one of the most highly trained and experienced of the Wartime generation. For thirty-two of those thirty-nine years he has been almost unremittingly kept with his nose to the grindstone; he is now a very formidable man—*this efficient business man who is also Heir to the Throne!*

It was quite an ordinary baby boy whose sturdy yells shattered the peace of York Lodge late one Midsummer Eve in the "eighteen nineties." It was quite an ordinary little boy of seven who had to submit to intensive training that made his life so very different, thenceforward, from the lives of other normal little boys. And it has been those gruelling intervening years that have produced not only the famous smile, the amazing popularity nor the sincere but nonetheless sentimental "Little Prince" legends—*but that other,* the grim, tireless ex-officer who is making relentless use of his unique opportunities as the King's eldest son—*that efficient and serious man, great landowner and remarkable business expert,* Duke of Cornwall, Trade Ambassador—emerging from the war-to-end-war to battle manfully with the "Peace" that so nearly ended peace!

WITHIN sight and sound of the Oval on one sunny day a clean new modern building shines—nearby the foreman of a demolition gang pauses from his trench-warfare on bricks and mortar to answer questions—and grins: "Yes, this belongs to the Princer Wales . . . no, not slums, but coming down and rehousing, all the same. Seen those buildings? The new ones in that block? Never seen nothing like 'em, myself; fine they are—wonderful . . ."

Over the arched entrance to Newquay House the Three Feathers shine in white relief and, not inappropriately, the words "ICH DIEN."

Another picture: a remote Inn across a lonely moor . . . the "Forest of Dartmoor." The innkeeper's daughter—"Yes, he came our way not long ago, *and very good they were about the trouble with the roof*—the Prince knows all about roofs!"

THERE is less ostentation about this man—who would be worth innumerable times his inconsiderable weight, in gold, to any "big business"—than there is to the window-dressing of quite a minor captain of industry! And some of the most important of his work is done extremely quietly, with meticulous care and with the co-operation of his own staff—for "H.R.H." is a landowner with wide and varied responsibilities. Practically all his personal income comes from his Duchy of Cornwall Estates; and a large proportion of that income (subject as it is to income tax and super tax!) goes back into his heritage, whether in Cornwall and Devon or in his estates in Somerset, the Scilly Isles, Wiltshire, Dorset and Berkshire, as well as those famous Kennington estates that have earned (from the most critical of critics!) for H.R.H. the title of "one of the best landowners South of the Thames"!

This, then, is the "business" that H.R.H. takes with the utmost seriousness—his Duchy of Cornwall . . . a business involving the handling of such widely different products as early flowers from the Isles of Scilly, cream, tin and china clay from Corn-

T*he* training *and* daily Work *of the* Expert who *has* succeeded "in *spite of being* Royal"

Man . . .

HERE is the "Landlord" with the Secretary of his Duchy—the Prince of Wales and Major McCormack

THE Prince pays a visit to the oyster fishery on the Helford River, Cornwall

wall, silver foxes from Dartmoor, and coal, cheese and milk from Somerset.

It is a sturdy democratic country and a democratic age; and—as the small boy and his brother who went to Osborne many years back then already found, "being Royal" is merely another way of saying that you are raked continually with the fire of criticism and at the same time, expected to possess a Divine Right of "doing everything well."

H.R.H., apostle of better production and better salesmanship, has started his reforms—at home; from time to time he has his tenants up to town to visit one or other of the great stores; these men, themselves experts in production, give exhibitions of their produce at the emporiums of the greatest experts in retailing.

Not content with this the Prince encourages the Directors of the great Food Stores to visit his farms, in order to see for themselves what his folk can produce. And (and this is a point which probably makes as much as any other for his success) his meticulously careful early training, his highly developed sense of "alterness" make his participation in these schemes of his personal and active. Obviously his "business" is worked for him by his Duchy of Cornwall staff, under the Secretary; but (and those *(Continued on page* 116)

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SUNSHINE in plenty, when the climate allows it. A corner of the courtyard of the Kennington Flats designed for the Prince of Wales by Louis de Soissons

New Faces for OLD . . .

Secrets of a Beauty Surgeon

NOT the victim of a horrible accident, only a woman undergoing facial muscle beauty treatment

NOBODY need be ugly. This was the message of Dr. Raymond Passot, France's leading beauty surgeon, given to me shortly before his death some weeks ago in Paris. Until then he had reserved his secrets for learned associations, but in this interview he divulged them to the public. He had become an apostle of human æsthetics, and in his latter days was no longer a surgeon but a sculptor who, by dexterous retouches, brought to greater perfection the rough work of nature.

"Twenty years hence," he said, "it will be just as disgraceful to have physical defects, or to look old, as to be unwashed and unshaven." He was doing his best to remove that reproach from his contemporaries, and by a long and intensive experience, joined to special aptitude, he had acquired an extraordinary skill. Most of his operations left no trace. They were performed in a few minutes. They were practically painless. The results were durable.

It must not be supposed that he was unique. There are plenty of beauty surgeons in France, in Germany, in the United States and in other countries. Nor was he a pioneer. His master, Dr. Morestin, who died at the end of the war, went a long way on the path he afterwards followed; and Dr. Jospeh at Berlin went even further. Indeed, at all times there has existed, in a more rudimentary form, the art of repairing bodily accidents. But the difference between pre-war surgery and the post-war surgery is that the former was utilitarian, and the latter aims definitely at improving the appearance of the subject.

Only recently would operations, however mild, which might be deemed unnecessary, have been tolerated. It will be remembered that the poisoner, Wainewright, excused himself for the murder of Helen Abercrombie with the plea that "she had very thick ankles." Not long ago there was a curious case in the French Courts. A doctor was sued by his patient for having caused her to lose a limb. It was true that she had begged him to reduce her ankles; but she had not foreseen the consequences—which turned out to be most unfortunate. The doctor was condemned in damages.

BY an electrical process permanently red lips and cheeks and white noses can be obtained

Dr. Passot expressed himself as opposed to this class of beauty surgery. There are so many reasons for thick ankles! Still, if it is merely a matter of removing a layer of superfluous fat, it is possible even to slim the ankles.

The point is, however, that there has been a proper public prejudice against the dangerous use of the scalpel. But the war gave an impetus to the science of not only repairing shattered features but of repairing them in an artistic manner. In France, above all, it was sought to provide new noses and cheeks and chins to the unfortunate victims who, heroically laughing at their misfortunes, called themselves Les Gueules Cassées. So successful were these attempts that it is not surprising to find a number of

By Sisley Huddleston

BEAUTY is now made as well as born. An illustration showing a face, half of which is covered by a facial pack

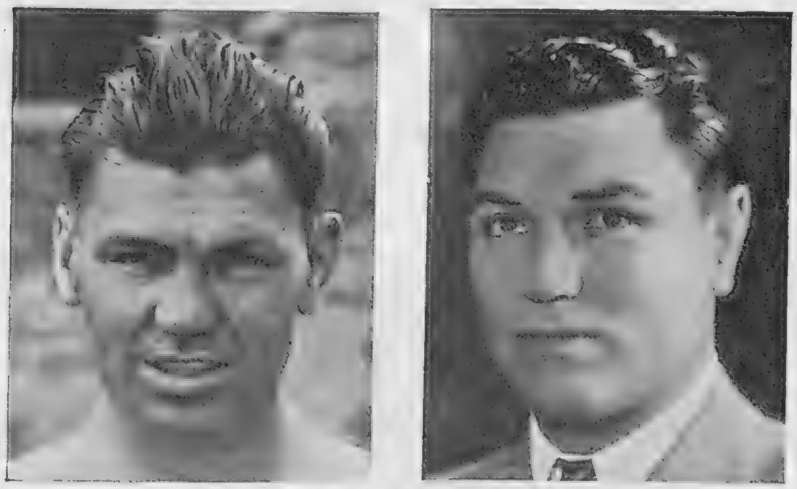
IN the beauty surgeon's parlour. Removing a mole from the cheek

surgeons specialising in the practice of ameliorating ill-favoured visages.

A good many mistakes were made at first. Thus among my acquaintances is the husband of a famous film actress. It was believed that a new form could be given to the face by the injection of a paraffin preparation. The film actress was not willing to make the experiment without proof of its efficacy; but her husband volunteered. Unhappily, the injection of foreign bodies which cannot be absorbed, eventually makes matters worse. The method is now, I believe, discredited.

THE late Dr. Raymond Passot, who was the leading beauty surgeon in France

Yet in other cases success attended the efforts of the sculptors who worked in human flesh. When Dempsey, the boxer, wished to be married, it will be remembered he had a bridge made for his sadly pummelled nose; and though he fought afterwards against Tunney, it resisted the onslaught of his formidable opponent.



BEFORE and after a beautifying operation. Dempsey, late heavyweight champion boxer of the world, had a new bridge made for his sadly pummelled nose

Cécile Sorel, perhaps the best-known actress in France, who has been before the public for many years, is understood to have suffered a slight readjustment of her nose in order to restore the celebrated profile that has bewitched thousands of her admirers at the Comédie Française. Another patient of Dr. Passot was a charming actress who went over to the films. It appears she had a little bump which, while it did not disfigure her on the stage, showed up in the fierce light of the studio. Those lights of the studio are pitiless, and there are few Hollywood stars of more than thirty years who have not found it necessary to have recourse to the new art.

THE object of the school of surgeons of which Dr. Passot was a distinguished exponent, is purely plastic. But they do not admit that the purpose is frivolous. It is highly important for many people besides actresses to remain young and pleasing in appearance. Their work may depend upon the absence of ugly scars or ungraceful features. For example, it is disagreeable to be served in the shops by persons who are disfigured; and there are few occupations in which the marks of old age

(Continued on page 103)

Virgins to VENICE

MISS LUELLA PARDOW'S long, fine hands were shaking. She visioned herself contemptuously as a thin glass figure, filled with cold pale wine instead of blood.

Imbedded in this thin, fine indecision was a hard, new, immovable purpose. To manifest it immediately and finally she rang the bell for her personal maid.

Emily Coast came at once. She was a thin, pleasant looking, dried sea-horse of a woman, with brown eyes like licked brandy balls.

"Coast, we are going to Venice."

Emily Coast drew a long, incredulous breath.

"Where's Venice, madam?"

"In Italy, Coast. On the water. Do you realise that I am a rich woman and thirty-five, and I have never been anywhere or done anything in my life! *You have* never been anywhere, Coast, or seen anything! Doesn't that depress you?"

"I can't say it does, madam."

"Well, we are going to Venice, and we start the day after to-morrow."

"Very good, madam. Will you tell me, are they tropical parts? Then I shall know what to pack."

"I'll tell you exactly what I shall need, Coast."

Coast went down to the servants' hall.

"She's gone off her blooming chump," she said. "Venice!"

"Water and toreadors," said the butler.

"And a lot of difference they'll both make to me!" snorted Coast.

IT seemed to Luella Pardow that her neatly nested, domesticated mind had suddenly taken on splendid, impetuous stream lines. All its smooth, dull roundness was gone. It poured itself with ever increasing speed of imagination into Venice and to-morrow.

Luella Pardow was never quite to *believe* in Venice. She did not even surrender to it, consciously. Venice reached out to the sharp new projection of her imagination and focused it immovably.

She arrived, with her maid, late at night, dusty, tired and excited.

Mistress and Maid meet Master Cupid in the City of Romance

"So this," said Coast climbing into a black gondola with the luggage, "is Venice, miss."

"Yes," said Luella Pardow, softly, and surrendered to it.

They glided on the black water between walls of houses chinked with golden light. Lanterns, gondolas passed them. Above them was a blue-black sky burnt by the day to polished glass brilliance.

"There is nothing like this anywhere else in the whole world, Coast," said Luella Pardow, softly.

The gondolier called as they turned a corner. His cry went echoing.

Emily Coast did not answer. She was asleep among the luggage.

Their hotel leaned upon the water. It had its own pavement, set with little tables winking with pink lights. The manager had retired; the hall porter awaited them. He wore a green uniform and he was a superb and splendid person. His crisp black hair waved. His good-looking brown face was vivid with intelligence and life and sex. His brown eyes laughed and flickered like a faun's, and then as suddenly became cold with subservience. His English was impeccable.

Like a courtier, he saw them installed in their suite and their luggage safely around them. He sent them up hot milk and delicate chicken sandwiches.

"Did you ever see such a good-looking man, Coast?" said Luella.

"I never noticed him," said Coast.

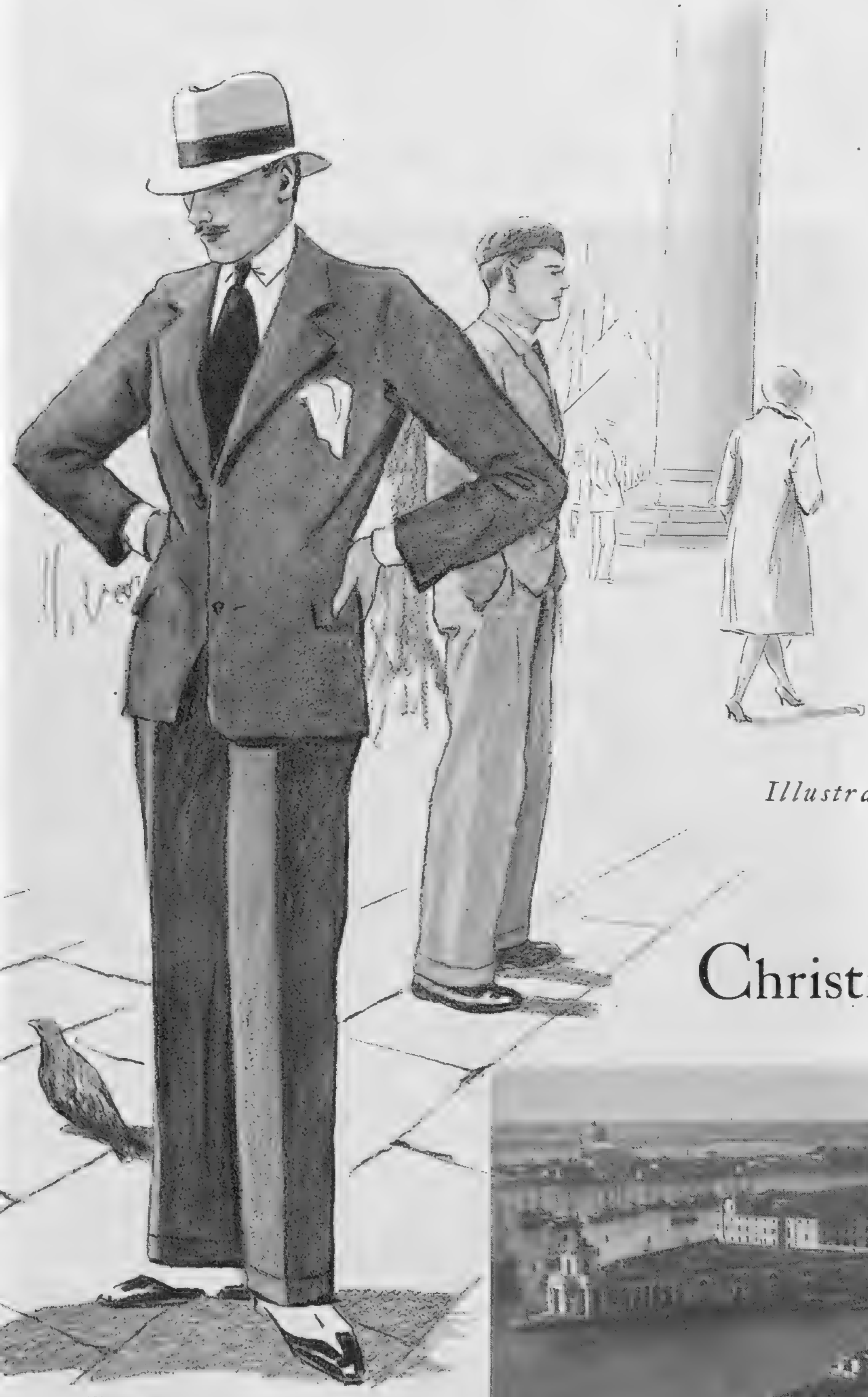
It was not true. Her room was charming. Looking out from the window she could see the still lagoons, an occasional swaying lantern; above the quiet curve of the old houses the dainty prettiness of a new moon. A handful of stars, more silver, more brilliant, and nearer than any stars she had ever seen before. She was stirred strangely, and deeply ashamed of it.

"Liver!" said Emily Coast to herself. "A dose of health salts, my girl, and you

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

By

Christine Jope-Slade



HE laughed softly. "Sometimes you are more English than your Galsworthy; it is an atmosphere that you carry with you"

will be as right as a trivet in the morning."

But she dreamed of the hall porter in his green coat. He stalked through her uneasy dreams, and in the morning she attempted to drown him, a little irritably, in fizzy salts; but he swam to some dry corner of her mind and flowered there.

As for the hall porter, he smiled at himself as he came down in the lift from Miss Pardow's suite. He walked out among the little white tables and the little pink lamps, a truly princely figure. Through an archway, St. Mark's Square, splendidly and glitteringly cosmopolitan, breathed carnival. Smiling he glanced at it, and smilingly returned to his post.

At the only occupied table he stopped and spoke to a young man.

"Virgins to Venice," he said, and shrugged. "English virgins to Venice."

The young man's face was dark like his own, but better looking. It was almost indecently mobile and expressive. Laughter leapt into it and took possession.

"What an experience," he said.

"We shall see," said the hall porter. "I have seen virgins in Venice for many years. It is frequently interesting."

Out at her window, Luella Pardow stood in a dressing gown and looked over the lagoon. Dull powderings of gold in the black glass sky, eerie and mysterious as if hidden braziers burned on the earth. The light fell on a bed of "asparagus sticks" and the gondolas moored to them, tossing, tossing their lovely prows so proudly and gaily, fretting and curveting as the gondolas of Venice have fretted and curveted through the ages, quick and lovely with life. A gondolier's cry floated over the water, a woman's laugh.

Leaning in the other direction Luella could see the people drifting back under the archway from the square. That Venice could have been here and I not really known of it!" thought Luella.

Tears gathered in her eyes and splashed down her face, effortless tears of a new, strange unasking and incurious happiness.

THE next night the hall porter spoke to Emily Coast.

He said, "Where is madam?"

"I don't know. Round by the old church in the square. She likes to sit there and watch the people go by, and listen to the music. She'll get insulted, that's what!"

He laughed softly, with a splendid, even flash of teeth in his brown face.

"And you, what have you been doing my little one?"

"Knitting my winter vests."

"Winter vests in Venice?"

"And what's wrong with winter vests!"

"Ah, but what's wrong with Venice?"

"Well, you can't go punting about by yourself with a strange man who doesn't speak your language."

"I shall be off for two hours to-night. Will you let me show you Venice?"

"Is there anything to see?"

He laughed softly. "We will sit in the square and drink coffee, and see the uniforms and people, and I will tell you about Venice."

"Well, I'm sure it's very kind of you. It's very lonely, and I don't knit vests because I like it."

"But who knits vests because they like it when there is anything else in the world to do," said the hall porter.

Drifting by, up to her room, wrapped in the strange close dream of Venice, Luella Pardow heard a voice at her side. It was a charming, diffident voice.

It said, "Forgive the impertinence, but you are enjoying Venice?"

Luella Pardow turned the quickened pallor of her face. He did not disturb her dream, this tall, dark, brown man. He laid another warmer colour over it.

"Oh, so much! It is so marvellous."

"I was born in Venice. I am a Venetian. It pleases me very much to hear an English lady praise it."

"It is so beautiful, I cannot believe."

He rose, so charming, so hesitant, better and more subtly tailored than any Englishman, moving with a lovely, feline grace.

"Will you sit down a few minutes and have some coffee with me, and let me tell you about Venice? I, too, am an enthusiast. What have you seen?"

"St. Mark's, St. Mark's Square, the Doge's Palace. . . . Oh, I don't know! Not much, perhaps, but it is all so marvellous!"

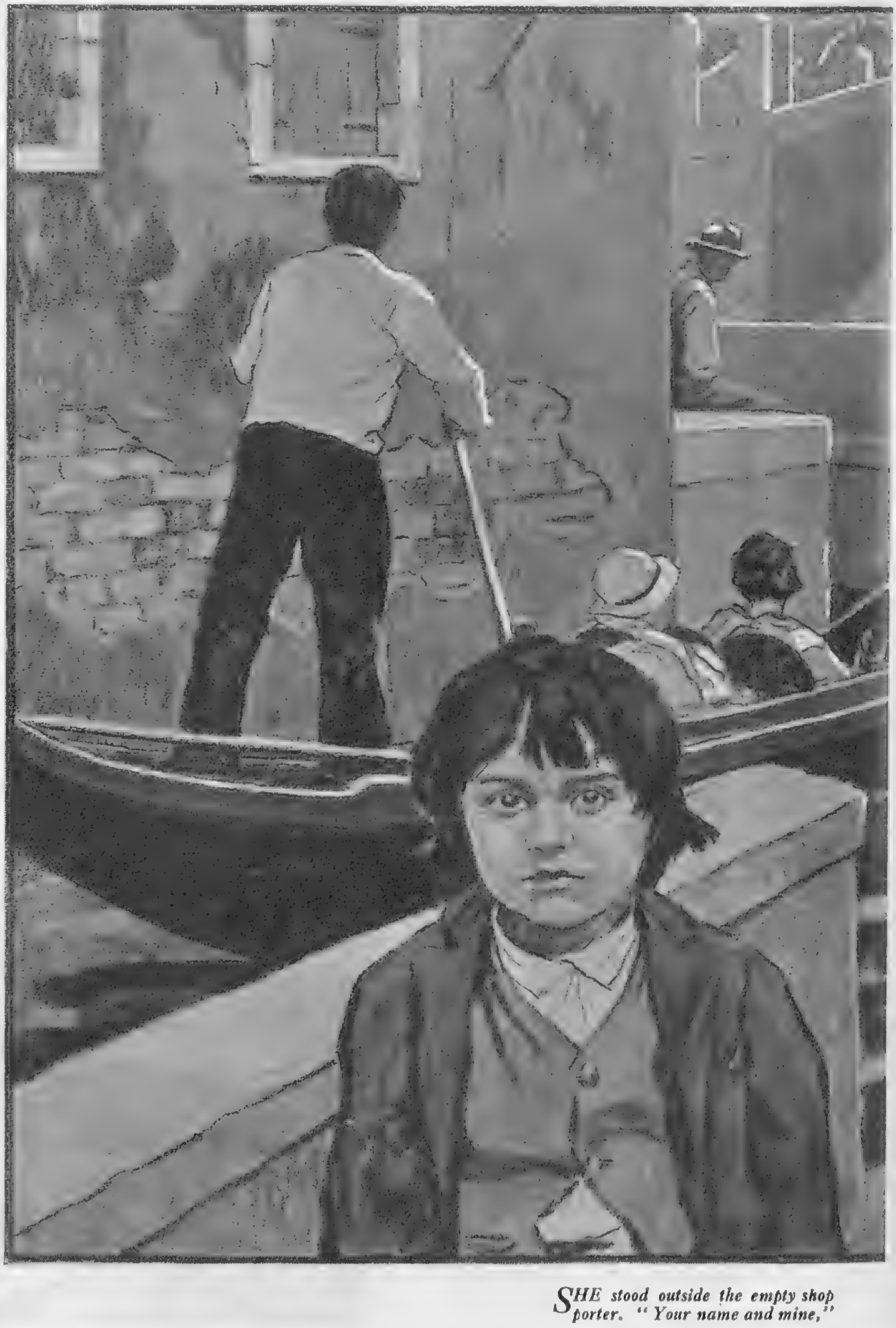
Her eyes filled with emotional tears. She felt them crowding there, and it was as if they had a strange, secret alchemy, as if they softened, obliterated and washed away all the outlines of her prejudices, her repressions, her deeply engraved yesterdays.

"Your city is exquisite."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips. His hair was crisp and wavy and black—a charming head.

"Madame, your appreciation enchants me."

EMILY COAST no longer pulled herself up. She ignored herself.



SHE stood outside the empty shop porter. "Your name and mine," Venice and the hall porter got her. Her soft brown hair was waved for the first time in her life. She had bought a little hat that sat on it like a note of defiance. It was a note of defiance from Emily Coast to Emily Coast. She knew Venice. She saw it through a Venetian's laughing brown eyes.

"Do you like Venice, Emily ?"

"Very much, madam, it's a very pleasant place."

"You are not lonely, Emily ?"

"No, thank you, madam. I find plenty to do."

"Are there any other English maids staying in the hotel, Coast ?"

"I couldn't say, madam, I'm sure. I've not inquired."

Two women sunk in private pools of dreaming happiness, roofed and walled by Venice. By Venice !

"Emily, I'm dining out to-night."

"Yes, madam."

"I shall go by gondola."

"Then you will want a wrap, madam."

"A wrap ? Yes, I suppose so. Is it cold ?"

"A little chilly, madam, on the water at night, but very pleasant, I'm sure."

One morning Luella said to her maid irritably, "Old Major Carfax is here. Isn't that irritating ? He motored from Calais ; Soissons, Lausanne, Lac Garda, Sirmionie. Who cares ! Now we shall have to hear all over again how old Carfax of the Third Punjabs killed a rattlesnake with a tooth brush on his veranda."

"Did he say whether his chauffeur was with him, madam ?"

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, I suppose so. He doesn't drive himself."

"Then I shall have to hear why his car's consumption of oil exceeds that of any other car, and why his master trusts him so absolutely."

"Poor Coast ! It doesn't exactly fit in with Venice, does it ?"

"I suppose you'll dine with him to-night, madam ?"

"Yes, I must once."

"Very good, madam."

That night, while Luella Pardow dined with her old friend from home, the hall porter paused a second beside the table where a young man sat.

"You miss your virgin to Venice to-night, Signor."

"She is charming. *Multo sympatica.*"

"And rich, Signor. I talked to her maid. They have a beautiful place in England. She has £5,000 a year."

"Si ?"

"Si, Signor."

At the hotel, the Major, who was seventy, held Luella's hand in farewell.

"You like Venice, Luella ?"

"I never want to wake up," said Luella.

"Women of that age find a man ; and put the effect down to the place," thought the old Major. "I wonder who he is and if he is all right."

IT was the head porter's afternoon off, and Emily Coast had spent it with him. They had been to Burano, crossing in a little motor launch. Shimmering pale blue sky met shimmering pale blue water. They sat very close together.

At Burano they saw the lace workers at work in charge of nuns.

"Like an old picture in one of them galleries," said Emily Coast in a sudden upflare of imagination.

Rows of quiet heads and quiet faces and grave clothes, and the feathery white network growing in their laps like strangely patterned flowers. So still, so quiet, so utterly peaceful.

He bought her a lace set of cuffs and collar.

"The first bit of real lace I've ever had except some I've ripped off the things she'd done with," she said.

"Miss Pardow is happy, Emily ?"

"Oh, it's that fellow. You must know that. She's never had a man before."

"And now she will marry him ?"

"My goodness, do you think so ?"

"Oh, yes, I think that, Emily."

"My goodness ! Will they be happy ? He is too good-looking by half, and then he is younger than her."

"They will be happy for six months. For six months he will be faithful."

"My goodness !"

"It is more than many women have, Emily. Those six months will be marvellous."

"Is he in love with her ?"

"In love, no. Grateful, yes."

"For what ?"

"Because he has not, and she has. Because through her he will consolidate."

"Marrying her for her money ?"

"But she will get something, too."

"For how long ?"

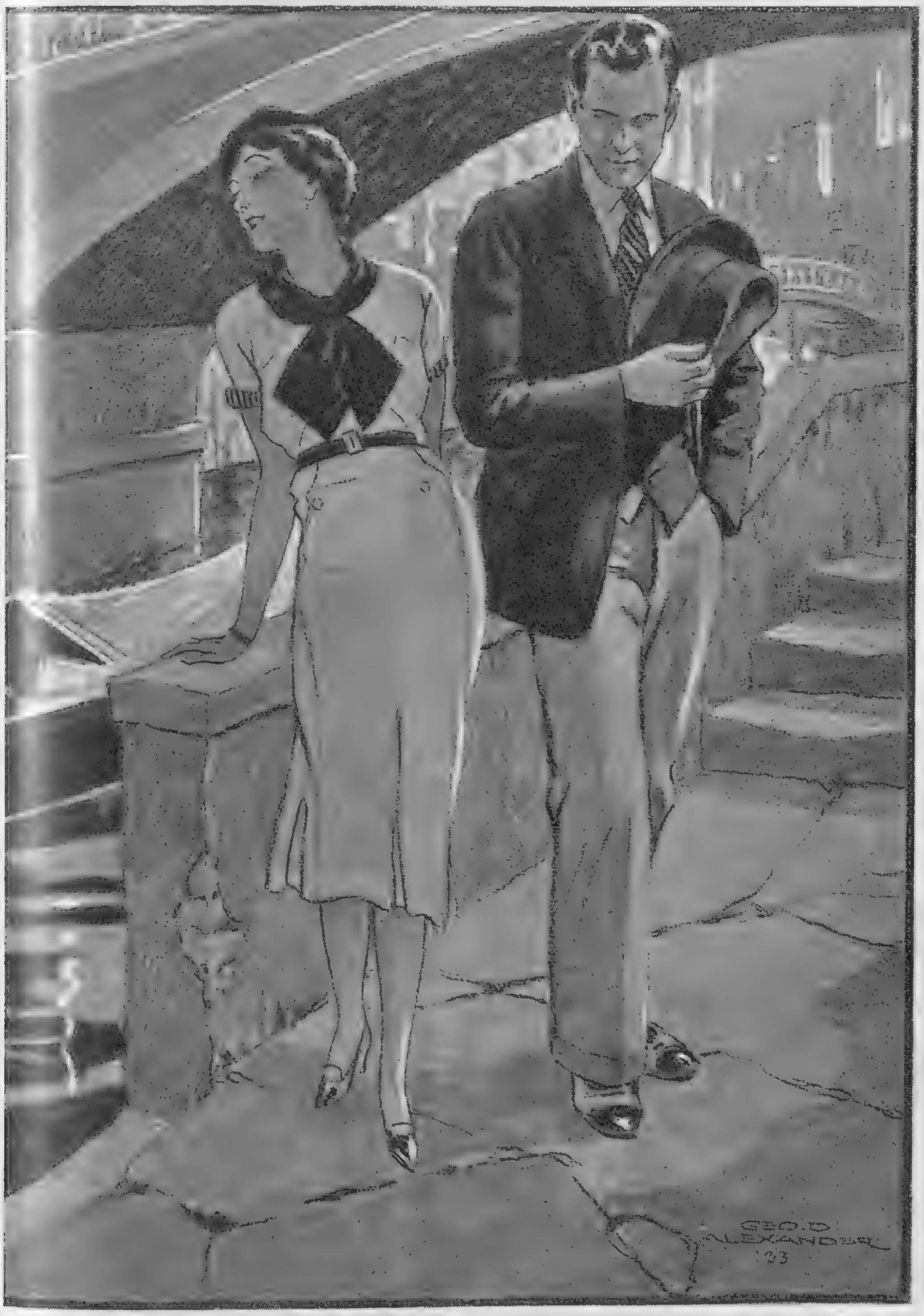
"I cannot see that it matters, so long as you have had it. That is what makes Venice so dangerous to women."

"Hasn't he got any money ?"

"Not a penny. We let him stay on at the hotel because he cannot pay his bill ; and in the summer he dances at the Lido, a gigolo. He makes a great deal of money from the virgins to Venice."

"Here ! who are you calling virgins ?"

"I thought it was a compliment in England." (*Continued on page* 106)



that she coveted with the hall said he. "Paolo and Emily"

Rehearsal Time

By Leslie Baily

IT always takes the outsider by surprise when he goes along to Broadcasting House of a morning to find himself entering the place in a swirling stream of bandsmen and singers and actors, and Leonard Henries, Vernon Bartletts, mouth-organ virtuosi, Philip Ridgeways, crooners, televisionaries (in which is included trick cyclists, sea lions and contortionists), Teddy Browns, Olive Groveses and Uncle Tom Handley and all . . . and then as he (the bewildered outsider) penetrates into the esoteric places within, to find one studio clanging with sound effects for a new play, a second studio throbbing with Henry Hall's latest rumba, a perspiring comedian doing his shirt-sleeved stuff on the stage of a third, and altogether a great hubbub and to-do. We outsiders fall so easily into a habit of regarding broadcasting as an evening function.

We don't realise that the most essential work at Broadcasting House is done in mornings and afternoons, and not only out of sight but out of hearing of radio listeners. In a word, rehearsals.

Rehearsals barred, your broadcasting would be impossible in its present-day complexity and variety. Programmes would deteriorate; the orderly system behind the microphone, the carefully adjusted time-table, would collapse.

Those secret preparations continually afoot "back-stage" are the keystone in the edifice of broadcasting. Every hour of transmission is built on many hours of rehearsal.

THE new headquarters of the B.B.C. (Below) Jack Hulbert and company discuss a vaudeville act prior to rehearsal at Broadcasting House, Portland Place

PRESSURE on studio accommodation sometimes sends the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra across the road to the Queen's Hall for rehearsal. One morning I tip-toed into an empty balcony curving round in the gloomy vacant auditorium. A melody of the most stirring majesty marched out across the waste of empty seats and soared up to the arched roof. A forest of bows flashed on quivering strings, the platform lights glimmered against trumpets raised in triumphal blare, the percussion player high up on the furthest step of the stage raised his drumsticks in fierce assault. . . .

Suddenly the smack of a baton whacking a wad of music came like the crack of a circus master's whip as he coaches a team of high bred horses into shape. The music stopped. A man who had been lounging in a chair rose to his feet.

"More brilliant," said Serge Koussevitzky, turning confidentially to the first violins on his left.

"More brilliant—pleess!" he pleaded, turning to the mass of

at the B.B.C.

ERNEST Longstaff, in shirt sleeves, conducting a rehearsal of his show in one of the studios at the B.B.C. (Above in circle) : An operator at the balance and control desk

MARION Harris, the American cabaret star, before the "Mike" at the B.B.C.

'cellists and wood-wind and brass before him. More brilliant? Incredible! Can a diamond flash more brilliantly? He raised his baton. They did it again. And the diamond did flash more brilliantly! That 's half the genius of being a great conductor. Power of inspiration.

A tall man, this Koussevitzky, with hair turning grey. Maker and master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a world-famed, Slavonic, colourful personality. As he conducts his features flash emotions. What an exultant smile there was that time when the violins soared into a melody of unearthly loveliness . . . at the end he turned to them and said quietly—" Perfect! "

And then in one of those angry passages he towered erect, his arms beating, slashing, his face bearing the grim resolution of a captain leading his hosts to battle. Should one player falter then . . . well, the captain's arm drops, the music silences raggedly, there 's an awkward pause, and then, in tones so soft that we cannot overhear, he tells the offender just how it should be done. And they start again.

He keeps up a running fire of softly-spoken comment. His expressions are quaint. "Very macabre!" he demands of his violins. "Very macabre, pleess!" Or, again: "More clean, if you will, more clean!" Sometimes he illustrates a point by singing it: "It must be so—ra-ta-ta-ta-ra-ta-ta-ta!"

Once, the music rising to a great fortissimo ceased as though the thread of sound had been cleanly severed by a razor, and the conductor flung his arms high and cried exultantly—" Magnifique! "

AND on another morning I took the B.B.C. lift down two floors below ground, to the Television Studio. As I walked along the corridor a door marked "Dressing Room" opened and half-a-dozen lithe little chorus-girls clad in the most economical style dashed out and across into the studio . . . just six little chorus-girls, but salaam to them, for this is the Corridor to the Future and those who tread this way are the Pioneers.

Inside, the long and lofty studio was in darkness save a wide-flickering shaft of light projected through an aperture in the wall, from the whirling television transmitter in a magic room beyond. Into its shimmering beam the girls stepped one by one, and down the studio they tripped along it, smiling and capering, as though traversing the joy plank into the stalls at a variety theatre. But this joy plank takes you right through the ether into the homes of thousands of "lookers."

Thousands? Well, who knows how many there are? "And who cares?" queried my

(*Continued on page 96*)

Change *in*

Even the Geisha

THESE charming girls show how Japanese womanhood has veered round to the Western ideal of the Sports Girl. The modern Geisha is taught to play tennis in her free time, while perfecting herself in the subleties of the age-old tea ceremony

TEN years ago Japanese women were rarely employed in offices, whereas to-day there are a great number of woman typists to be found in Tokyo. Note the European coiffure and wrist-watch worn with the traditional obi

TWENTY years ago a performance in the Japanese Ka-bu-ki Theatre lasted twelve hours. The audience sat on cushions on the floor and took their meals in the auditorium. Only men took part on the stage. To-day, not only are the plays shortened, but chairs are provided for the audience, and refreshments are obtainable in the vestibule.

This is but one side of a change which has accelerated in movement only since the War. The industrial change commenced long ago, but while industry, military and naval organisation, and foreign trade developed rapidly to the wonder of the Western world, on all sides the conservative habits and customs of the people were maintained. In the last ten years, however, the strain which modernism in mechanisation imposed on the life of the people has proved the stronger and, in the towns at least, Western ideas in every walk of life are now manifest. Even European and American ideals of beauty are copied by men and women.

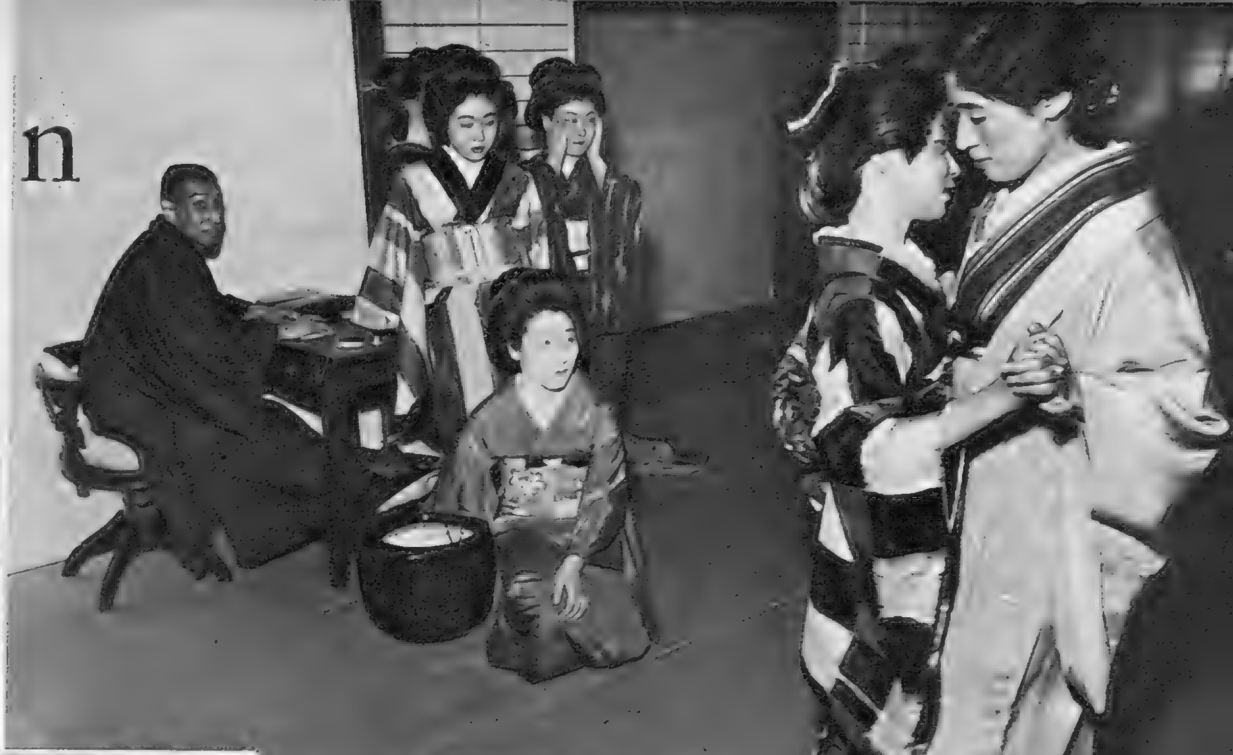
The Geisha's attractions are fading. The wiser Geishas realise this and hasten to copy European—or American models. There is one great difficulty in doing this. Nature has provided the people of the Far East, with what is known as the Mongolian fold: this is a heavy droop of the upper eyelid, and a drawing down of the brow. A few years ago a wideawake young surgeon discovered a remedy in a comparatively easy operation; he has since been besieged by clients who were prepared to submit to the cutting of the upper lid in such a way that the fold was removed, and the eye itself drawn more open, which gave a distinctly Western appearance to the features.

The Japanese educational authorities have decided to give the Geisha a Western form of education. In the past the Geisha's learning has proceeded mainly along the lines of song and dance, the playing of the native instruments,

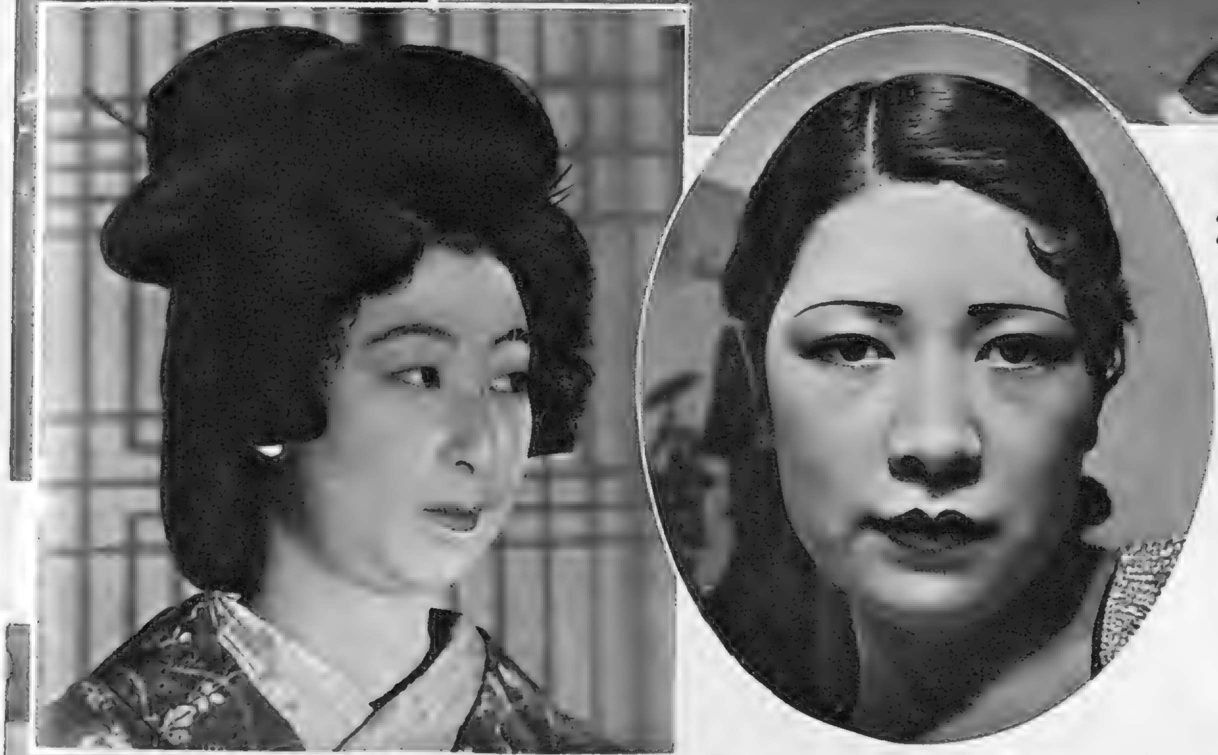
PROFESSOR USCHIDA of Tokyo was the first to discover that Japanese by removing the Mongolian eyelid fold. He now performs about ten

Japan

must learn Anew



THE high school where the Geishas learn to fox-trot and tango as well as their Western sisters. English, acting and painting are included in the curriculum



Old and New Ideals of Japanese Beauty

TOKYO'S loveliest Geisha represents the old type: arched brows above small almond eyes. The prizewinner in a recent Japanese beauty contest (in oval) had her lids slit to make the eyes appear more open, approaching nearer to Western beauty

beauty can be Westernized eyelid operations a day

and the exercise of the all-important "tea ceremony." Such simple, though charming accomplishments are insufficient to-day. The modern Geisha must have a wider knowledge of the world, dance the tango and foxtrot, play the piano and read notation.

The "tea ceremony" maintains its place of importance since it is one of the fundamentals of Japanese etiquette, and the Samisen is commonly played, but alongside these typical and delightful customs there are pianos and violins for music; while the free hours of the Geisha are now occupied with tennis and other recreations imported from the Western countries.

This modernising process has become very rapid of late years. In the streets of the large towns most of the men, and increasing numbers of women, wear European clothing. Nevertheless, there are occasions when the women must revert to the old traditional manners and styles in dress and toilet make-up. Such occasions as, for example, Court functions, create a difficulty, especially in regard to the coiffure. The old style demands straight, uncurled hair. Yet European-style establishments are springing up in considerable numbers where the straight, black hair of the Japanese beauty is waved and curled in a manner more in keeping with Western fashions, for which mannequin parades are regularly held at the high-class stores.

To-day, in Japan, men and women engage to some degree in all the sports and entertainments of the Western world, and the children start to play football and baseball as soon as they attend school. In the homes great changes have been wrought at the same time. Modern brick and concrete buildings and workers dwellings are taking the place of the old ramshackle wooden quarters. Electricity and gas are used for cooking and heating, but the Hibachi or charcoal fire is still in evidence on chilly evenings, the Japanese liking its cosiness much as English people love the open fireplace; the bedding is rolled up during the day, and laid down on the floor at night, but chairs and desks, bookcases and sofas of the most modern styles have invaded these new houses.

So, in the business centres of towns, the need to satisfy the new desires have brought about a different type of restaurant and tea-house. Beer gardens have become popular, and in all directions the impetuous rush of Western modernism is apparent.

Is the SHEIK a Great Lover?

A SHEIK as pictured romantically by the film producers. A scene from the film version of E. M. Hull's "The Sheik," in which Rudolph Valentino scored one of his greatest successes

ANOTHER famous film sheik is Ramon Novarro, who is shown here in a scene from "The Arab," a picture made by Rex Ingram in Algiers

"THEY have made you the world's greatest lover," I said to the black-bearded sheik who sat with me in a filthy coffee-house in Suez.

We were trapped with ten thousand flies within four greasy walls. The sheik and I fought furiously against the black swarm that would deprive us of our coffee and sanity. The sanded floor was strewn with the dead.

"A great lover . . . *aie!*"

The sheik sucked noisily through teeth stained with hashish.

"Tell me," I asked, "do you really desire women of fair skin?"

His dirty brown fist killed a multitude of flies. He carelessly scooped them to the floor.

"Are you married?" he questioned me in turn.

I admitted the fact.

"And so am I," he said. "By the Holy Koran I am permitted three wives. But I have only two. Only two, thanks be to Allah. And you will understand, my friend, that all the white women of Europe may pass this table, but I shall still have only two wives. Women, whether brown or white, are all the same. I do not desire to add to my domestic troubles. *Insh'allah.* One learns much from two wives."

And he sipped his coffee, gravely, concluding by spitting the remains of dead flies to the floor.

Such was the confession of love I received from a real sheik, a man of consequence in the Yemen, and not unhandsome even in the cinema sense. But he has been maligned, morally, by Hollywood producers and romantic novelists. This man of the desert was as respectably domesticated as a clerk in a London suburb.

At the same time, sheiks do have their affairs. They are apt to love and love wildly. And when sophisticated white women go trooping to Northern Africa with faces plastered against the sunshine and pretty heads filled to bursting with nonsense about desert lovers, then the sheik, the fake sheik, appears. In normal times these great

Debunking a Popular Illusion so Well-beloved of Hollywood

By William J. Makin

lovers sell carpets, amber necklaces, luridly-painted postcards, or perhaps are pedlars of Turkish delight. But they have learned that many European women come to the Garden of Allah in search of something more romantic. So the carpet-seller flings aside his cheap Italian rugs, buys a fancy-dress burnous and calls himself a sheik. He is the gigolo of the African coast.

Foolish women invariably have foolish love affairs. But occasionally tragedy comes to these lovers of the false desert sheik. There is the case of Marie Louise Bataille, a Parisian girl who, having saved for years, decided upon the holiday of her desire in Tunis. She was undoubtedly the type who had devoured all the romantic nonsense that had been written about sheik heroes. The unromantic romanticist.

When the gaudily-clad Smadja presented himself to her outside the hotel where she was staying and offered to show her the delights of the town, she was entranced. Smadja was a pock-marked rogue of the African underworld. But to Marie Louise Bataille from Paris he was a handsome sheik who might have stepped out of the screen at the cheap little boulevard cinema that she regularly patronised near her home.

Night after night Smadja and Marie were to be seen in the different cabarets of Tunis, where pseudo African delights were staged with a tawdry Gallic cynicism. Those cabarets of Tunis are about as representative of African native life as are the sideshows of international expositions. But to Marie Louise they were the paradise of her dreams, the Turkish delight of her secret imaginings. And without hesitation she became the lover of Smadja.

IF you desire to see the paradox of love in this polyglot world there is no better place than the desert sands lapping against the Pyramids outside Cairo

THE "Emir of Kurdistan." A fake sheik who was deported from America and England. Had many love affairs, and was at one time a trousers presser in the East End of London

Then the couple disappeared. One morning the corpse of the pretty Parisian girl was discovered in an outlying district of Tunis cut almost into pieces. Smadja, needless to say, was not to be found. French administration shrugged its shoulders and added another unsolved mystery to its heavy dossier. With delightful Gallic logic, the hotels compiled a black-list of false sheiks and gravely handed it to newcomers. One could not do more.

If you desire to see the paradox of love in this polyglot world, there is no better place than the desert sands lapping against the Pyramids outside Cairo. When I first visited those geometrical monstrosities, more fitted to be the tombs of dinosaurs than men, I found my attention wandering to the puny humans at the base.

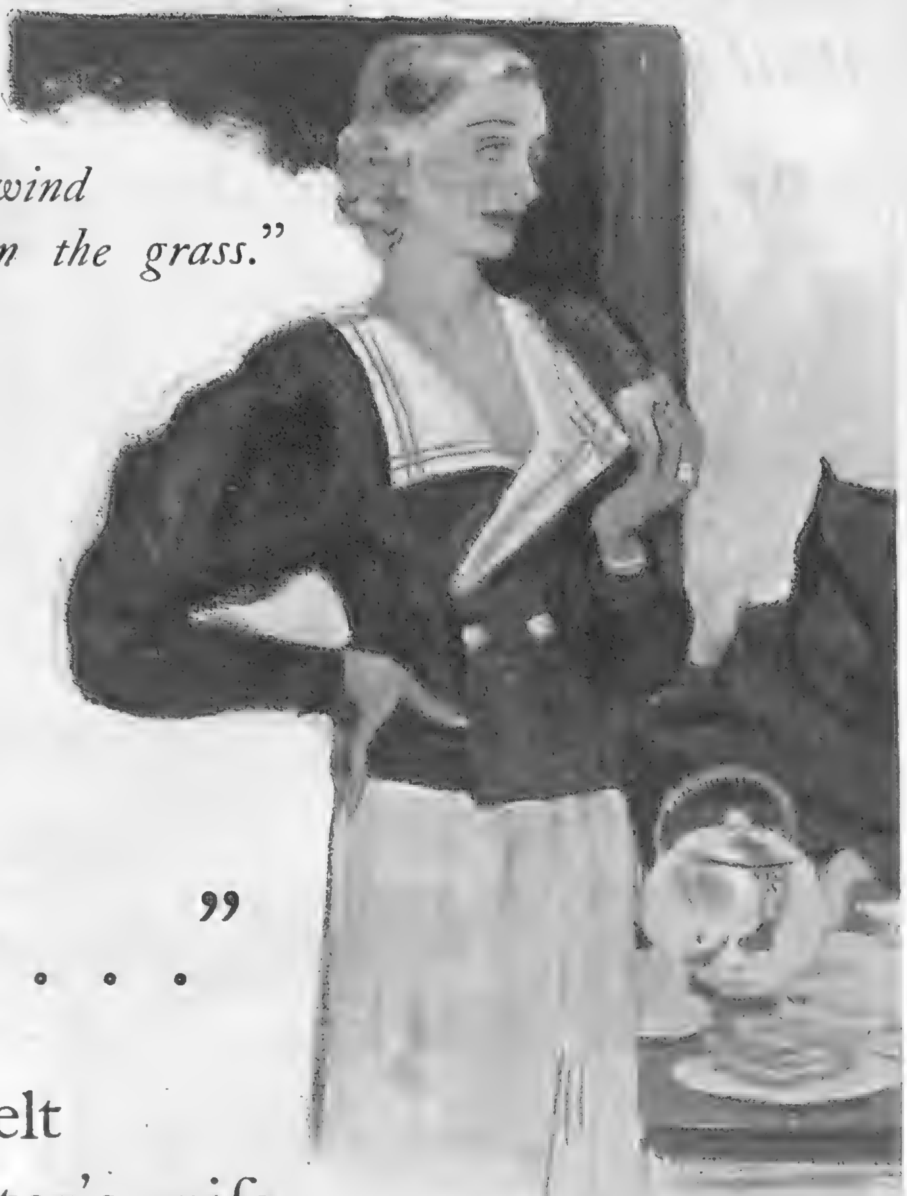
An English soldier, sun-reddened and sweating, and an Arab girl, dark-eyed but cool, were cuddling each other with all the solemnity that may be found in couples who choose to sit in those Underground stations in London where the trains stop infrequently or intermittently. And they kissed unashamedly in the bright sunshine amidst the clamour of camels, Citroëns, donkeys, donkey-boys and tourists. It may not have been real love, but it was magnificent.

But Abdul, my dragoman, scorned such plebeian love-making. He called my attention to another couple. They were seated on a mound of sand overlooking the broken-nosed, squinting Sphinx. An American woman in a white silk frock that had the cut of Paris in its clinging folds, and an Egyptian dragoman in gaudy *kuftan* and bright yellow sash. There was an insolence in the bearing of that Egyptian that would have roused any European. It was to be seen in the jaunty angle at which he wore his fez and the easy manner with which he smoked a cigarette,

(*Continued on page* 101)

A SHEIK as he really is. A Bedouin chief and his two sons photographed in their tent

"My heart is breaking
For the sound of the wind
in the grass."



Just three words—

"Love *to* Walter . . ."

—but they spelt Heartbreak for Walter's wife

IT flashed idly through her mind that the breakfast table looked pretty in the lucid spring sunlight that was gushing through the open window. That red and blue striped cloth and its matching fringed napkins gave it a fresh sort of peasant look. Foreign or something—Basque, weren't they? The word seemed to suggest hot sea and rocks, berets, bulls, sun-baked arena, seen in some travel picture, maybe. It made her think of Gay. Gay was lucky. She had travelled. Her job had taken her twice to Europe; she could (and did) talk with enviable familiarity of dining in the Bois, sitting under the chestnut trees in Hyde Park, being kissed by an Italian in a gondola while someone sang "Santa Lucia." Gay could speak French, a bit of Italian—"except when it comes to *patois*," she would explain with a shrug of her thin shoulders. They had been together to see a French movie in that little place on Fifty-fifth Street—there was an awful lot of *patois* in that, Gay had said, but she had laughed a good deal in an airy, knowledgable sort of way . . . Already the riveters in the half-finished cliff of steel girders opposite were starting their screaming, shuddering bombardment. She pleated a bit of napkin fringe between her fingers, and remembered with a smile how in the old days she had planned to carry out the peasant idea with a rough pottery jug which she would keep filled with a succession of pleasantly rustic flowers. She had bought the jug all right; Walter used it for his shaving-water sometimes. She looked over at him thoughtfully, tapping the spoon against the edge of her grapefruit glass. Instantly his voice rasped.

"Must you?"

She put the spoon down. It did not strike her as strange that its tinkle should set his early morning flesh creeping when the frantic roar of the riveters in the opposite block went without comment. They were both hardened by custom to that and to the constant *roar*—hush—*roar*—hush of the traffic that surged to a stop and on again in obedience to red and green lights in the street below. They would only have noticed if it had stopped and an awful, unnatural silence had taken the place of this ceaseless running accompaniment to their woes, their joys, their eating, sleeping, and rising. The window panes vibrated to a fresh onslaught as she looked over at Walter.

"How are you feeling, Walt?"

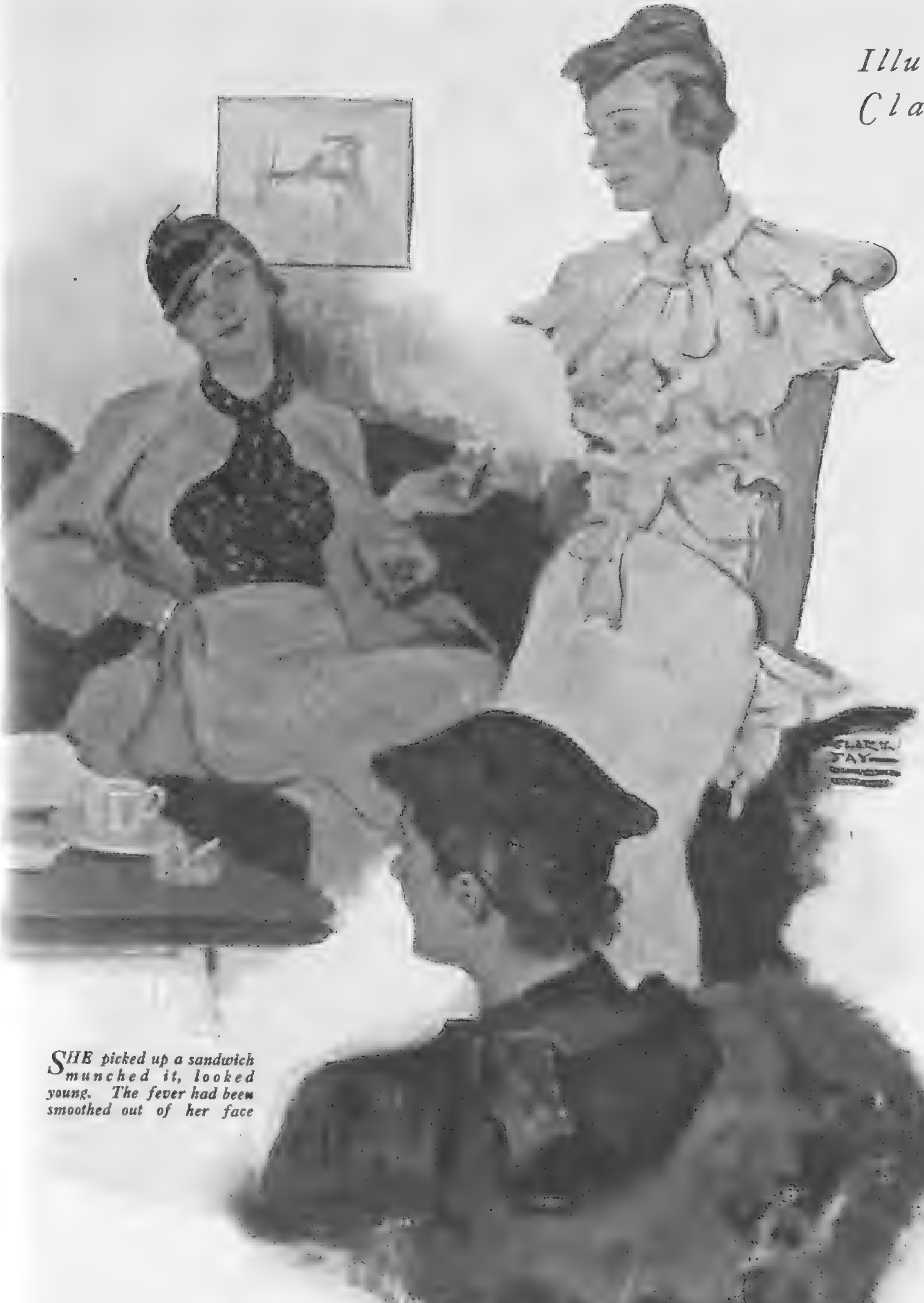
"Terrible," he said briefly.

His was the kind of sallowness that looked ghastly in the sunlight after a night's hard drinking. His long, nervous hand, first cigarette of the day between the first two nicotine dyed fingers, twitched a bit. She had noticed lately that it was taking him longer, and her, too, to pull themselves round, to drag themselves out of it next day. He would potter round the apartment all morning, nervy and irritable, before he could get himself to the point of sitting down at the typewriter and trying to evolve crisp and beautiful prose from the miasma of a gin headache. More than likely he would do no work at all but pick up his hat and go out—round to see one of the boys, perhaps, or maybe to take himself and his jumping head into the narcotic dimness of a movie . . . Mildred Fishback had upset a glass of rye right over the armchair last night. The whole place had smelt sour when she came into it this morning, stale echoes of Mildred's perfume and cigar smoke and cigarette butts trailing little spirals of loosened tobacco in dregs of dirty glasses.

"Why do we do it, Walt?"

"Do what?"

Illustrated by
Clark Fay



SHE picked up a sandwich munched it, looked young. The fever had been smoothed out of her face

By
Mollie Panter Downes

"You know."

He looked at her testily, and testily crushed the half-smoked cigarette in the slops of his coffee cup saucer. Her nostrils, shudderingly fastidious this morning, seemed to scent it from where she sat.

"Well, everyone else does it, don't they? You can't shut yourself away as though you were in a monastery or something."

"Can't you? I wish I could find a nunnery or something. I'm sick of feeding gin to people I don't really care about. I'm sick of dirty glasses and overflowing ashtrays in the morning—not to mention a head like nobody's business."

He glanced sharply at her, surprised by the unusual edge to her voice, but offered nothing beyond a grin and a murmur:

"Like hell I can see you in a nunnery."

The grin was too much for him. He clasped his head.

"You'll feel better soon," she said mechanically.

"I certainly hope so."

"It's a lovely day."

He opened his eyes, blinked at the sunshine, muttered peevishly, "Too bright," and closed them again. She sighed. There was silence except for the chorus of riveters, the crazy barrage of traffic, and someone's radio blaring from someone's open window. From somewhere floated a warm, yeasty smell like hot bread. She sighed again.

"I'm going to Gay's this afternoon. She's having some girls in for bridge."

"Gay!" he said with absent-minded derision, picking up the paper again.

"You don't like her, do you?"

"She's a crazy loon."

"She's managed to pick herself off a good job all the same. Carl Hendrik can't think she's so valueless as you do."

"I daresay she's competent," he admitted. "Anyway, Carl's an old woman."

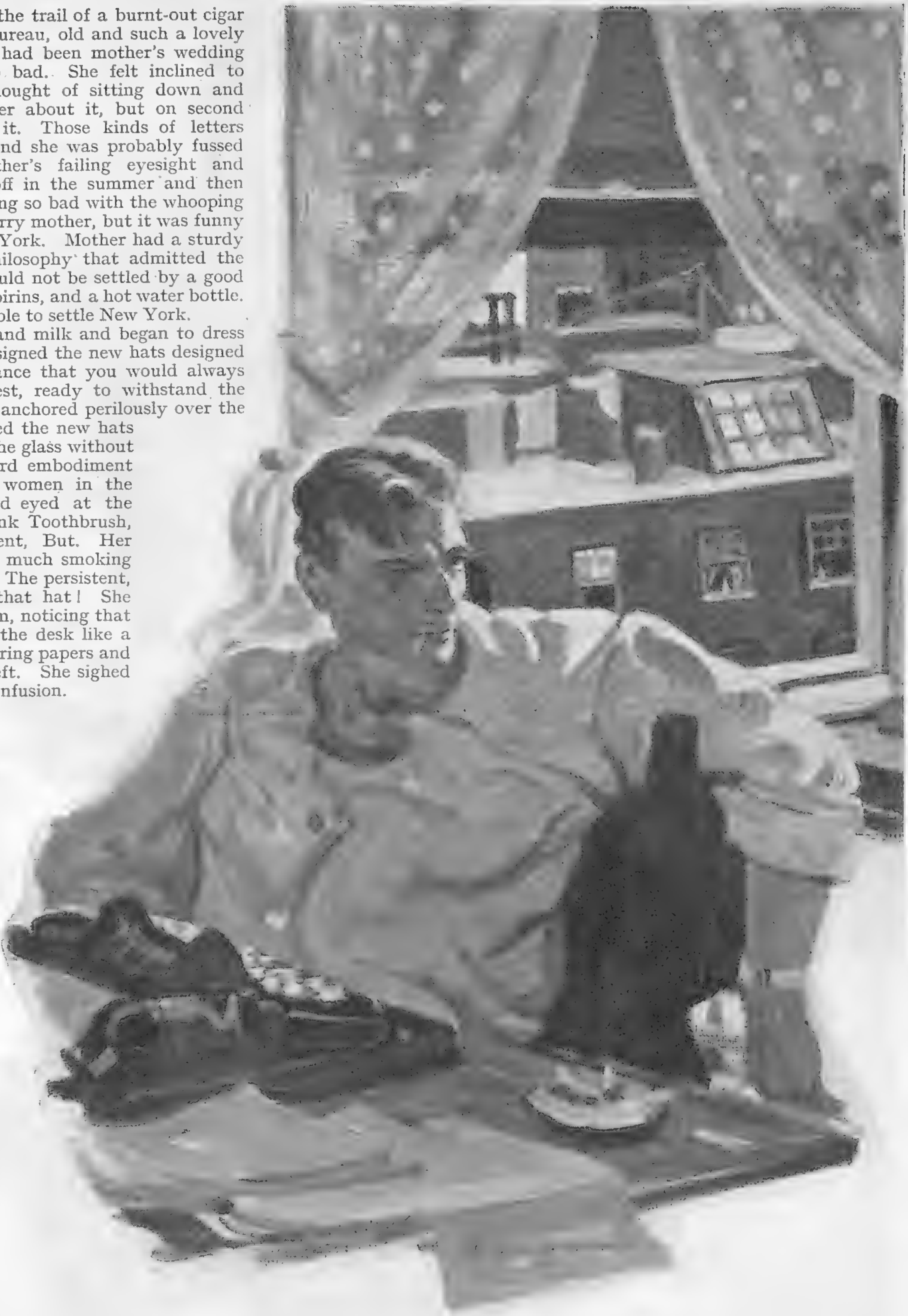
She felt too tired to keep up a glowing attitude of indignation on Gay's behalf for very long. The paper was a barrier between her and Walter. She stared hopelessly at Macy's advertisement of dashing lounge pyjamas on pretty dashing looking girls.

"Wish we lived in the country, Walt."

He said nothing.

All the morning he fidgeted round the apartment, taking a long time over his bath and dressing. Presently he took up his hat and the door banged. She heard it without much interest or resentment. She had just found the trail of a burnt-out cigar on the pretty little maple bureau, old and such a lovely clear yet dim golden, that had been mother's wedding present. It was really too bad. She felt inclined to cry. For a minute she thought of sitting down and writing mother a long letter about it, but on second thoughts decided against it. Those kinds of letters worried mother too much, and she was probably fussed enough already about father's failing eyesight and Evelyn's wedding coming off in the summer and then one of the grandchildren being so bad with the whooping cough. No, she couldn't worry mother, but it was funny how she missed her in New York. Mother had a sturdy and sometimes enraging philosophy that admitted the existence of nothing that could not be settled by a good dose of salts, a couple of aspirins, and a hot water bottle. Mother, you felt, would be able to settle New York.

She lunched off crackers and milk and began to dress to go to Gay's. Whoever designed the new hats designed them with the bland assurance that you would always be looking your radiant best, ready to withstand the cuteness of a dizzy pancake anchored perilously over the right eye. Whoever designed the new hats was wrong. She looked in the glass without pleasure and felt the haggard embodiment of all the haggard young women in the advertisements, peering wild eyed at the reflection of Tired Skin, Pink Toothbrush, She Was Socially Prominent, But. Her mouth felt prickly from too much smoking last night. Do You Inhale ? The persistent, the damnable cuteness of that hat ! She took a look at the living room, noticing that Walter had been through the desk like a cat through a dustbin, scattering papers and old envelopes to right and left. She sighed and closed the door on the confusion.



OUT of doors the sunlight was brilliant, and the people hurrying along looked shabby and worn in its cruel transparent radiance. The red apples in the tray of the man on the street corner glittered as brightly as the long bonnet of an imported *coupe de ville* drawn up at the kerb. Awnings fluttered. She got on top of a bus and rode along, drawing in unperceptive breaths of the spring air and thinking of Gay. She and Gay had been together in the same office ; then she had married Walter and Gay had gone to be secretary to Carl Hendrik, the publisher. Sometimes she thought that Gay pitied her for having married Walter. When Gay and Walter were together their mutual contempt could be seen like a sharp needle flashing in and out of the brilliant patchwork of their talk. Crazy loon. Waster. Gay was clever. Walter had to talk and think fast to keep up with her. In a queer, sour sort of way they found pleasure in each other's company. She wasn't clever enough for either of them. On the rare occasions that Gay came to the apartment she would sit curled up on the lounge, listening to the quick rattle of their banter, thinking her own placid thoughts about the tricky cut of Gay's frock, Walter's cough, must get a new percolator. Gay rocked with laughter on her armchair perch. " Walter, you devil ! You've made my eyelashes run." " I give you my word, Gay, that's what he said, solemn as God." " Don't ! You'll make me die." Crazy loon. Waster. But Walt always lapsed after she had gone, grew silent and moody, smoked savagely, coughed, and went out.

The tiny little box-like living-room of Gay's apartment seemed packed with women, jonquils, books, lampshades, and trick cigarette boxes. Actually there were only three women there—Gay herself, Norah Pendleton, Mildred Fishback. Mildred looked a trifle haggard, too, her eyes dark circled behind the fine veil that fluttered from her hat.

" That was a party all right ! How's Walt this morning ? "

" Terrible."

" So was I. How Gay expects us to play bridge I don't know. I don't believe I can tell a spade from one of them red things. Lord, Gay, don't laugh like that, dear, please don't ! If you knew what my head was like ! "

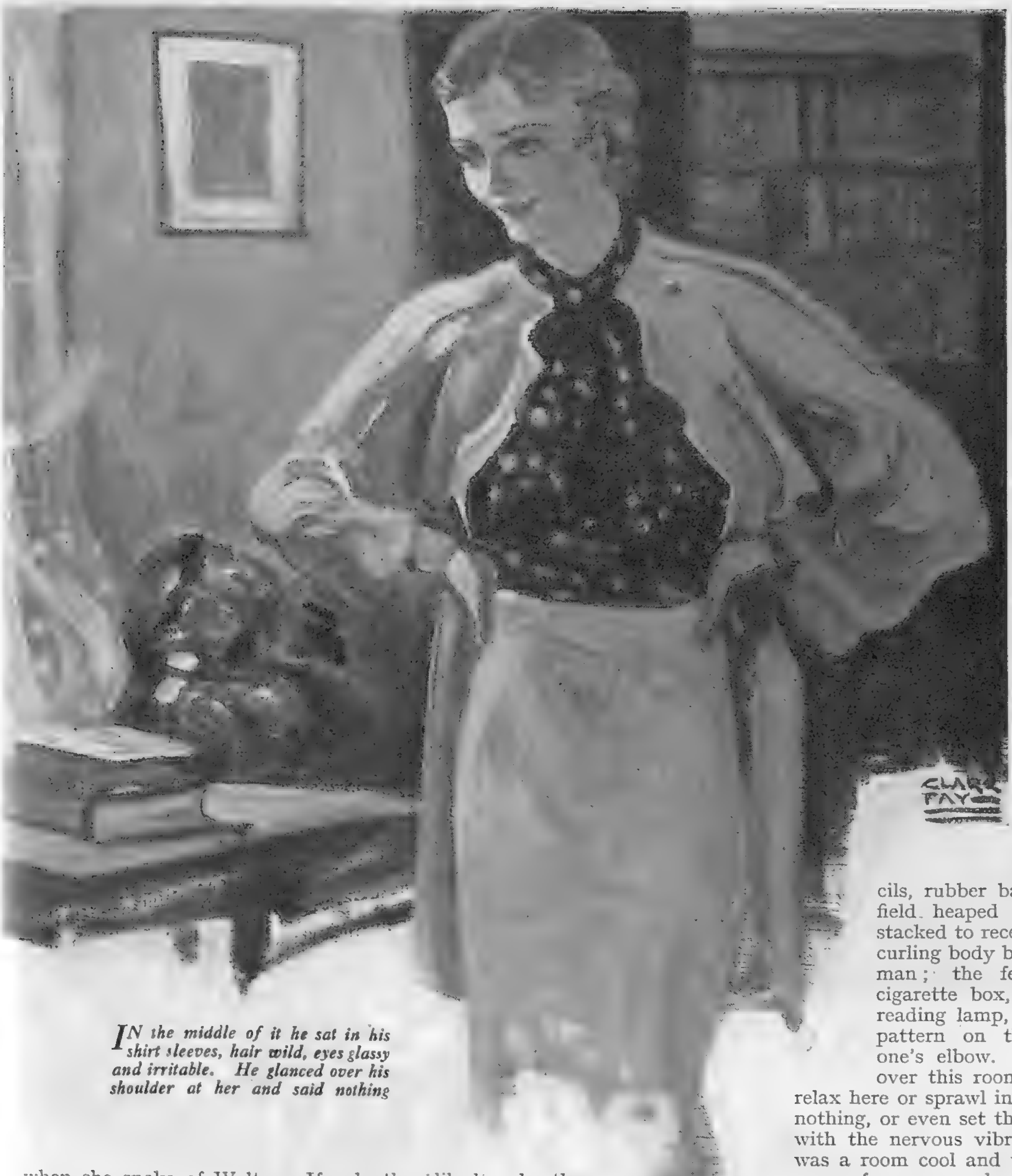
Gay was shuffling cards with quick decisive movements of her thin brown hands.

" How's the new book coming alone ? "

" Fine, Gay."

" Fine, eh ? Does gin help ? Well, tell Walt from me that Carl's getting impatient for a peep at it."

Always that edge of antagonism, of derision in Gay's voice



IN the middle of it he sat in his shirt sleeves, hair wild, eyes glassy and irritable. He glanced over his shoulder at her and said nothing

when she spoke of Walter. If only they liked each other in a different, cosier way than that half contemptuous appreciation of each other's mental fireworks! She picked up her cards, looking thoughtfully at Gay across the table. Gay seemed too bright to-day, a little strident and grimacing. Walter always said that Gay was "too" everything—too tough, too thin, too loud and staccato. He liked restful women. Mildred, her headache forgotten, was studying her hand, her face shrewd and alert.

The telephone rang.

They sat listening to Gay's voice in the tiny lobby.

"Halloa? Yes?" Eager, strained, painful somehow. "Oh, is that you, Nell? Yes . . . yes . . . well, I don't know. I think I'm doing something. Listen, I'll call you. . . . All right. *All* right, dear. 'Bye."

She came back. Suddenly her sharp shoulders looked listless. The game went on, with an accompaniment of chatter. Norah Pendleton, plump and good natured, was an indefatigable bridge chatterer; to-day Mildred, the best player of the four, was too tired to resent it. Two no trumps. What about the new hats, hey? Your deal, Gay. Heard anything of Jim and Helen lately? Four hearts. The cutest little sports suit at Saks.

The telephone rang.

"Gay! For heaven's sakes, dear! You nearly upset the table."

"Halloa? Halloa? Yes? . . . Oh yes, this is Miss Stacy. Oh, how do you do? When did you get back in town? . . . Oh, that's fine. Mr. Hendrik is hoping to get it into the autumn list, I know. . . . Yes, I'd like to hear about it. The Algonquin at one?"

Mildred Fishback, her likeness to some narrow headed, gleaming toothed little animal suddenly accentuated, lifted an upper lip in cynical laughter and muttered:

"Bet that wasn't the man she was hoping it was."

Gay came trailing back. Her face was sallow, quenched of something.

"Edna Farley, the writer. Read her *Snow In June?* Think Walt knows her. Come on, girls, let's finish the rubber off quickly and have tea."

Neatly carved little sandwiches, layers of pink and yellow and lettuce green. Norah squeaked rapture as she bit into a slice of chocolate cake. The waves of feminine chatter seemed to fill the little room and press the four walls bulgingly outwards, to get in one's eyes and nostrils like a warm drift of peach coloured powder. This was a female room. The female desk with its trim, business-like array of blotting paper, freshly sharpened pencils, rubber bands; the female chesterfield heaped with cushions that were stacked to receive the light dent of Gay's curling body but not the slump of a tired man; the female, feline neatness of cigarette box, onyx ashtray, chromium reading lamp, all placed in a deliberate pattern on the shining table top at one's elbow. No one would upset rye over this room, but then no one would relax here or sprawl in quiet content, just saying nothing, or even set the Japanese prints jumping with the nervous vibrations of a quarrel. This was a room cool and virginal as a nunnery, the room of a woman who always (poor Gay, in spite of those light, experienced tales of kisses in a gondola and tête-à-têtes in the Bois!) woke to find herself alone. "Like hell I can see you in a nunnery." If Walter came into this room his meaty, reassuring maleness would set the whole design awry, break up this futile *blat—blat* of women's talk into flying splinters.

"I must go, Gay," she said.

The telephone rang.

"Wonbeminute!" cried Gay and was out in the lobby just as Mildred, lipstick in hand, nodded meaningly and settled back shamelessly to listen.

There was something convulsive in Gay's voice that made one guess at the clutch with which she had lifted off the receiver.

"Yes?" And then the peace, flooding in like water into a parched ravine. "Oh yes, yes, I thought you were never going to. . . . Yes. At nine? All right, I'll be. . . . Yes. At nine, then. 'Bye."

She came leisurely back, humming a queer little tune that broke suddenly into words.

My heart is breaking
For the sound of the wind in the grass.

"I heard a man sing that the other night at that Russian place. Ever go there? It's amusing."

She picked up a sandwich, munched it, looking young. The fever had been smoothed out of her face. It was quiet, the eyes luminous, the mouth folded tenderly. Mildred laughed rather unpleasantly and got up, dragging skins of slaughtered foxes round her civilised shoulders.

(*Continued on page* 96)

A Gall

Contemp

No. 6

VICKI BAUM

by

James Wedgwood Drawbell

I GO in through the swinging door to the hotel lounge. The door revolves behind me — endlessly, endlessly. Pretty women pass in, leaving the fragrance of rare perfume in the air. Business men hurry past to keep appointments. A girl on her way to meet her lover draws the wondering eyes of the uniformed commissionaire. Romance is all around me. Here is a beautiful and famous actress about to lunch with the author of her next play. There is a great explorer, home for the first time for many years, feeling the tread of soft carpets strange beneath his feet. An orchestra is playing somewhere in the distance.

A thousand lives are being lived under this single roof. At this moment, perhaps, a man is dying in room 66 and a woman is planning murder in 148. The old lady in 94 is drawing up her will, cutting out a weak-chinned nephew who has waited half his life for her money; and the girl in 29 is telephoning her closest friend that she is going to have a baby. Romance and drama; love and hope; disappointment and death. All around me in this grand hotel. Perhaps the man in 66 is not really dying, but is only suffering from indigestion; perhaps the girl in 29 is merely telephoning her hairdresser for an appointment; perhaps the woman in 148 is planning, not murder, but the scheme for the new wing of her house in the country. What does it matter? I am on my way to meet, for the first time, Vicki Baum, the woman who wrote *Grand Hotel* and changed the lives of a million people who used to holiday at boarding houses. She is the woman who discovered that Life Goes On; that the same roof may witness birth and death; that people are not always what they seem. Discovered all that, and made a very good novel about it as well.

So for a moment, under her spell, I rip the walls off a hundred bedrooms, and look into the lives of men and women who turn shamed, scared faces away from mine. Awful lives! Twisted, thwarted, frustrated lives. How can they possibly live them? But what else can they do? You cannot have too many suicides, even in a grand hotel. It would spoil the story. One death, yes. Perhaps two. But no more. I had never thought until this moment of the hundreds of people who linger on heroically in life to preserve its decent dramatic balance. Living masks. Just ghosts, hidden behind the walls of their hotel bedrooms. Who knows what I am going to find behind the walls of the room that shelters Vicki Baum?

ery *of* Women

orary Portraits

BAUM
ND
HOTEL
HO

VICKI BAUM autographs a copy of her famous novel "Grand Hotel." (extreme left) Vicki Baum at work thinking out the plot of another best seller. (centre) A scene from the All Star film version of "Grand Hotel" and the dust jacket of the popular edition of the book.

NOT sudden death, anyhow. There is abundant life in this golden-haired blue-eyed Viennese woman who is not a bit like her pretty photographs that pretend she is young, doll-like and insipid. She was young once ; she may even have been doll-like ; she was certainly never insipid.

The chorus girl with the lap dog that I had expected is nowhere to be found in this gentle middle-aged woman of forty-three, composed and controlled beyond belief. Vicki Baum has a complete grip of herself, so that at no time in our conversation are there any of those restless sawings of the air with which so many English hands help out our inadequate conversation. There are no hand movements of any sort. She sits perfectly poised, almost demure, speaking our language without effort. Her eyes are alert and vivacious—bright lights in the quiet face of a woman who "has been shot at." I can think of no better colloquial phrase to describe her face. It is the face of a woman who has lived and suffered and worked and triumphed—and understood. It has that complete understanding of life that you would expect from her books.

She is one hundred per cent. feminine, with all the allure of the feminine woman. She is slim and straight and very fit-looking, and she makes clever use of dark clothes to focus her fairness. Somewhere in her there must be the masculine streak that made her the successful editor of a magazine, but there is no trace of it in Vicki Baum, the world-famous author.

We talk of *Grand Hotel,* because *Grand Hotel* on this day when I first meet its author is still unique. It has not yet started the vogue for books and plays dealing with the lives of a dozen people influenced by some central circumstance or location. That vogue—with its dinner-party situation, and its luxury liner situation, and its Continental-oriental train situation—all showing the reactions of people caught up in the web of environment—was to trail its way through the years immediately following the novelty and success of *Grand Hotel.* But at this moment Vicki Baum holds the world copyright of the discovery that Life Goes On. She wears the honour with composure.

"Of course," I say to her, "the dance in *Grand Hotel* was obviously based on Pavlova."

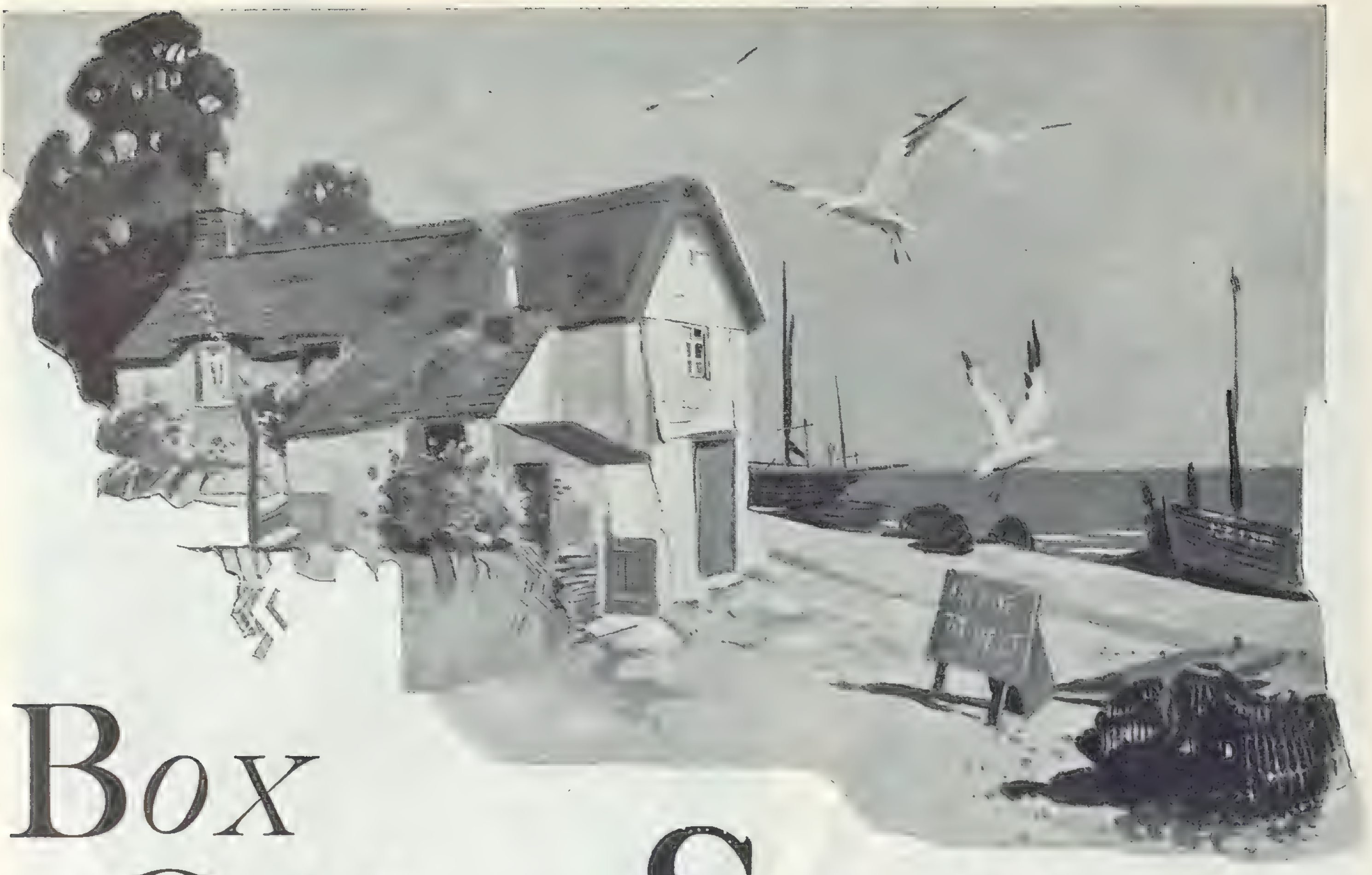
You remember the dancer. She is the dominant feminine note in the story. Faded and tired, she studies her face every day, watching for the crow's feet and the tell-tale lines of old age, and all the time she is haunted by the necessity of keeping slim so that on the stage she will appear as light as gossamer. She is the lonely woman who grasps eagerly at the unexpected love of the young adventurer who has planned to steal her pearls.

Vicki Baum smiles sadly.

"One night I stood in the wings of the theatre where she was performing," she answers. "I watched her on the stage and she seemed to float on air. It was beautiful. Then later I saw her in the wings when all the animation had vanished, and she seemed suddenly very old and very tired. Her director told me of the struggle it was to keep her weight down and of the dieting and discipline of her life. She seemed a very tragic figure to me."

Vicki Baum is sensitive to the real characters of men and women behind their masks. She has, like most women who have succeeded in creative literature, a one-ness with the separate individuals of the crowd. Her business men are real business men, her crooks are logically crooks, her young anarchists are the so-true and so-common products of a disillusioned post-war world. They are not "types" to her. Each is a human being with a story.

(*Continued on page* 92)



Box Office Stuff

As a Gay Sentimental Satire, this Story of Modern Love and Film Making would be hard to beat

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

As it was in the beginning

NOBODY could possibly take exception to the fact that Mr. Geoffrey Mollis was living in sin. Times are changing. *Autre pays, autres mœurs.* Just as a naked young woman might excite comment in the library of a rural dean but passes unnoticed in a Chelsea studio, so a young author, and the author of *These Pestilent People* at that, is almost expected to place himself occasionally at some slight moral disadvantage, for the sake of his reputation. Besides, he believed very sincerely indeed in the trial marriage. And besides, how else was he to get his stuff ?

As usual in the works of Geoffrey Mollis the background was chosen with some care. A Cornish vicarage, by the sea. Clematis and honeysuckle and thatch and whitewash and the hone of bees and the soporific tinkling of the shingle on the beach. There was an old black boat there that lay on its back with its black ribs exposed like the skeleton of something dead, and some derelict lobster pots, laced with seaweed and swarming with flies. There was a hot June sun that danced on the pebbles and shimmered over the sea. And there were two seagulls or so, just to give the proper air of laziness to the immobility of the scene, wheeling in slow circles and moving their heads about and mewing like cats.

Project the eye of your imagination within the vicarage. It is very dark, and heavy with the smell of absent parsons, stale tobacco and flowers and books and Airedales and damp bricks. A cool smell that goes very pleasantly with the chintz and the beams and the great blackened fireplace with its two polished shell cases from the Great War. There is a door half open and from the other side of it comes a rhythmic clanking. Some flies make figures of eight round the pendant oil lamp. One of the chairs has a folding book rest propped across its arms, and between the book rest and the chair is Geoffrey Mollis himself, writing a novel.

Twenty eightish, baldish, with a rather good tussore shirt and hairy arms, Geoffrey Mollis was sucking a dead pipe and putting the finishing touches to a Union Jack. It was six weeks now since he had been playing at marriage, and Mrs. Wilmot, who came in at that moment through the half-open door, perspiring freely and with her grey hair disarranged, never for one moment suspected anything but the purest and most romantic of honeymoons.

" That pump," she said.

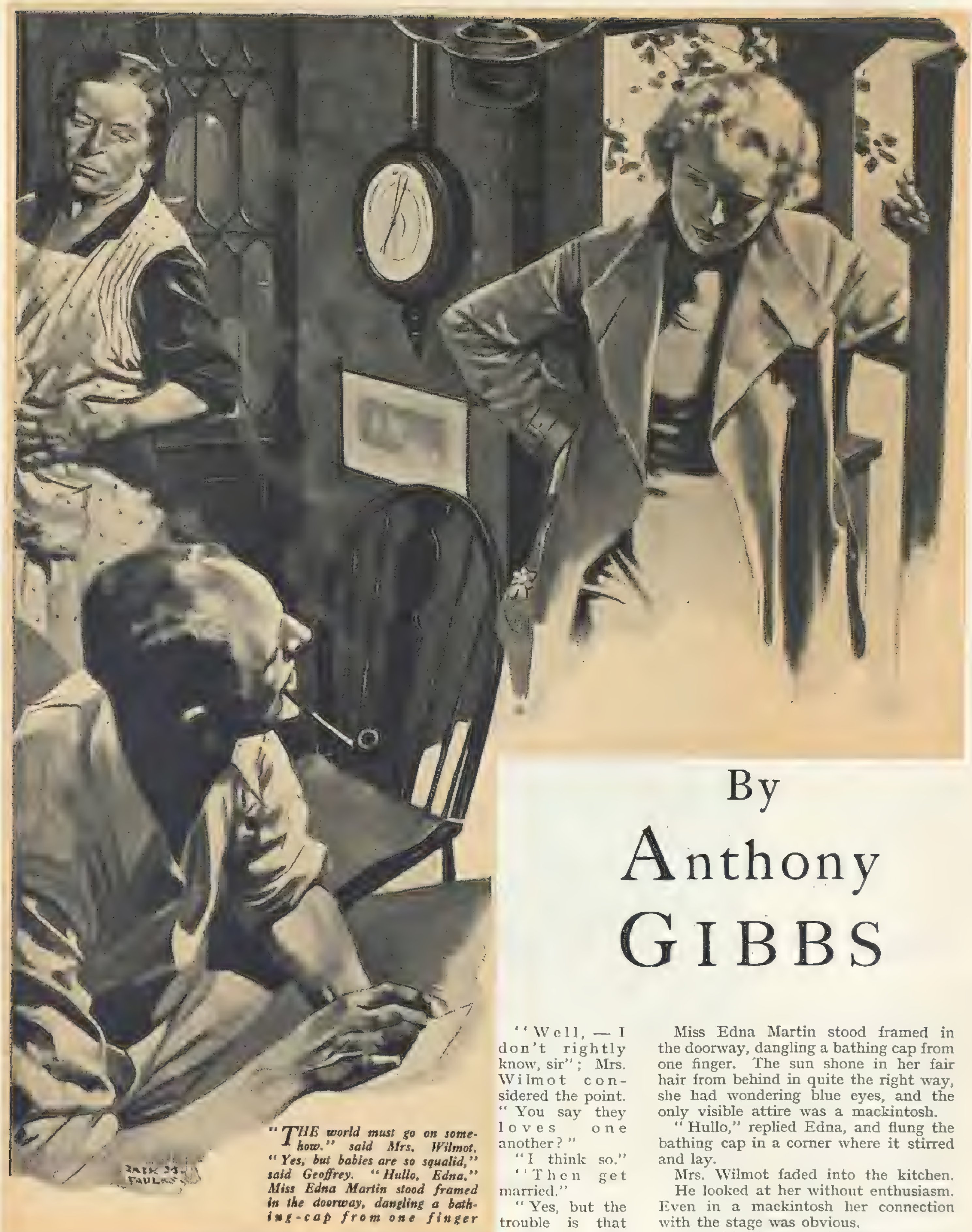
Geoffrey Mollis sketched in the St. Andrew's Cross.

" I can't 'elp it, it's no good and it's no good pretending it is. I drew fifty-eight times and — "

" Get a man in from Chichester," said Geoffrey.

" We 'aven't used it not more than arf a dozen times since the man supposed to 'ave put it right. And I never made no more than arf a turn like he told me neither, because he said the washers wouldn't stand it not with them 'aving been in all these years and the 'ardness of the water and all. What I says is it's only to be expected in a place—"

" Mrs. Wilmot," said Geoffrey, " try and envisage this situation. A man and a girl are in love with one another, you see, but they're desperately afraid of marriage. Quite desperately afraid. I mean financial instability, collapse of the capitalist system, and so forth. They don't believe in the fussiness of marriage,



"THE world must go on somehow." said Mrs. Wilmot. "Yes, but babies are so squalid," said Geoffrey. "Hullo, Edna." Miss Edna Martin stood framed in the doorway, dangling a bathing-cap from one finger

By
Anthony GIBBS

any more than they believe you can get out of it once you're in it. They don't really believe in anything: I mean marriage is *so* Victorian and divorce is so desperately neo-Georgian, that really the whole thing is rather alarming and better avoided. On the other hand the law is what it is and as I say they love each other. What ought they do?"

"Well, — I don't rightly know, sir"; Mrs. Wilmot considered the point. "You say they loves one another?"

"I think so."

"Then get married."

"Yes, but the trouble is that assumes the inevitability of the happy ending, and the one unforgivable sin as I see it is a happy ending. 'They lived happily ever after.' Is that sort of thing possible, in real life?"

"The world must go on somehow," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes, but babies are so squalid," said Geoffrey. "Hullo, Edna."

Miss Edna Martin stood framed in the doorway, dangling a bathing cap from one finger. The sun shone in her fair hair from behind in quite the right way, she had wondering blue eyes, and the only visible attire was a mackintosh.

"Hullo," replied Edna, and flung the bathing cap in a corner where it stirred and lay.

Mrs. Wilmot faded into the kitchen.

He looked at her without enthusiasm. Even in a mackintosh her connection with the stage was obvious.

"Anything happened?" asked Geoffrey,

"Bathed. Anything here?"

"Only that pump."

"What, gone wrong again?" she exclaimed. "We had a man in from Chichester only last Thursday. Oh, isn't it aggravating!"

"Not aggravating," corrected Geoffrey gently. "I've told you before that 'aggravate' means 'to make graver.'

You can't make a thing graver unless ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Edna. She pointed at him the finger of argument. "Have you done any work?"

Geoffrey became unreasonably annoyed. "Yes," he declared stoutly. "As a matter of fact I've done quite a lot."

"Let's see," Edna insisted. "Let's have a look at the paper!" And she tried to take up the block that lay on the bookrest, but he struggled with her wrists to prevent her.

"I havn't actually *written* anything," he explained. "I've just been working things out in my mind."

She succeeded in grabbing the block and studied his efforts. Then she looked at him with her wide eyes.

"Darling, I wish you wouldn't accuse me like that. It irritates me. I don't like it."

"Well," she answered, "and so do you irritate me."

"You shouldn't let yourself be so irritable."

"Oh, go to Hell," she said.

"Go to Hell yourself!" he shouted.

They stared at one another with big, resentful eyes.

It was he who felt ashamed first. Since their first absurd quarrel six weeks ago it always was. He took the bookrest off the chair and laid it on the window ledge, stood up and went over to her to kiss her frozen cheek. Then he went back and sat down again.

"Take if off," he said.

She pouted rather more pleasantly, took off the mackintosh, and revealed herself in a bathing suit.

"Beautiful creature," he whispered, lowering his eyes, and sucking on the pipe.

She pirouetted right round and stood facing him again.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

He took the pipe out of his mouth. "Passionately," he said, and put it back.

"Then why don't we marry?"

He bit on the stem of his pipe to make it stand up, so that he could look into the bowl.

"Darling, don't let's go into that now. I want to work."

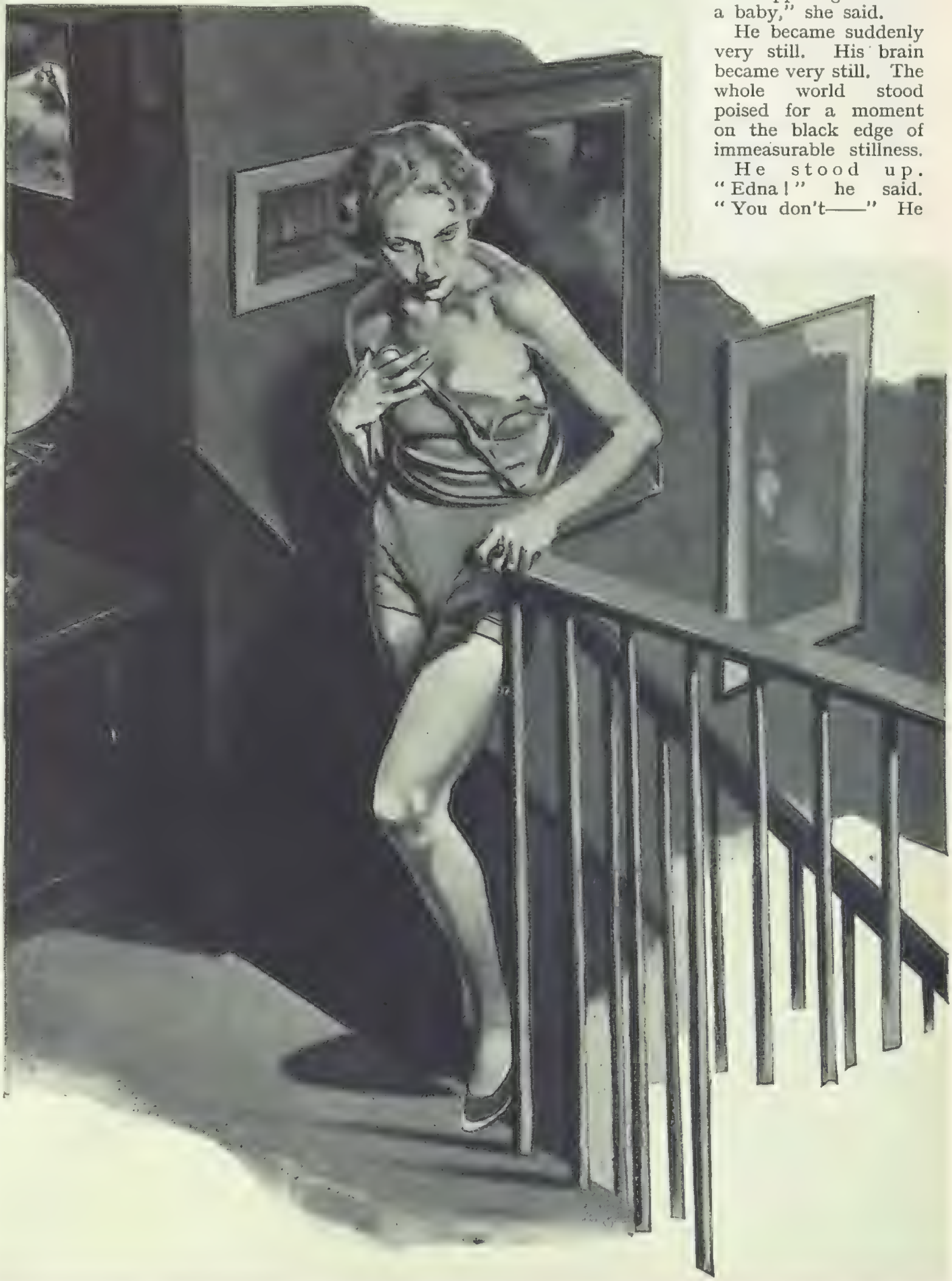
She twisted her leg a little.

He worried the stem of the pipe.

"Well, I'm going to have my sunbath."

"Right ho," he said. "May I have the block back?"

She flung it at him and went out into the porch and sat on a bench with her head just showing through the open window. He could see that she wriggled slightly as if she were busy over something.



"I don't suppose anybody will come along."

"I don't suppose so," he agreed, and picked up the block and his pencil, and began drawing the Stars and Stripes.

Marriage——. He was glad about that arrangement of theirs. In a way, of course, he had loved Edna, whose head he could just see. This had been an idyll, this six weeks. He was glad they had done it. But marriage——. He crossed out the Stars and Stripes carefully and elaborately. No. Thank heavens they had had the wisdom to find that out first. Supposing he had mistaken that feeling of his for the real thing, real love, and rushed into irretrievable matrimony.

"Geof-frey—" she called on two notes.

"Ye-es," he called back on another two.

"Supposing I have a baby," she said.

He became suddenly very still. His brain became very still. The whole world stood poised for a moment on the black edge of immeasurable stillness.

He stood up. "Edna!" he said. "You don't——" He looked at her. He saw that she too was very still, with her blond curls quiet against the blaze of sunshine. He became terrified, slowly.

"Edna! Edna, you——" Her immobility made him feel sick. "You're laughing!" he declared.

"I only said 'supposing.' Then we should *have* to get married."

He thought very rapidly. He was quite intelligent. And he saw that she was still perfectly still. He knew these arguments founded on hypothetical cases, that were not hypothetical at all. In that moment he knew that he had decided.

"I don't see why," he said slowly.

She was surprised at that, and moved her head.

"Oh, but surely!"

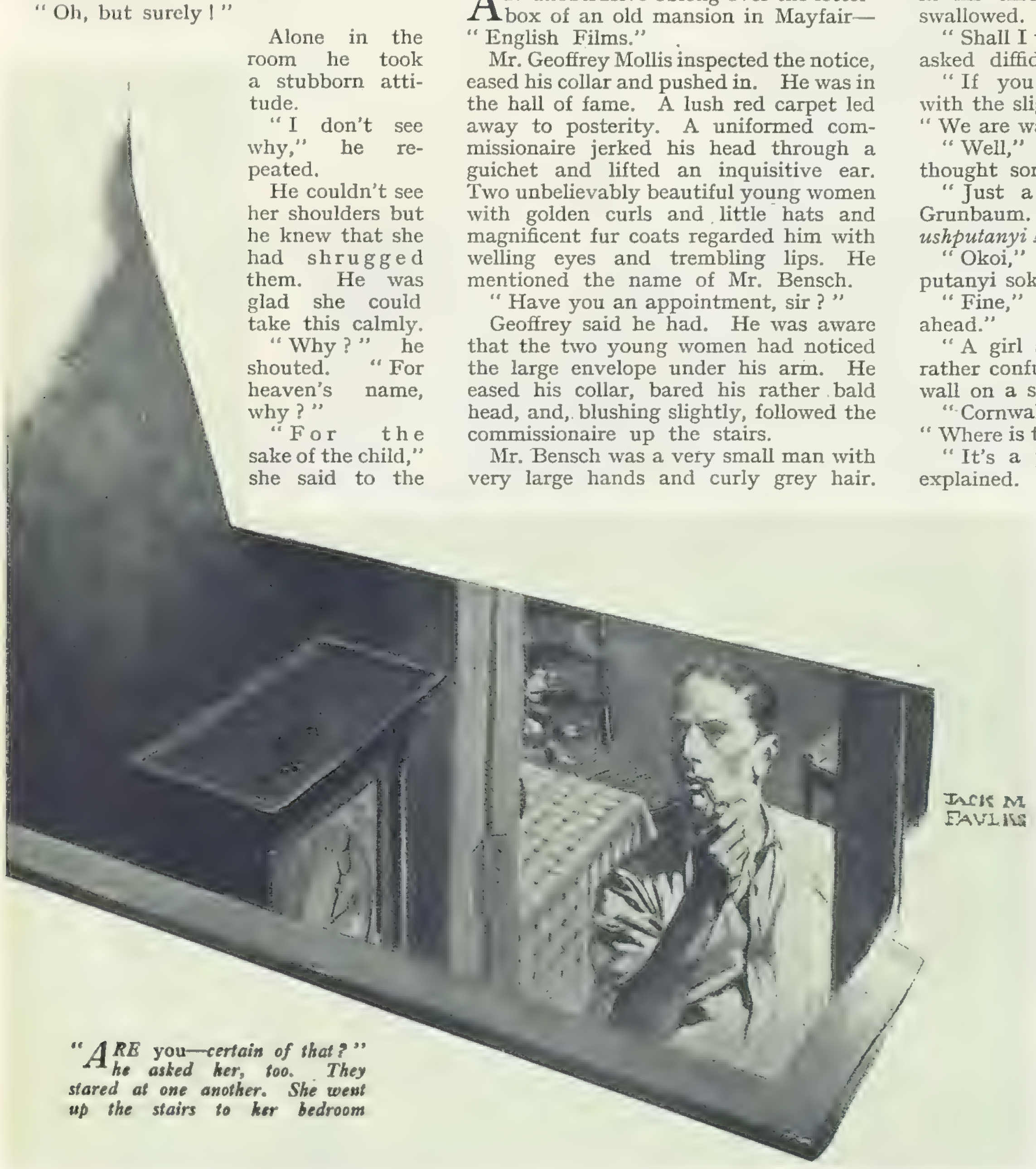
Alone in the room he took a stubborn attitude.

"I don't see why," he repeated.

He couldn't see her shoulders but he knew that she had shrugged them. He was glad she could take this calmly.

"Why?" he shouted. "For heaven's name, why?"

"For the sake of the child," she said to the haze and the lobster-pots and the seagulls.



"ARE you—certain of that?" he asked her, too. They stared at one another. She went up the stairs to her bedroom

"I don't see it," he declared. "Supposing—I say only supposing—I didn't love you."

"Well?" she asked quietly.

"Suppose my affection were only a conditioned reflex. If I knew that I didn't love you, would it be right to tie you to me, to set up a family on a pretence to bring up a child for the sake of the child among parents who were steadily growing to hate the sight of one another? I mean——"

He saw her stoop down, and when she came in she was in the bathing costume, holding it up under her armpits. She walked up to him.

"Are you certain of that?"

"Are *you*—certain of that?" he asked her, too.

They stared at one another.

She went up the stairs to her bedroom.

He stood for a long time where she had left him, blinking at his nails. Then he turned and slowly took up the telephone. He spoke to a man in Chichester about the pump.

As it is now

AN unobtrusive oblong over the letter-box of an old mansion in Mayfair—"English Films."

Mr. Geoffrey Mollis inspected the notice, eased his collar and pushed in. He was in the hall of fame. A lush red carpet led away to posterity. A uniformed commissionaire jerked his head through a guichet and lifted an inquisitive ear. Two unbelievably beautiful young women with golden curls and little hats and magnificent fur coats regarded him with welling eyes and trembling lips. He mentioned the name of Mr. Bensch.

"Have you an appointment, sir?"

Geoffrey said he had. He was aware that the two young women had noticed the large envelope under his arm. He eased his collar, bared his rather bald head, and, blushing slightly, followed the commissionaire up the stairs.

Mr. Bensch was a very small man with very large hands and curly grey hair. When he smiled, as he was doing now, the tips of his mouth went higher than the tip of his nose. He rose from behind his desk and with scholarly courtesy extended one of his hands. Geoffrey put his own hand in it, and found that Mr. Bensch had encompassed it gently with his other.

"Mr. Mollis," he said softly and melodiously, "I can only say that I am sorry. I know how an author, a real author, an artist, must feel when he finds himself for the first time in this ghastly, this horrible, this—this——" He searched for a further adjective in the air before him with both hands.

"Lousy," said a man from the depths of an armchair.

Mr. Bensch bowed to him politely. "This lousy," he agreed, "motion-picture industry." He nodded with ruminative sympathy, and then suddenly said: "Well, well," and brushed the matter together with a little cigar smoke on one side. "You have a story?" he asked.

"Er—yes," said Geoffrey.

"Sit down, my dear Mr. Mollis. Are you comfortable? A cigar? By the way, this is Mr. Grunbaum."

Mr. Grunbaum nodded, made a noise in his throat, looked about him, and swallowed.

"Shall I tell you the story?" Geoffrey asked diffidently.

"If you please," said Mr. Bensch with the slightest suggestion of reproval. "We are waiting."

"Well," said Geoffrey, "h'm. I thought something like this."

"Just a moment," interrupted Mr. Grunbaum. "Is this, er—*olcozy za ushputanyi?*"

"Okoi," said Mr. Bensch. "Ushputanyi sokol."

"Fine," said Mr. Grunbaum. "Go ahead."

"A girl and a boy," began Geoffrey rather confusedly, "who go off to Cornwall on a sort of trial marriage."

"Cornwall?" said Mr. Bensch. "Where is that?"

"It's a part of England," Geoffrey explained.

"But is there anything special about Cornwall?" inquired Mr. Bensch in his precise, slightly unfamiliar accent.

"No," said Geoffrey, "except that it's the sort of place where two young people would go."

Mr. Bensch got up and began to pace up and down with furrowed brows. He held his cigar thoughtfully behind him. "Impossible," he whispered. "I am afraid that's not *possible!*"

"Well, let's hear some more," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"Yes! Good!" said Mr. Bensch, sitting down suddenly behind his desk and putting himself in an attitude of scrupulous attention. "Now!"

Geoffrey continued. "You see the idea is that they're afraid of marriage."

"But they love one another, of course?" announced Mr. Bensch doubtfully.

"I suppose so," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Bensch looked relieved. "You know, I like that idea. It is charming. This boy and this girl in love. It is delightful!"

"Yeah!" said Mr. Grunbaum. "Filmic."

"They set up house together," continued Geoffrey, much encouraged, "as man and wife, with the definite arrangement that the experiment ends in two months."

"That's all right," said Mr. Grunbaum; "*but why Cornwall?*"

Geoffrey skated past the point rapidly. "I thought we might not show too much of the beginning part. Just etch in the background, summer days, a sort of idyll, you know, bathing and all that."

"And along comes the other feller," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"Well, not exactly," explained Geoffrey.

"Keep it till later. I see. O.K. with me."

" There is no other fellow."

" What ? " exclaimed Mr. Grunbaum. " No other feller ? "

Mr. Bensch leaned over. " *Utca Zlotikam agen*—"

"*Natürlich*," said Mr. Grunbaum. " *So !* "

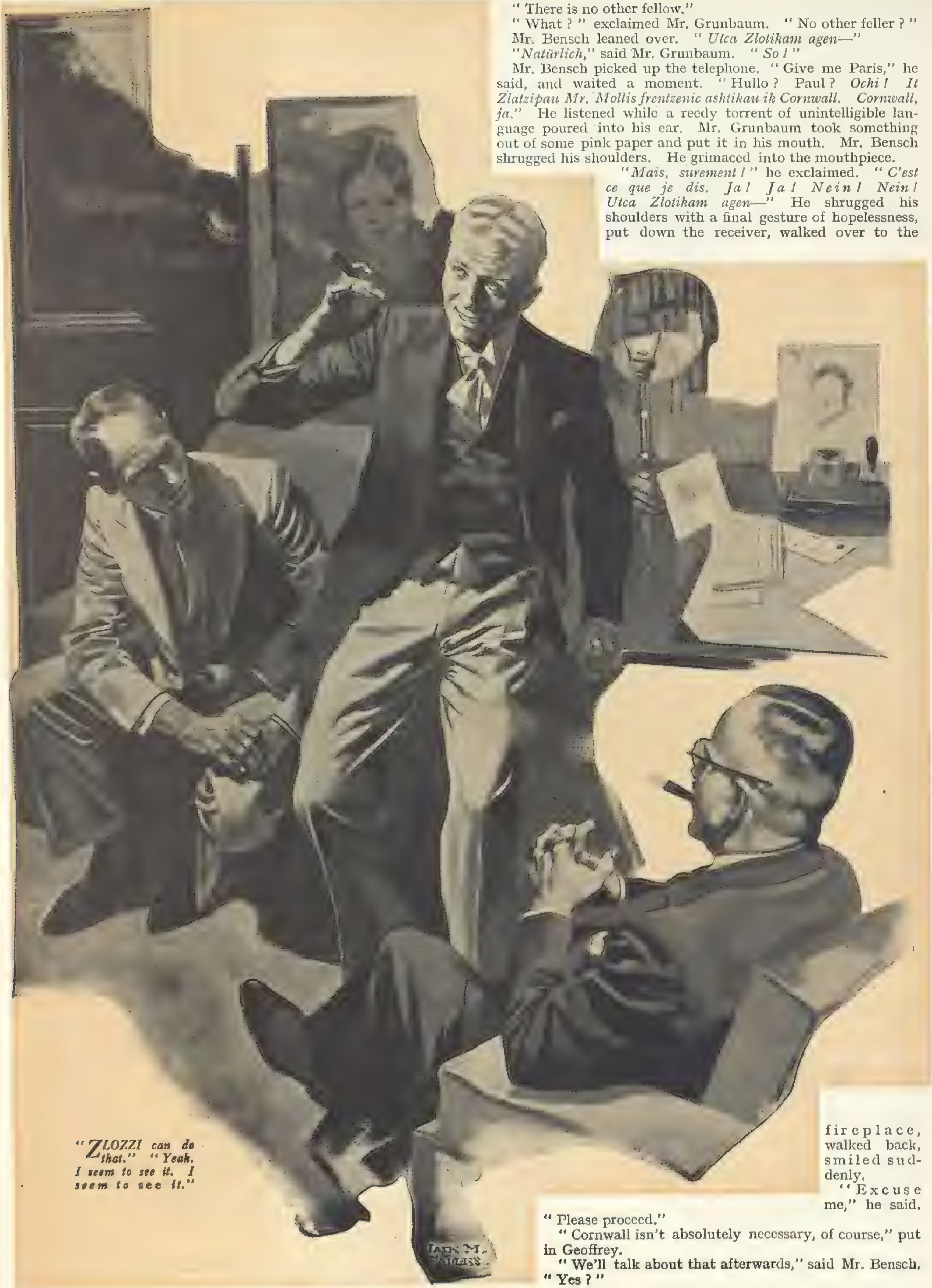
Mr. Bensch picked up the telephone. " Give me Paris," he said, and waited a moment. " Hullo ? Paul ? *Ochi ! It Zlatzipau Mr. Mollis frentzenic ashtikau ik Cornwall. Cornwall, ja.*" He listened while a reedy torrent of unintelligible language poured into his ear. Mr. Grunbaum took something out of some pink paper and put it in his mouth. Mr. Bensch shrugged his shoulders. He grimaced into the mouthpiece.

"*Mais, surement !*" he exclaimed. " *C'est ce que je dis. Ja ! Ja ! Nein ! Nein ! Utca Zlotikam agen*—" He shrugged his shoulders with a final gesture of hopelessness, put down the receiver, walked over to the fireplace, walked back, smiled suddenly.

" Excuse me," he said. " Please proceed."

" Cornwall isn't absolutely necessary, of course," put in Geoffrey.

" We'll talk about that afterwards," said Mr. Bensch, " Yes ? "



" ZLOZZI can do that." " Yeah. I seem to see it. I seem to see it."

Geoffrey cleared his throat.

" Well, one day, when the girl is away bathing, the young man sits alone in the little cottage, trying to write his novel. But he can't. Because the idea is slowly taking shape in his mind that the experiment ought to end. They haven't got on awfully well. He's almost certain that he doesn't love her. And while he's thinking about it the servant comes in about the pump which has broken down. She makes a good comic character and—"

" A pump," said Mr. Bensch. " What is that ? "

" A pump," explained Geoffrey, " for pumping the water."

" Some kind of a gag or something ? " asked Mr. Grunbaum.

" It's simply an excuse for her to come in. And he asks her her advice in a roundabout way, and she says marry. But just then the girl comes in from her bathe, and asks if anything's happened, and he tells her about the pump and—"

" Mr. Mollis," interrupted Mr. Bensch suavely, " Forgive me, but is there any organic purpose to be served by this pump ? "

Geoffrey considered this. " It's rather amusing, that's all."

" Is it ? " asked Mr. Bensch.

" Well, I thought so."

" Pardon me," said Mr. Bensch. " I do not think so."

" Anyway," continued Geoffrey, " she gets angry when she hears, and they have a row. And then she goes out to have a sunbathe, and he goes on thinking. This is where the great scene really begins. He can see her from where he's sitting, in the dark room, and—"

" That's better," said Mr. Bensch.

" Just a minute," said Mr. Grunbaum. " Is she nude, this girl?"

" Yes, I suppose she is."

" That's good," said Mr. Grunbaum. " I like that."

" Charming ! " said Mr. Bensch.

" Filmic," said Mr. Grunbaum. " Good camera."

Mr. Bensch turned. " You know it is beautiful," he said, " with a lovely girl. The young man in the half darkness. And outside, between two pillars, this beautiful girl, naked."

" There's a censor in this country," Mr. Grunbaum pointed out. " We can only show her back."

" But a beautiful back," exclaimed Mr. Bensch, almost reminiscently, " it can be beautiful, no ? "

" As a matter of fact he could only see her head," said Geoffrey.

The remark seemed to pass unheard.

" Sure it's beautiful," agreed Mr. Grunbaum. " Gosh, it's a great scene that, Mr. Mollis. The Mediterranean stretching away into the distance. Blue. And this goil, this lovely goil, standing out there in the sunlight ; and he sits down at the piano and begins to play, something fairly classical—"

" Zlozzi can do that."

" Yeah. I seem to see it. I seem to *see* it. And as he plays she turns her head, and says—What's she say, Mr. Mollis ? "

" She asks him what he would do if she had a baby," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Grunbaum leaped in the air. " Golly ! " he roared. " That's great ! That's a wow ! That's a pretty stirring piece of dialogue, Mr. Mollis ! That's filmic ! "

" *Ulzalotzki*," said Mr. Bensch.

" You said it ! " agreed Mr. Grunbaum. " And how ! "

Geoffrey Mollis blushed modestly. He had always thought there was a film in that story. It was unusual, too. It had a touch of originality, particularly about the *dénouement*.

Mr. Grunbaum was plainly in the grip of inspiration. " And he says, ' What, not—you don't mean—*Angela !* ' or whatever the Zanie's name is. And she says, ' Would you marry me, for the kid's sake ? ' and he says, ' You bet I would, I love you,' and she says, ' Are you sure of that ? ' and he says, ' Sure I'm sure,' and she says, ' I'm so glad, Harry, because, it was just a simple trick to make you say you loved me,' and he says, ' Never mind, honey, we'll get married first and the kids'll come afterwards.' Close-up. Clinch. Fade." He beat the palm of his hand.

" *Gemütlich, nicht wahr ?* " said Mr. Bensch.

" You bet," said Mr. Grunbaum.

Geoffrey coughed. " Er— " he began.

Mr. Bensch smiled almost respectfully. " Of course, if you have anything better to suggest, as an artist I mean—"

" I didn't see it quite like that," said Geoffrey. " You see he knows he doesn't love her, and he thinks it would be criminal to marry her for the sake of the child. He knows, you see, that she's speaking the truth."

" Speaking the truth ? " echoed Mr. Bensch.

" You mean she's pregnant ? " said Mr. Grunbaum incredulously. " No, sir. Out."

" But it's essential to the story," argued Geoffrey.

" Out ! " repeated Mr. Grunbaum forcibly.

Mr. Bensch was shaking his head sadly.

Geoffrey began to feel angry. " Why ? " he demanded.

Mr. Bensch spoke gently, as if to a little child.

" You see, Mr. Mollis, we have the box office to consider. A beautiful girl is—beautiful. A little lie—it is a charming feminine artifice, but a woman in a state of — well — as the Italians so charmingly put it—"

" But people *do* have babies," interrupted Geoffrey, with some heat.

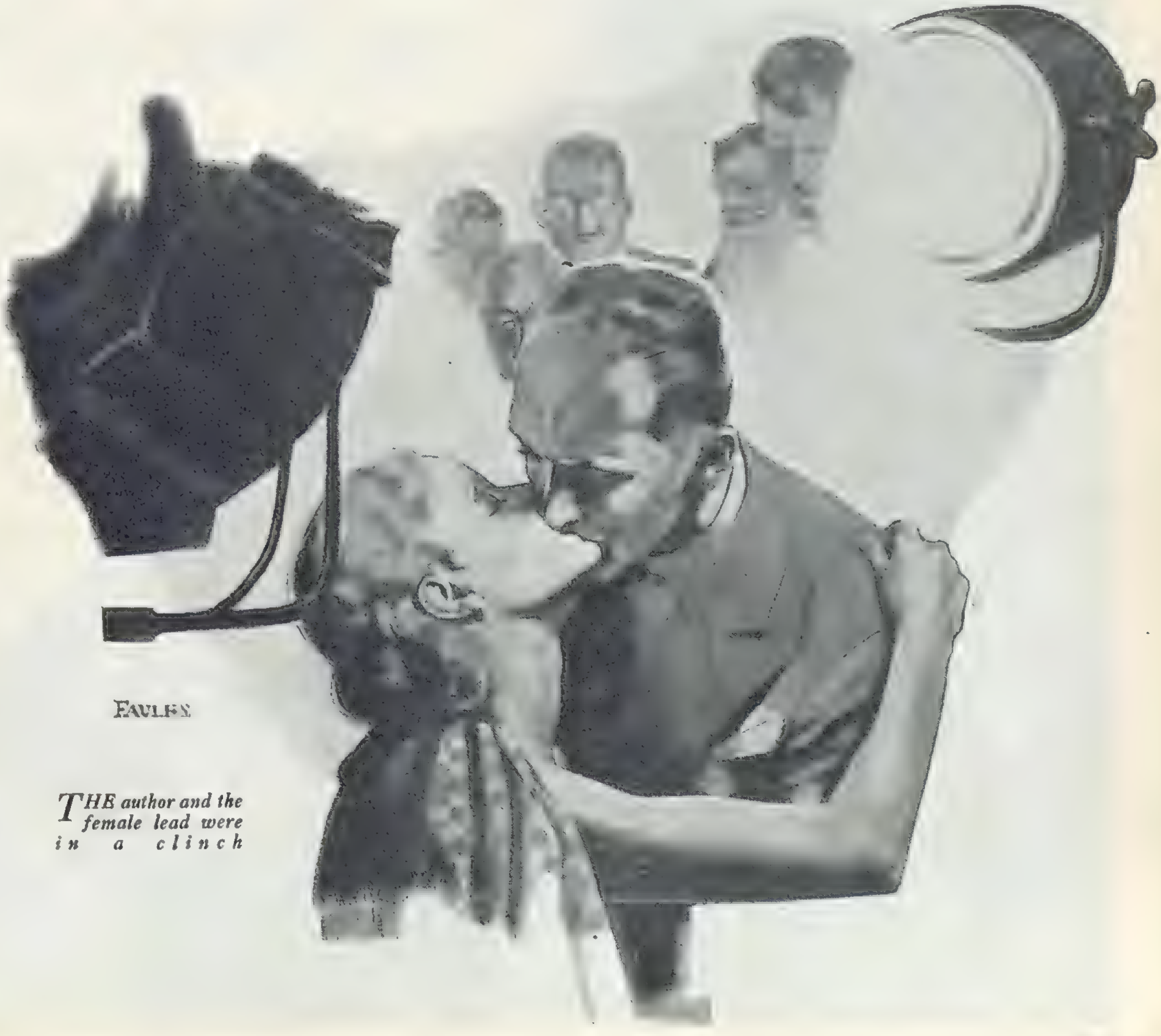
Mr. Bensch shook his head.

" Not in this company," said Mr. Grunbaum.

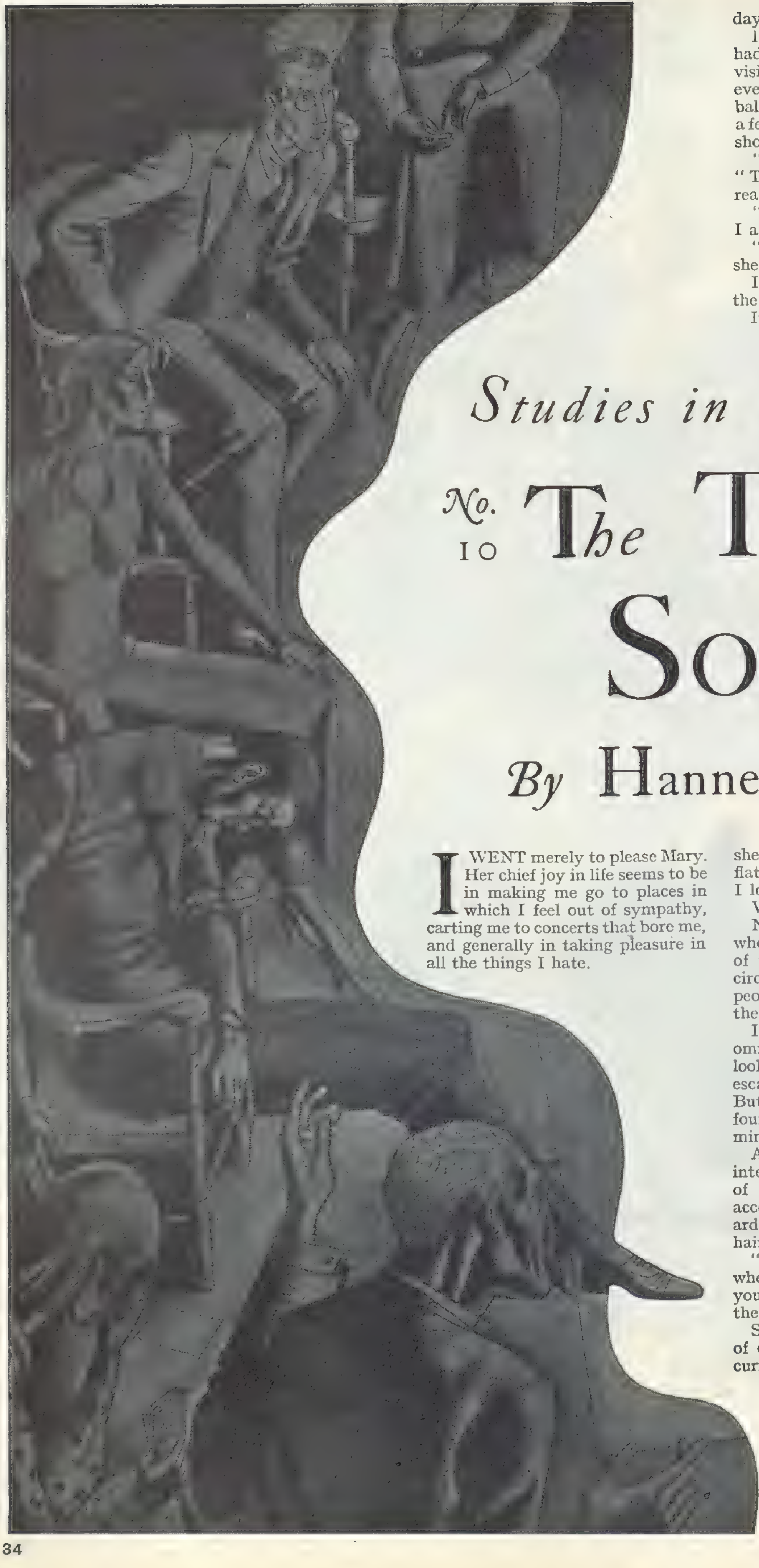
Geoffrey was nonplussed.

Mr. Bensch interposed. " Let us leave that for the moment."

" Yeah," (*Continued on page* 88)



THE author and the female lead were in a clinch



Studies in Psychology:

No. 10 The Trumpet SOUNDS

By Hannen Swaffer

I WENT merely to please Mary. Her chief joy in life seems to be in making me go to places in which I feel out of sympathy, carting me to concerts that bore me, and generally in taking pleasure in all the things I hate.

"Let's go to a seance," she said, one day, "I have bought two tickets."

I protested. That was too much. I had got used to Scriabin by drawing invisible flaps over my ears. I could endure even the more advanced forms of modern ballet by shutting my eyes. I had learned a few conventional things to say at picture shows. But a seance was a bit too much.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," she said. "The man's a horrible fraud. It isn't real."

"Then why do you want to go?" I asked.

"I thought it would be such fun," she said. "It only costs a guinea each."

It was no good protesting. Mary, in the end, usually gets her own way.

It was to a place in Bloomsbury that she took me, an ordinary dim-looking flat of the kind you find around there. I loathe the place.

We rang a bell, and were admitted. Now I have no doubt that the people who were there were really ordinary sort of folk. But one develops, in strange circumstances, a way of peering into people, searching them out, analysing their insides, as it were.

If you had seen them all together in an omnibus, they would no doubt have looked just like another bus-load, and escaped more than a casual glance. But, since we were where we were, I found myself trying to get behind their minds.

A sweet-faced woman of middle age interested me chiefly. She was just one of those ordinary simple people who accept without question ordinary standards of life and conduct, just greyish haired and sweet-faced.

"I must not give my name," she said, when I spoke to her. "But how are you? You see, giving names destroys the evidence."

She talked on with a strange mixture of candour and discretion that I found curiously intriguing. She was telling me things without telling me anything.

Yes, she had lost somebody. She evaded saying who it was, or what relationship she bore to him, or her. She had been searching around for months trying to establish his or her survival.

She went on talking to me for perhaps ten minutes. And, at the end of it, I realised that under cross-examination I could not have told anything about her. She had been, in spite of her talkativeness, evasive. Everything she said seemed to come from around the corner.

Still, I got the impression that this "sitting," as she called it, was merely one of a long series.

The medium, it seemed, was late. I was told not to worry, that many mediums were like that.

"They are temperamental, you know," said somebody. Then I heard somebody else whisper something about drink.

"Yes," murmured the little woman to whom I was talking . . . "You know, that is one of the snags. They start drinking. Then it destroys the power. . ."

I merely stared . . .

A tall man of the Army major type called me in a corner while we waited, and confessed that he thought it was "a lot of bunk."

"My wife believes it," he said. "She carts me around these places. It has been going on for two years now. Still, it amuses her, and it's cheaper than Bridge, the way she plays it."

THERE were ten people in the room by now. And, under the microscope beneath which I placed them mentally, while we waited, they all looked over-excited. There were two or three sensation-seekers I could tell, the kind that watch tennis only when it is in the centre court, or chase an actress when her name is billed big, people to whom Nijinsky or Krishnavara are both the same, if the papers talk about them.

I felt disgusted while I stood waiting for the nonsense to begin.

"If people really have souls," I thought, "how can their souls endure the bodies they have to live in ?"

I asked the little woman I had been talking to.

"If there is an after life," I said, "how can it take any interest in all this, people paying a guinea each, the credulous mixed up with the cynical, sensation-mongers paying a fee ?"

"You don't understand," she answered. "My friend loved me very much."

I knew that the phrase "my friend" was a way of disguising even the friend's sex.

"My friend would come back through anything to talk to me, if it were possible."

Outside, one of the gloomiest parts of London lived on its grubby and sordid life. The houses were grey and grim. Paper-shops and grocers' were eating their way into century-old squares. Regency mansions were going, one by one. And, in their place, a newer, uglier London was being built. I always hated Bloomsbury. But, this night, while I waited, it seemed even more sordid and more grey.

Mary appeared to be enjoying herself. She was going about from group to group, chatting and picking up bits.

"There's a man over there who knew Kitchener," she whispered to me, once. "*He comes back and writes through him.* He says there is going to be another war. We shall be wiped out this time. *He's warning him.* D'you see that fat woman ? *She's a reincarnation of Cleopatra.* She's met Anthony, too."

And she laughed.

While we were talking, a woman came across, looked at me very earnestly and said, "Do you know you are a medium ?"

"Good God, no," I replied.

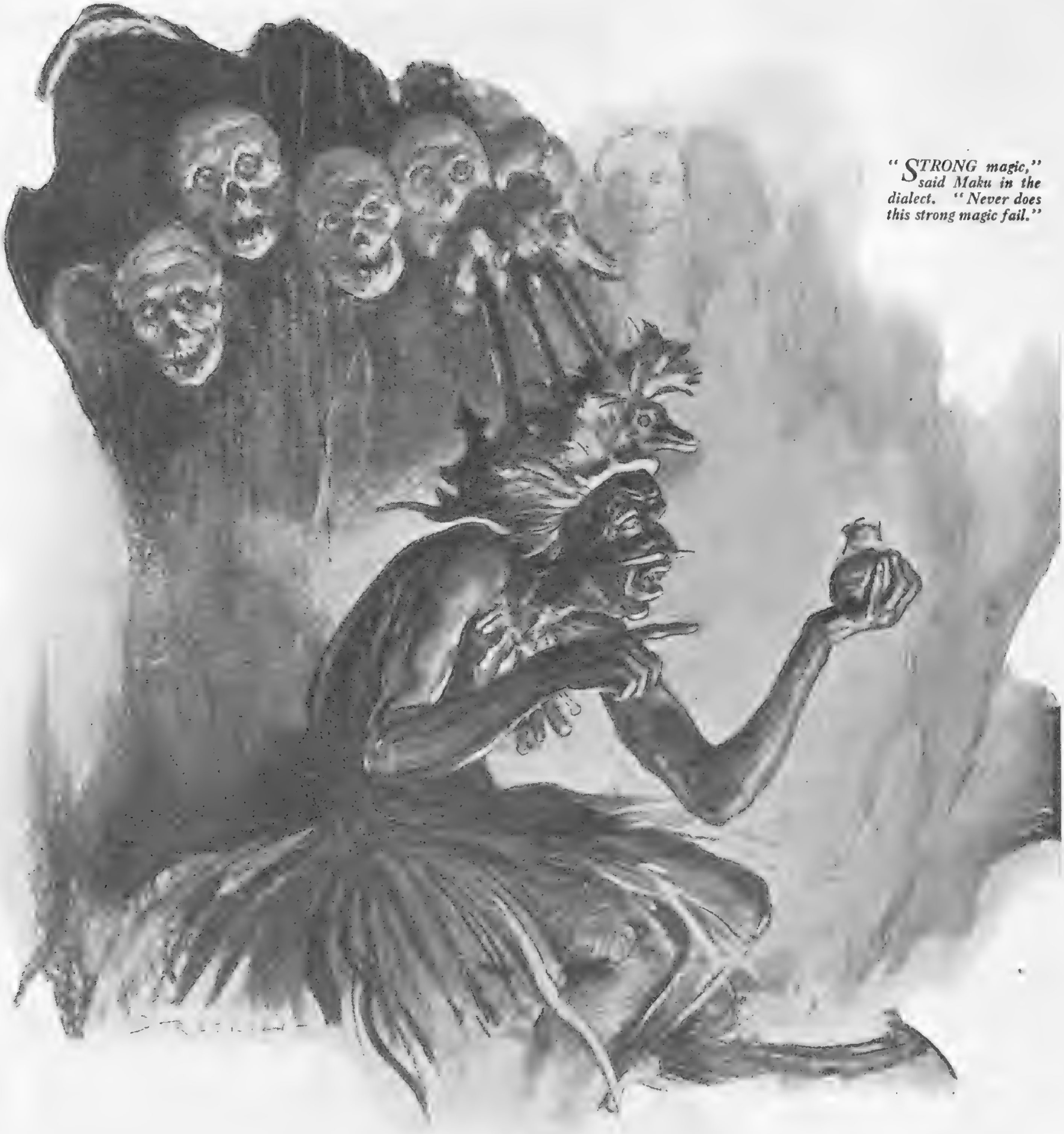
"You have great power," she said. "I must tell you. I do not know what you know of our case. People are often told, by mediums, things like that. Sometimes it starts them off all wrong. Make no mistake. You are a voice medium. Have you never been told before ?"

I laughed in her face. I told her that I knew nothing about the occult and cared nothing, that I was there that night merely because I had brought a friend.

"You have a great gift," she said. "Make no mistake about to-night. The medium, I think, is a fraud. Whether he ever was a medium or not, I do not know. His case is one (*Continued on page* 83)

Decorations by
Eric Fraser

ERIC FRASER



"STRONG magic," said Maku in the dialect. "Never does this strong magic fail."

LITTLE Miss Widgery, invoking the powers of darkness, was justly appalled at what she did, but loneliness and frustration may drive even a missionary's pale and mousy daughter to desperate remedies. That its pathos was the strongest feature of her adventure did not occur to her at all.

There she sat in the cave on a stool carved in the likeness of a pig. The place was fittingly sinister and dank. When the fire waxed the mother-of-pearl eyes in the row of skulls winked balefully, and shadows crept on the rocky walls, so that it seemed to Miss Widgery as if evil things watched her and stirred their wings. Old Maku, the witch doctor, was an evil thing himself. The bones thrust against his parchment skin; his eyes shone like an animal's; he wore a necklet of human bones; he was dirty and pagan and barbarous, the very embodiment of all the superstition and ignorance combated by Miss Widgery's father and his brethren. Well aware of this, sinful Miss Widgery remained, a client, a patient, in Maku's consulting-room.

Only bitter, desperate need could have brought that about.

"Strong magic," said Maku in the dialect. "Never does this strong magic fail." He showed sharpened teeth blackened by betel nut. "You pay now," he added curtly, for he was one of those who believe that professional men should not have to wait for their fees.

No possible good could come of the transaction: it was a waste of time and money, a folly, a shameful betrayal. Nevertheless, Miss Widgery's trembling fingers counted out the twenty shillings and passed them to Maku.

"Strong magic," he reiterated, snatching the money with one scaly paw, and with the other handing her a small gourd.

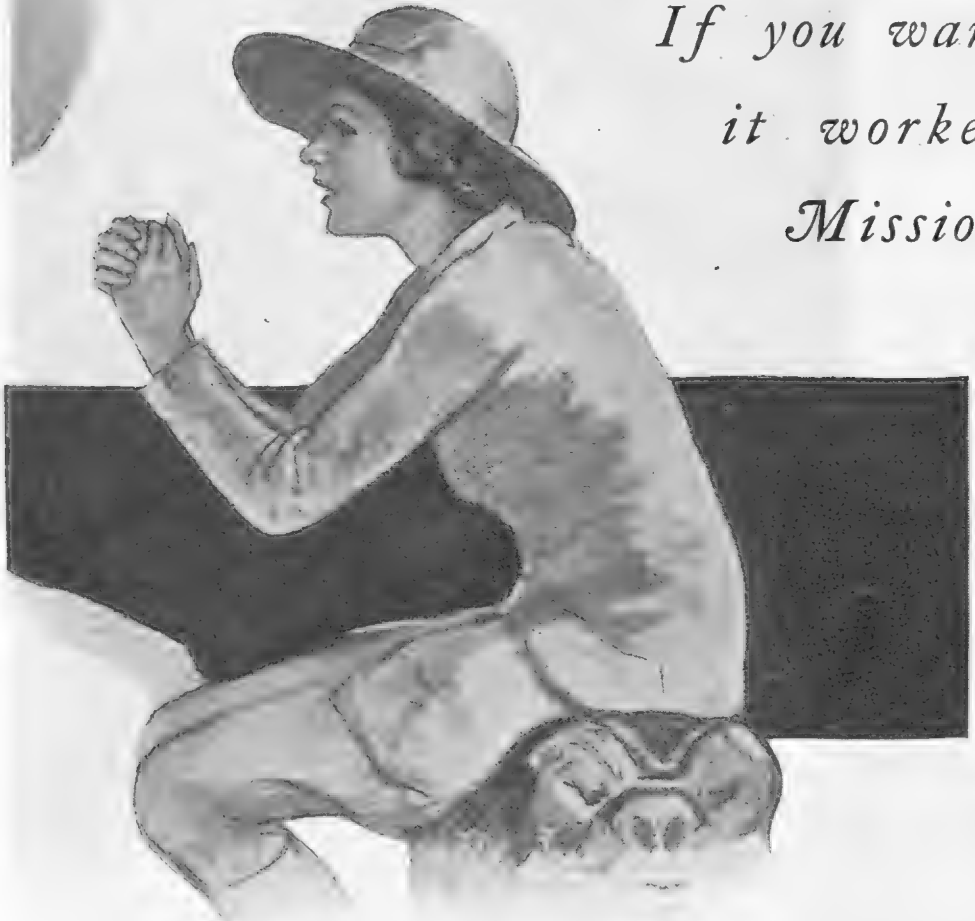
A tingle ran hotly through Miss Widgery as she touched the gourd. In the face of all reason and training, hope leapt up. There were "more things in heaven and earth"; there was always the chance. An excited, breathless giggle escaped from her. Impossible to live close to the brown people of the isles of the Western Pacific without becoming infected with something of their credulity and primitive outlook.

Her girls at the mission school believed in the White Man's God, of course, but with that belief they contrived to retain an unshaken faith in the Old Things that were Maku's stock in trade. Miss Widgery enjoyed the confidence of her girls; they told her their secrets. From them she had heard so often of Maku selling this girl and that her heart's desire. His steady record of success could not be dismissed as entirely coincidence. There must be something more in it than that.

LOVE Philtre

By Dale Collins

If you want to know WHY it worked don't ask the Missionary's Daughter— she only knows HOW . . .



Illustrated by S. Tresilian

A YOUNG moon sailed above the palms. From somewhere near at hand a native swain coaxed sweet, thin music from a reed flute which he blew with his nostrils instead of his lips. Reversing the process, mouth wide open, the Reverend Parker Widgery made harsher music in his bed. There would have been no sleep for him that night could he have seen the pagan ceremonial in progress under the very roof of the mission house.

On the other side of the wall of matting, modest in her cotton nightgown, Miss Widgery sat before the mirror doing the bidding of a witch-doctor—enemy of Church and State. The meticulous care with which she followed his instructions suggested that she did not regard matters lightly. Into a small shell she poured enough of the powder from the gourd to reach the brim. This she tipped into spring water held in a larger shell. The brew was stirred with a leaf plucked at midnight. Then, as Maku had commanded, she raised the draught to her lips, watching herself the while in the glass.

The face that looked back at her grew more pallid. What might not the powder contain? Bats' wings, mice, perhaps ingredients too sickening for thought. She hesitated, rigid. But, having gone so far she could not turn back now. A recklessness quite foreign to her nature took possession of her. She drained the potion, was relieved to find it tasteless, watched herself. The excitement, the effort that had been needed, brought colour to her cheeks and brightened her eyes. The pleasant surprise of that, of course, intensified the sparkle.

Investigation had become almost a duty to anyone interested in the natives, but the thought of duty passed only fleetingly across Miss Widgery's mind, the gourd in her damp hand. She was praying like a pagan that old Maku held indeed the key to mysteries, and with it would open the door for her as he had for those other maids of darker hue.

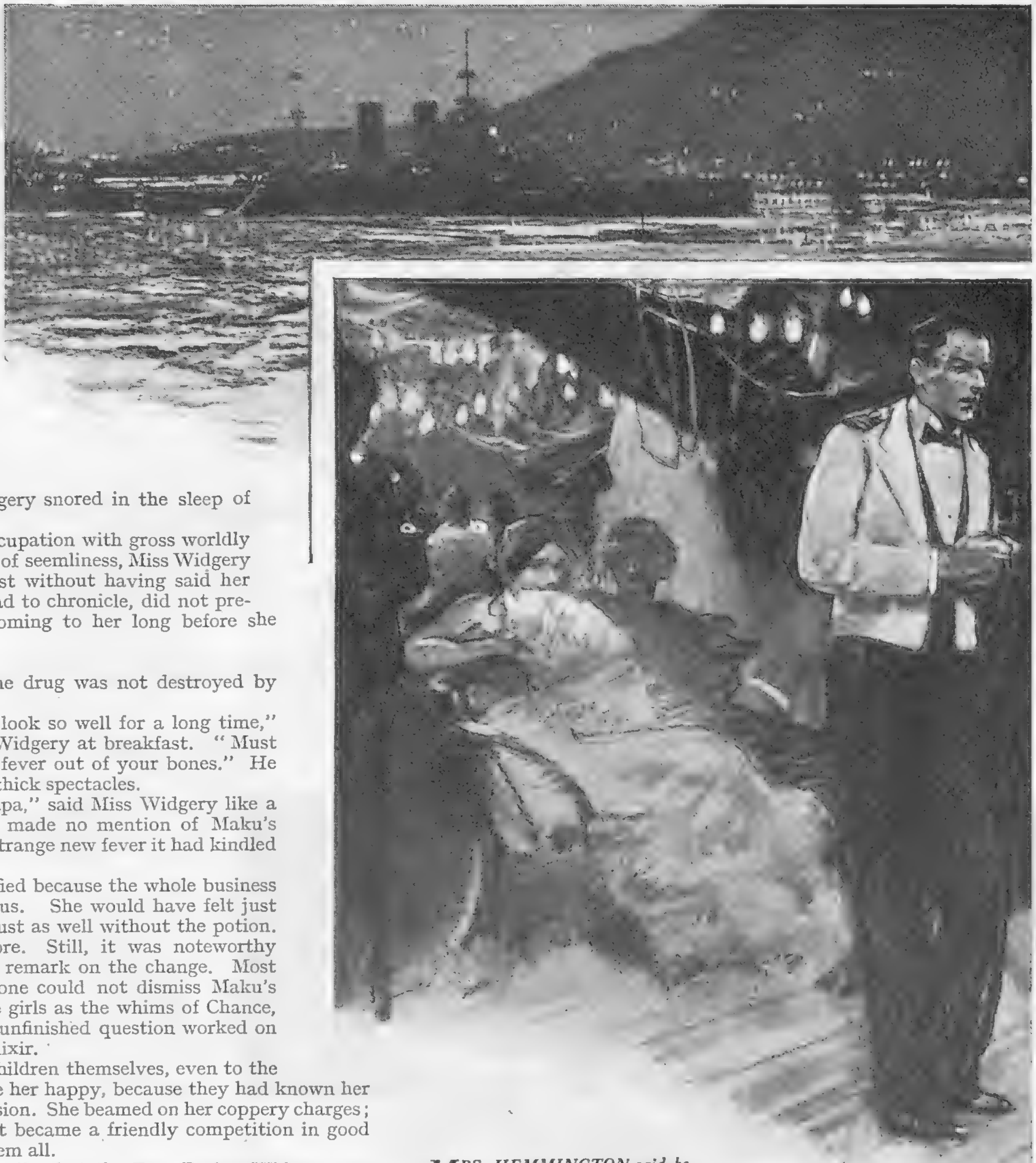
Having counted the money, Maku spat into the fire and intimated that the consultation was at an end by the eloquent gesture of falling asleep.

Miss Widgery, heart beating fast, tiptoed from the cave. Suppose someone should see? Suppose her father ever got wind of this traitorous bargain with the enemy? Suppose—oh, most blood-quickening proposition of all!—that the contents of the gourd did in truth possess properties inexplicable to the learning and science of the West?

Blinking in the amber sunshine, scarlet with the blushes of guilt, she looked about. The beach was deserted save for the gulls and the crabs. With a gasp of relief, she scurried through the palms to the clump of scrub where her pony was hidden.

Users of the road into Rabaul saw only the missionary's daughter returning from her afternoon ride. To them she was a plain, drab, dull, shy, colourless creature who led a dreary life and was of no account in the social system of a community where fun had to be pursued rather ruthlessly to fight boredom and isolation. No one guessed—how they would have laughed!—that under the home-made riding-habit beat a heart so hungry for romance, so starved for affection, that in the pocket of that habit was a gourd containing a course of old Maku's most superior love philtre.

Miss Widgery could hardly believe it herself.



MRS. HEMMINGTON said behind her fan "Where could the Widgery girl have got that gown? Look at the men dangling round her."

"Good gracious," whispered Miss Widgery to her reflection, "you look different already. But that's imagination. Absurd!"

Absurd it might be, yet the illusion persisted. There was a thrill in what she saw, and thrills did not frequent the mission house as a rule.

Enchanted, Miss Widgery sat on in the bare room, while the moon looked in and the swain piped his little air of three notes, and the Reverend Parker Widgery snored in the sleep of the just.

Whether from preoccupation with gross worldly affairs or from a sense of seemliness, Miss Widgery went to her bed at last without having said her prayers. That, it is sad to chronicle, did not prevent happy dreams coming to her long before she closed her eyes.

THE potency of the drug was not destroyed by the harsh day.

"Haven't seen you look so well for a long time," said the Rev. Parker Widgery at breakfast. "Must have got that bout of fever out of your bones." He peered at her through thick spectacles.

"I think I have, papa," said Miss Widgery like a dutiful daughter, but made no mention of Maku's illicit medicine or the strange new fever it had kindled in her.

In this she felt justified because the whole business was simply preposterous. She would have felt just as happy and looked just as well without the potion. A coincidence, no more. Still, it was noteworthy that her father should remark on the change. Most noteworthy. And if one could not dismiss Maku's miracles for the native girls as the whims of Chance, why then——? The unfinished question worked on her like wine, like an elixir.

Her pupils, happy children themselves, even to the oldest, were glad to see her happy, because they had known her sharp and sour on occasion. She beamed on her coppery charges; they beamed back. It became a friendly competition in good spirits that profited them all.

The day passed so gaily that the Rev. Parker Widgery was quite perplexed by her cheerfulness in the evening. He, too, had seen her in other moods.

"If I didn't know you better I'd say you'd had one of those vile cocktails," he said, eyeing her suspiciously, for it was his habit to associate happiness and sin in a strangely illogical fashion.

"I don't need cocktails, papa," said Miss Widgery, "to make me cheerful."

Not with Maku's philtre—more sinful than any cocktail—hidden in the bedroom.

THE morrow being Saturday, there was no school. In the cool of the evening Miss Widgery walked abroad through the grassy, tree-shaded streets of Rabaul. She wore her best frock and best hat, and, buoyed up by her secret strength, looked on brown and white with a friendly eye. She smiled; she was almost radiant. They were a little surprised, but responded the more readily because affability in Miss Widgery had the added charm of novelty.

The success of these experiments increased her confidence. Mrs. Hemmington, the town's chief gossip, came on her admiring the sunset.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hemmington who was not given to understatement when she gushed, "you look positively beautiful in this wonderful light. Just like a figure in a stained-glass window. So happy, so bright! Now, now, admit it, you're in love!" She wagged a roguish finger.

"I am in love with everyone," popped from Miss Widgery before she could check the admission. So significant that tribute from sharp-eyed Mrs. Hemmington! "I mean," she hastened to add, blushing, "because it's such a lovely evening."

"I believe there's more in it than that!"

There was.

Mrs. Hemmington hastened away to spread the news that something had come over the Widgery creature.

Something had.

And the miracle kept on working.

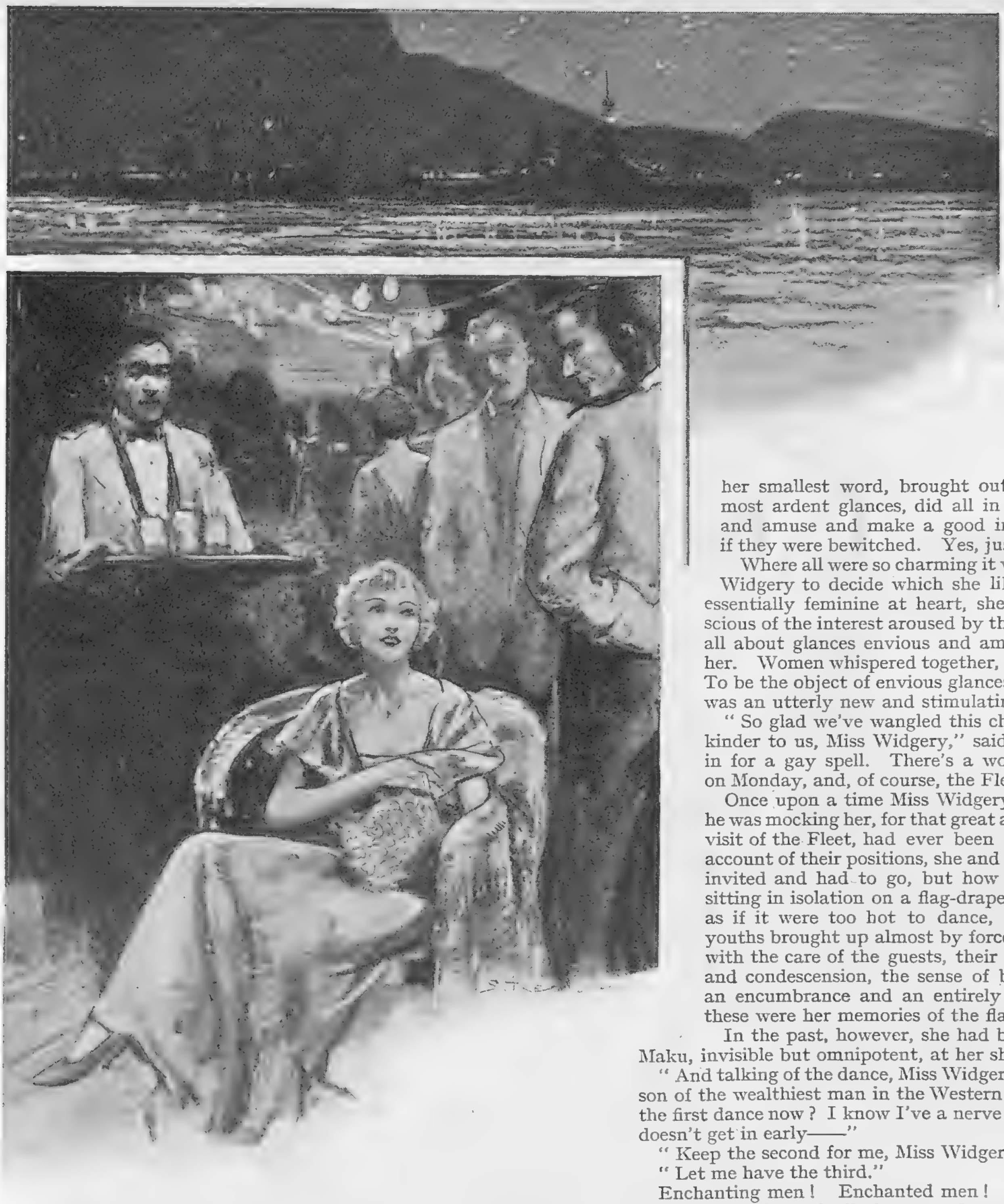
George Warren, Ravaul's most eligible bachelor, came running down the steps from the veranda as she passed the hotel. His boyish smile, so much admired, was working at such full pressure that Miss Widgery had to glance over her shoulder to see at whom it was directed. There was no one there.

"Miss Widgery! What a bit of luck! We were just talking about you," he said in enthusiastic greeting.

"About me, Mr. Warren!" she echoed, but the flutter was faster than ever now, for she guessed what lay at the back of all this far better than he did.

"Yes, some of the boys are having a cocktail party, and we were saying what a pity it is you don't join in such poor parties as we have. You know, Miss Widgery, we miserable bachelors don't see much of nice girls in this one-horse town. You, for instance! It isn't fair to hide away from us."

The first stars were coming out. They did a crazy dance



in the purple heavens before Miss Widgery's shining eyes. "That's—that's very sweet of you, Mr. Warren," she contrived to reply, though it was really Maku who was sweet.

"And what's more," he hurried on—and there was that in his voice and smile that could only have been put there by a magician—"I'm not going to let you run away now that you've chanced along so opportunely. We're quite harmless despite our reputations. Do come up and join us. We'd love it. Take pity on us, Miss Widgery."

She was too dazed by wonder to flee. Not that she wanted to, but that would have been her instant reaction had she never called on the powers of darkness to bring light into her life.

They went up the stairs, the hand of her escort solicitous beneath her elbow, and Miss Widgery found herself at a big table about which were gathered half a dozen men in white duck. The setting was one of great brilliance to Miss Widgery, who did not frequent such haunts. There were many coloured lamps, a gramophone was playing, ice clinked in glasses, the stars looked in through flowering vines; there was a festive note about the patrons, and Miss Widgery's young men were quite the gayest and most-sought-after group in the whole social galaxy of Rabaul.

Without the explanation she carried in her heart she would have been bewildered, daunted, overwhelmed, but as it was she was mistress of the situation. Shyness swept away, radiating happiness and triumph, she chattered and laughed and glowed. Despite her boast to her father, she even had a cocktail.

Perhaps they were flattered by her obvious enjoyment; perhaps they were astounded to find her such excellent company—but beyond denying they paid court to her.

There was no other word for it. They lavished compliments, hung on her smallest word, brought out their best jokes and most ardent glances, did all in their power to please and amuse and make a good impression. It was as if they were bewitched. Yes, just as if they were.

Where all were so charming it was impossible for Miss Widgery to decide which she liked best. And, being essentially feminine at heart, she was far from unconscious of the interest aroused by the party. From tables all about glances envious and amazed were directed at her. Women whispered together, raising their eyebrows. To be the object of envious glances and jealous whispers was an utterly new and stimulating experience.

"So glad we've wangled this chance to get you to be kinder to us, Miss Widgery," said Warren. "Rabaul's in for a gay spell. There's a world cruise ship calling on Monday, and, of course, the Fleet the following day."

Once upon a time Miss Widgery would have felt sure he was mocking her, for that great annual social event, the visit of the Fleet, had ever been a misery to her. On account of their positions, she and her father were always invited and had to go, but how she loathed it! The sitting in isolation on a flag-draped chair trying to look as if it were too hot to dance, the occasional callow youths brought up almost by force by seniors entrusted with the care of the guests, their bored perambulations and condescension, the sense of being a nuisance and an encumbrance and an entirely superfluous female—these were her memories of the flagship ball.

In the past, however, she had been all alone, without Maku, invisible but omnipotent, at her shoulder.

"And talking of the dance, Miss Widgery," said young Potter, son of the wealthiest man in the Western Pacific, "may I book the first dance now? I know I've a nerve asking you, but if one doesn't get in early——"

"Keep the second for me, Miss Widgery!"

"Let me have the third."

Enchanting men! Enchanted men!

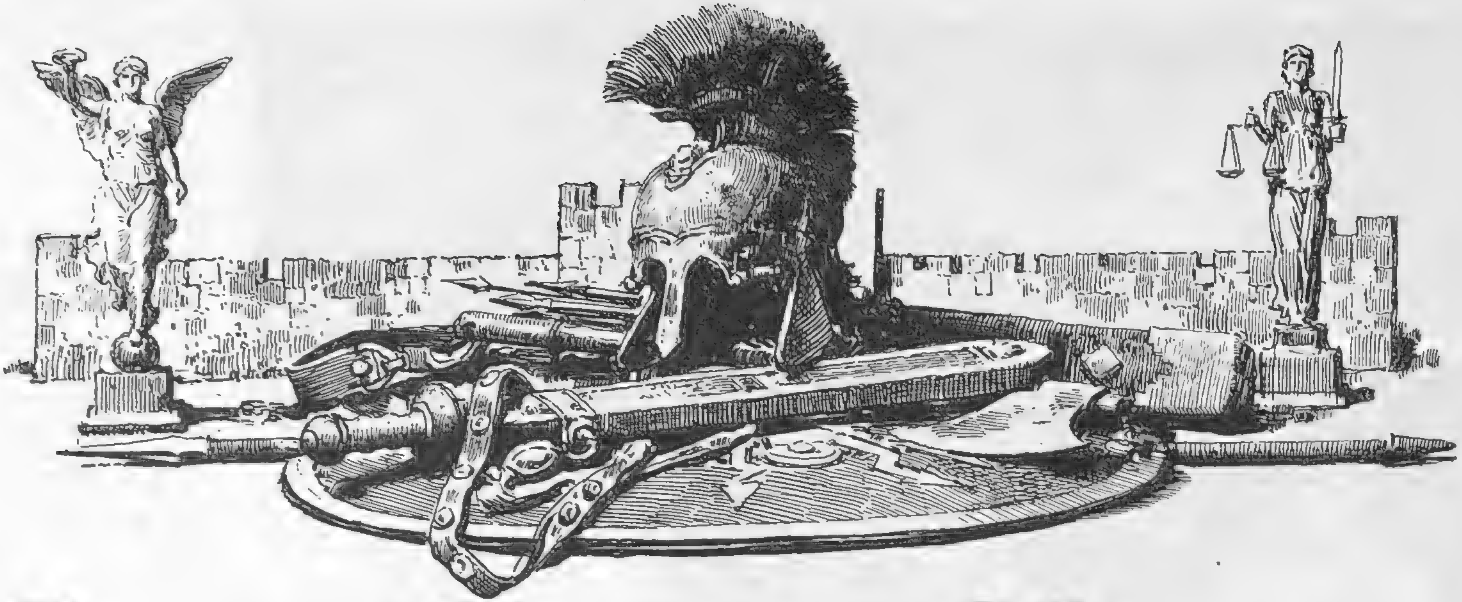
Two cocktails and all the marvels created by Maku could not destroy Miss Widgery's sense of duty. The time came for her to go home, and she told them so, regretfully. They were even more regretful, and pleaded for her to stay. When she remained prettily obdurate they formed a bodyguard for her down the steps whilst all the little world of Rabaul wondered. In the brightness of the lights against the tropic darkness they looked like a musical comedy chorus, all white clad, all smiling, about the heroine.

"But we can't let you walk home if you're late already," Warren discovered. "What am I thinking of! You must let me drive you back to the mission."

He raised his hand, the native chauffeur brought the car up in fine style, and Miss Widgery rode off in the chariot of romance. In the warm gloom outside her home George Warren took Miss Widgery's hand and pressed it to his lips. He seemed about to say something of vast importance to him, but, suddenly embarrassed, choked, leapt back into the car and was whirled away. Miss Widgery sighing tenderly, could not help asking herself if she liked George better than the others. It was a very nice question.

Intoxicating success did not destroy her good sense. Though she moved on air and dwelt in a rosy cloud she recognised that she herself could take pride only in her keen appreciation of the gifts of fortune. No merit of hers had won them. To Maku the honour and the glory.

(*Continued on page 98*)



Strange Chapters *in* History:

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

No. 18. *Iron Breastplate and Golden Heart*

IN Roman times the power of a general over his soldiers was much more extensive than it is to-day, and capital punishment for breaking military rules was a frequent occurrence which did not necessitate a court-martial.

On that memorable occasion when Hannibal invaded Italy in 216 B.C., Fabius was in command of the defending forces. He was a distinguished leader and a master of tactics, pursuing on the battlefield, with outstanding success, the game of avoiding frontal attacks. He dodged and frustrated every attempt of the enemy, thereby wearing out the patience of Hannibal and the physical endurance of his formidable army. With an apostolic patience he endured the severe criticism of the Roman senate, the envy of a worthless colleague who was imposed upon him, and the scornful nickname of the "Lamb."

Among his soldiers there was one who, with the obstinacy so typical of his native country of Calabria, used to absent himself from the camp during the night, and he did it so often, that his mysterious errands came to the notice of his immediate superiors. Those absences from the camp might have been merely harmless escapades, but they might, on the other hand, have hidden a treacherous purpose. Even if harmless, however, they were none the less breaches of military discipline.

Fabius liked to be personally informed even of trifles concerning the men under him, and so in due course the nocturnal wanderings of the Calabrian soldier were brought to his notice.

The character of the man given by the captain of the "Centuria" was excellent. The general was told that there was not a better soldier in all the army, that he had distinguished himself many times by his remarkable valour and genuine patriotism and that it was very unlikely that he would mar his record with any ignoble deed.

Fabius gave orders to let him go freely, but that he should be followed in order to ascertain where he went.

THE following night several men were set to watch him. They did not have long to wait. As cautiously as a cat finding its way, the silent shadow passed swiftly through the camp, jumped lightly over the palisade, paused for a moment in the trench surrounding the camp to make sure that he was unobserved by the sentinel, and then made a dash for the nearest bush. It was not an easy task to follow him, as he knew by heart every obstacle of the ground. With the aid of the moon, however, his pursuers succeeded in keeping him in sight. He was obviously making for a faint light in the distance, which, as they drew nearer, obviously emanated from a hut in the woods. As they approached a figure could be seen neatly silhouetted against the shining water of a little pond over which the moon cast its silvery beams.

Could it be an emissary of Hannibal? They decided to get still nearer and be ready to seize the man whoever he was.

A piercing whistle from the Calabrian and the figure started running towards him. As they met they fell in each other's arms and a gay burst of feminine laughter gave to those watching an eloquent explanation of the riddle.

From their behaviour it was evident that military matters were the last things that concerned them.

Our young man, with his arm round his companion's waist, slowly led her towards the hut where they disappeared from view.

The pursuers looked at each other and burst out laughing. They went back feeling relieved not to have anything serious to recount of their comrade, but at the same time rather envious in the thought that he was so much better off than they.

The next day a detailed report was made to Fabius, who ordered the girl to be arrested immediately and brought to him.

This unexpected step gave cause to deep apprehension regarding the fate of the culprits. It seemed that this time the "Lamb" was not living up to his nickname.

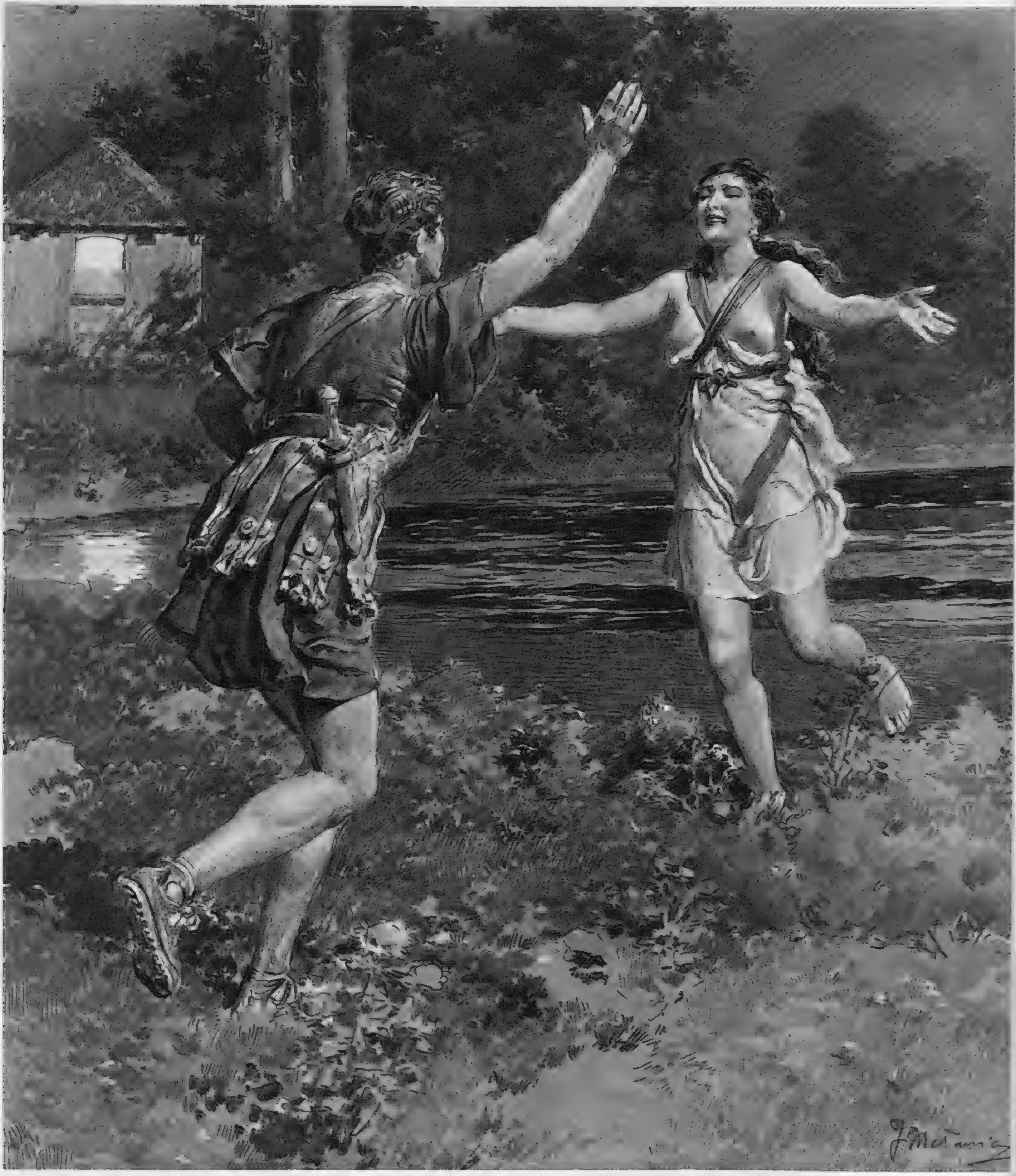
A few hours afterwards, the girl, trembling with terror, was hurriedly conducted through the camp by a Centurian and brought into the presence of the general.

She was a beautiful specimen of that strong race of the Abruzzi, her gleaming black hair, tied at the back with a simple ribbon, fell in an enormous silken tassel. Having been caught unawares, she was very scantily dressed. Her state of mind, however, had prevented her from hearing the comments of the soldiers as she passed by.

The world has always been the same, and a pretty girl in a military camp has always provoked an abundant variety of remarks.

After a few direct enquiries, she was led away and Fabius ordered the young man to be brought to him.

His armour cleaned and polished, the Calabrian boy appeared instantly.



A PIERCING whistle from the Calabrian and the figure started running towards him

He knew too well what was in store for him, and his heart was beating unsteadily, especially on account of the fact that the information that he had received about the mood of the " Lamb " was far from reassuring.

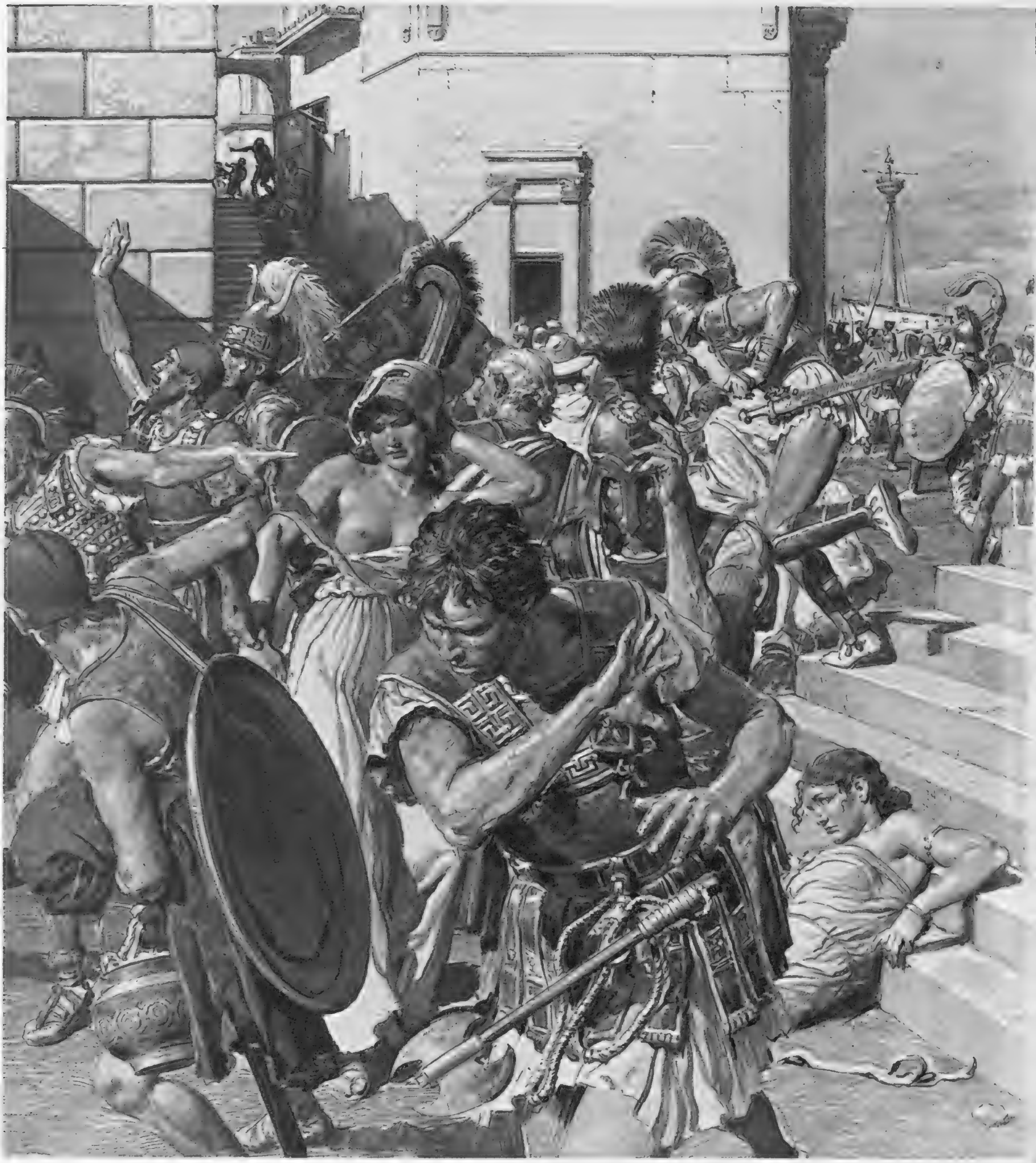
As he came face to face with Fabius, the austerity of the general's expression led the soldier to believe that he was doomed.

Then Fabius spoke : " I know exactly how many times you have spent the night outside of the camp ; it has been a continuous and prearranged infringement of my orders. While others are correctly and respectfully abiding by the regulations, you set an example of indiscipline that I cannot let pass. My being a good comrade to my men should surely have brought a better result than this."

The young man was distinctly struck by this last remark ; his behaviour might have been considered an ingratitude to such a good and great man. His lips tried to frame words, but they only ended in trembling slightly.

Fabius, perceiving every nuance of the agony which the soldier was undergoing, resumed : " I am also informed of your good deeds, as well as the bad ones. Your bravery and the services you have rendered your country constitute a record that I

(*Continued on page* 45)



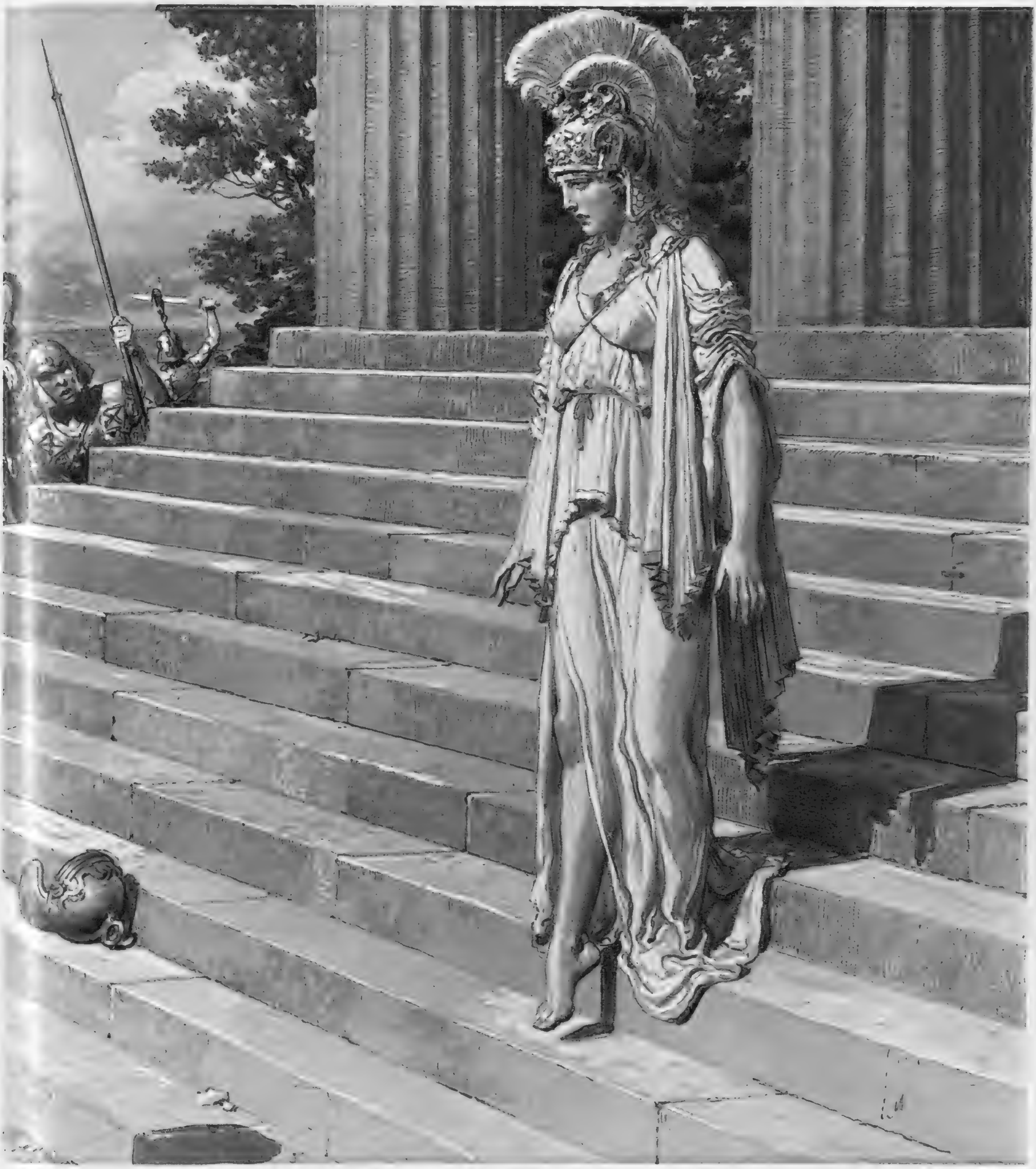
THE "Goddess" who had saved Pellene had cause of the tumult, and was no other than

THE Greek general Aratus would suffer any kind of reproach in order to uphold the wise principle of attaining his object with the least bloodshed.

He was sent at the head of an army to oppose the inrush of the Aetoleans on the Megarian confines. Agis, the Lacedæmonian king, had joined Aratus to wage this war of defence to the common advantage. The general discontent of the armies reached an alarming degree when Aratus suffered the enemy to pass over Geranea into Peloponnesus without letting fly a single arrow. The news brought by the fugitives became more disturbing as the hours passed. Then came the bombshell. The city of Pellene had been captured! At last Aratus roused himself. Without even waiting to reorganise his army, accompanied only by those men that he had around him, he marched toward Pellene.

Meanwhile this beautiful little town on the coast of the Corinthian sea was in a state of pandemonium and chaos. The Aetolean soldiers had found the gates undefended. There was not a sign of opposition anywhere. The soldiers broke ranks, and officers and men were running wild through the

No. 19. *The "Goddess" that Saved a City*



come out of the temple to see what was the
the beautiful captive with the crested helmet

streets. Obsessed by the avidity to loot, they entered the houses, shops, and temples, stealing everything of value that they could lay hands on. Wine shops were relieved of all their contents and the skins were freely distributed and the wine drunk on the spot, thereby increasing the disorderly disposition of those who had gained such an easy success. Everywhere one could see soldiers laden with every sort of domestic implement and sacks full of silver and gold plate, statuettes, and jewellery. But the most coveted spoils of all were the young women.

Many free fights would have occurred if the officers had not set an example for the right of priority by putting their own helmets on the heads of the girls they had chosen, strictly ordering them not to take them off, and so securing them as their individual property.

Soon almost every soldier was bareheaded, while the girls, under the weight of the unaccustomed headgear, had to follow them through the tumultuous streets. Many of the women were wisely hidden by their captors. Some were crying, others were stricken dumb; some, more philosophical than their sisters, were making the best of a bad job by reassuring their relations that they would come back some time, somehow. Some were even laughing and teasing those who did not relish the taste of rough kisses nor the contact of those perspiring and unshaven faces.

Officers of every rank had soon commandeered the houses of the rich. Noble families had to suffer the rapacity of the conqueror and the ransacking of their most treasured possessions. But what was most heartbreaking was the appropriation of their women.

One of the most beautiful captives was the daughter of Epigethes. Tall and statuesque as a goddess, she was taken by the commander of the band, and, wearing his triple-crested helmet, he hid her in the temple of Diana for safety.

No one knew that Aratus had reached Pellene, and the news of his arrival was almost simultaneous with the invasion of the city by his cavalry. The Aetoleans found themselves trapped between the encircling enemy and the sea.

Then a frenzied shout drew the attention of everyone towards the temple. To their horror they beheld the divine figure of the Goddess Diana slowly descending the steps.

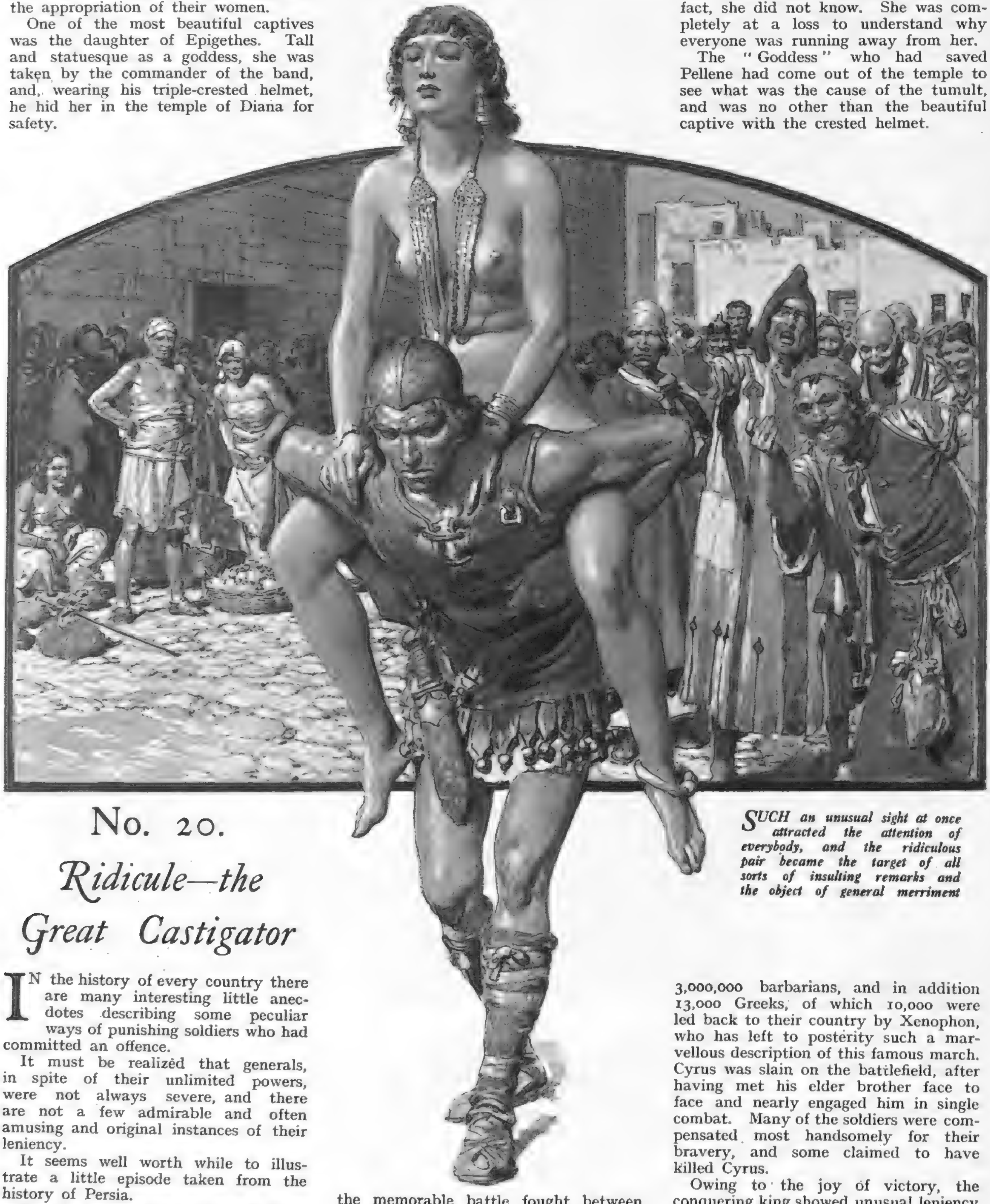
It was a common belief that anyone who looked upon the Goddess when she was carried into the open would, with the exception of the priestesses, be petrified immediately. Usually when she was taken out of the temple the people were warned to cover their eyes.

A general stampede ensued.

The Goddess had saved Pellene !

Her beautiful face bore a puzzled expression, as though she herself did not know what was happening. In fact, she did not know. She was completely at a loss to understand why everyone was running away from her.

The "Goddess" who had saved Pellene had come out of the temple to see what was the cause of the tumult, and was no other than the beautiful captive with the crested helmet.



SUCH an unusual sight at once attracted the attention of everybody, and the ridiculous pair became the target of all sorts of insulting remarks and the object of general merriment

No. 20.

Ridicule—the Great Castigator

IN the history of every country there are many interesting little anecdotes describing some peculiar ways of punishing soldiers who had committed an offence.

It must be realized that generals, in spite of their unlimited powers, were not always severe, and there are not a few admirable and often amusing and original instances of their leniency.

It seems well worth while to illustrate a little episode taken from the history of Persia.

This incident occurred immediately after the death of Cyrus, 401 B.C., at the memorable battle fought between the two brothers Cyrus and Artaxerxes with two huge armies. Cyrus alone had 3,000,000 barbarians, and in addition 13,000 Greeks, of which 10,000 were led back to their country by Xenophon, who has left to posterity such a marvellous description of this famous march. Cyrus was slain on the battlefield, after having met his elder brother face to face and nearly engaged him in single combat. Many of the soldiers were compensated most handsomely for their bravery, and some claimed to have killed Cyrus.

Owing to the joy of victory, the conquering king showed unusual leniency in distributing gifts and in the infliction of punishment.

There was a certain soldier, a Mede called Artores, who placed himself in a very difficult position by deserting from the army of Artaxerxes and fleeing to the phalanx of Cyrus. He did this because during the battle it seemed to him that Cyrus was sure to overpower his brother, and he therefore considered that it would be safer to join the conqueror than to remain with his own party. Later, however, the fortune of war was reversed. Cyrus was killed and the barbarians scattered and defeated. Thousands were shouting and acclaiming Artaxerxes King of Persia. In his determination to be on the winning side, Artores changed his mind once more and came back, joining the General Osanna. But his conduct had not escaped the notice of the captains, and Artaxerxes was fully informed of all that had taken place. The charge was a very grave one, but Artaxerxes, instead of taking it seriously and inflicting one of those brutal Persian punishments, the very description of which makes one's blood run cold, decided on one of those original punishments which often prove more effective than material torture. He ordered that a woman of easy virtue should be summoned and placed at the disposal of justice. A little later Artores was seen to appear in the street with the naked woman riding on his back. Such an unusual sight at once attracted the attention of everybody, and the ridiculous pair became the target of all sorts of insulting remarks and the object of general merriment.

All day long the perspiring Mede had to go round and round the market-place carrying his absurd Amazon on his over-tired back.

Iron Breastplate and Golden Heart

(Continued from page 41)

would willingly point out as an example to others. On account of that I am going to preserve your life, but I have appointed someone who shall be your keeper for as long as you live, and you will be put in a position that will prevent your indulgence in such a transgression again."

Having said this, he made a sign to the centurion, who disappeared, leaving behind him the unbearable agony of suspense.

What were they going to do to him? Blind him, cut off his hands, put him in chains for the rest of his life? Or were they going to deprive him of his infallible javelin, and give him instead the ignominious oar of the galley?

After what seemed an interminable length of time, the centurion appeared, leading the girl by the arm.

At the sight of her, a new terror seized him. The idea that they were going to hurt his sweetheart made his brain go round like a whirlwind. He was about to fall at the feet of the general in order to implore mercy for her, when she, with that marvellous feminine intuition, natural and instinctive in any woman, from the most refined princess to the most simple country girl, reassured him with a sweet, loving glance.

Then spake Fabius: "This woman is going to be your keeper, assuming the full authority of your lawful wife, and if, in the future, you still attempt to indulge in nocturnal escapades, she will not only detect them sooner than I, but will settle your account in her own way."

As he spoke, his fatherly heart was revelling at the sight of the emotions animating the young couple. They could hardly believe their ears.

It took some time for them to realise that the nightmare was over, but when they did they fell on their knees, and the hands of the "Lamb" were covered with kisses.

No. 21. *A Sagacious Elephant*

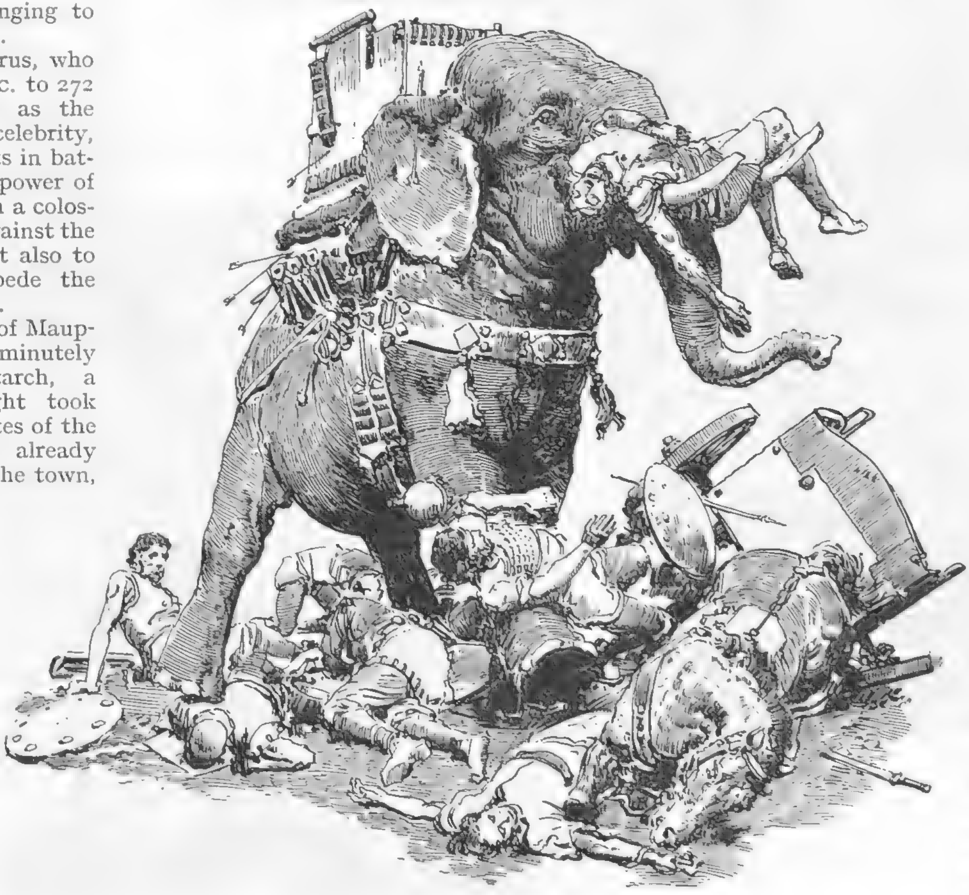
THE good nature of many soldiers has gained for them compensation and gratitude, not only from their chiefs but very often from the animals entrusted to their care. Several examples of faithfulness from horses and dogs are recorded, but here is related an astonishing proof of fidelity on the part of an elephant belonging to the army of Pyrrhus.

This king of Epirus, who from the year 280 B.C. to 272 B.C. was recognised as the greatest military celebrity, always used elephants in battle, not only for the power of the impact that such a colossal beast would be against the lines of infantry, but also to frighten and stampede the horses of the enemy.

During the battle of Mauplia, so vividly and minutely described by Plutarch, a tremendous onslaught took place outside the gates of the city. Pyrrhus was already within the walls of the town, but ordered the retreat. The order was misinterpreted, with the disastrous consequence that reinforcements were rushed into the city, only to collide with the retreating forces.

The narrowness of the streets was a great handicap in such a turmoil, and it became more disastrous when two elephants attempted to enter the gates. The first succeeded in getting through, but the second, a very much larger beast, slipped and fell on his side immediately under the arch of the gate, and completely obstructed the passage. Mad with the pain of his wounds, he was roaring and kicking out at the crowd that was trying to pass over his body.

The other elephant, whose name was Nicon, having lost his rider, who had fallen wounded from his back, turned back and began to hurl himself on everyone, friends and foes, without distinction. Slashing with his trunk, he cleared the ground by tossing aside everything that came in his way. Human bodies and horses were hurled against the walls, and nothing could stop the cataclysm, until Nicon had recovered his rider from a heap of dead and struggling humanity. Lifting him up with his trunk, he laid him across his tusks, out of reach of any further harm. With his head up, treading down in his mad fury all those who obstructed his passage, he carried his beloved friend to safety.



HE rescued his wounded attendant from a heap of the killed and wounded and carried him to safety

Problems *and*

By Winifred

THOUGH so little space is spared in modern house planning for the entrance hall, the importance of first impressions is undiminished and we find ourselves scheming to invest what is often no more than a passage with a character which is impressive without being pretentious.

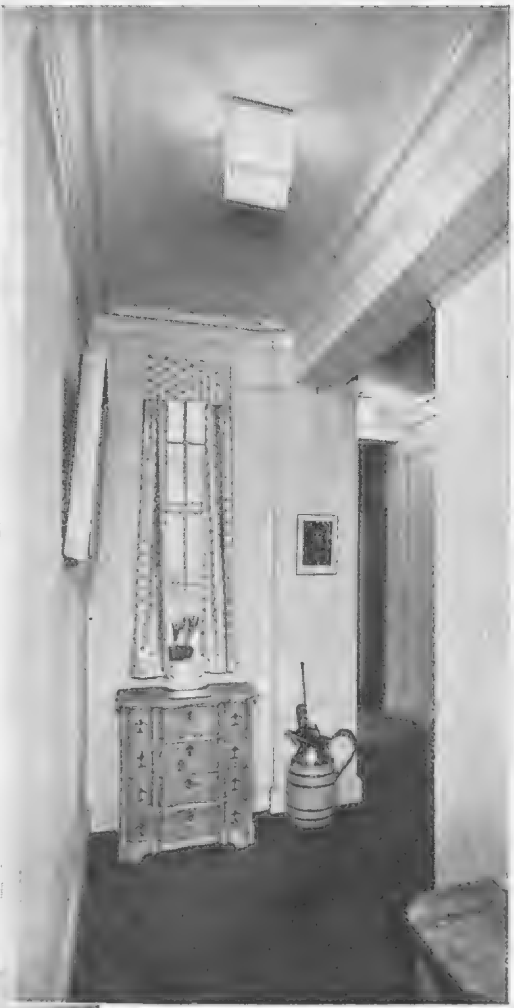
The illustrations on this page show what can be done in a very small space to give the required character to a very small entrance. In each example simplicity is the essential note, although in neither case has character been sacrificed to this necessity.

Handling *the* Small Hall

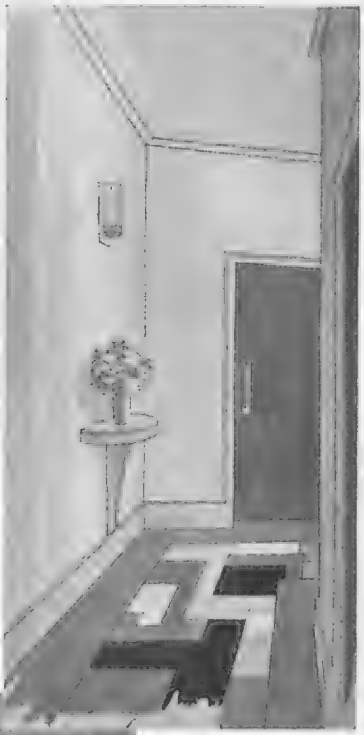
The narrow hall is, perhaps, the severest test of ingenuity, since furniture is invariably impracticable, whilst the danger of bareness has still to be averted.

In such an entrance as this, light and importance can be given by the use of an arresting colour scheme. Breadth is obtained in the shallow apartment by tinting the ceiling to match the walls, though it is as well that the ceiling should be shaded to avoid any possibility of top-heaviness. Windows should be exploited to the uttermost, but never elaborately curtained unless their situation is such that the proper balance of the scheme is maintained. A window at the end of a narrow hall, such as the one photographed, may become the *pièce de résistance*, though a similar window in a side wall would require less emphasis.

Furniture of the conventional kind should only be introduced into the small hall where space *really* permits of its accommodation with grace. Otherwise small items more essentially decorative than practical which do not encroach upon valuable space will sustain the balance and beauty of the scheme.

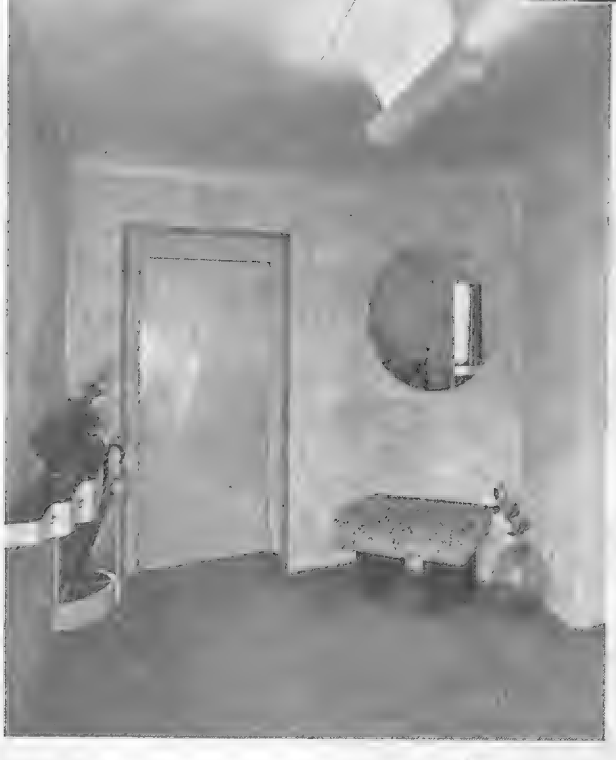


TO give an effect of breadth to this narrow entrance hall walls and ceiling were tinted alike a pale, parchment yellow. In the tactful arrangement of the small window, however, lies the interest of the scheme

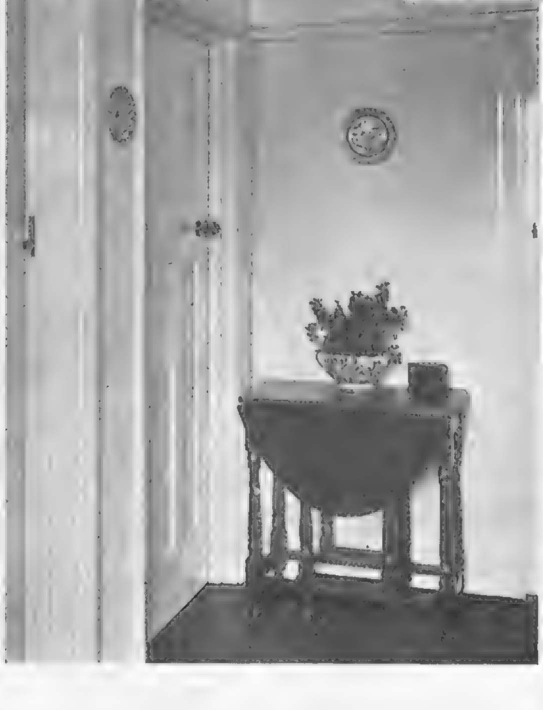


Above:

NARROW, dimly-lit entrance halls respond to vigorous modern schemes. These glossy white walls reflect light upon black doors. The carpet strip is in tones of black and grey and the door handles are of chromium finish



FURNISHING is ingeniously contrived so that the size of this small hall is enhanced. The cosiness of the scheme is noticeable among other pleasant features. Architects: Stanley Hall and Easton and Robertson



Left:

THE small hall giving access to every room is typical of the modern bungalow and requires careful handling if "first impressions" are to count. Faint blue walls and ceiling shading to white are used here with woodwork of glossy white

Answers

Lewis

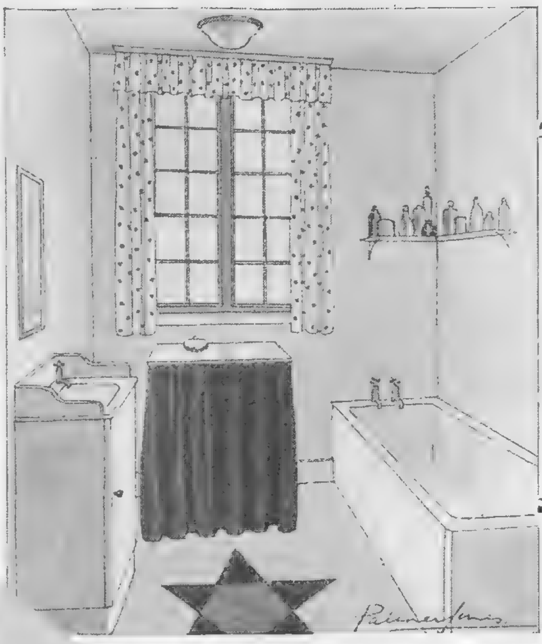
Brightening *the* Simple *Bathroom*

TO rescue the small bathroom from drabness without applying remedies uncomfortably beyond one's means is a problem with which most people are at some time faced. Modern bathroom fixtures and schemes of decoration are apt to lead to costly structural alterations, and the essence of the problem for small incomes is to avoid major alterations whilst at the same time achieving some degree of modern comfort and luxury in the bathroom scheme.

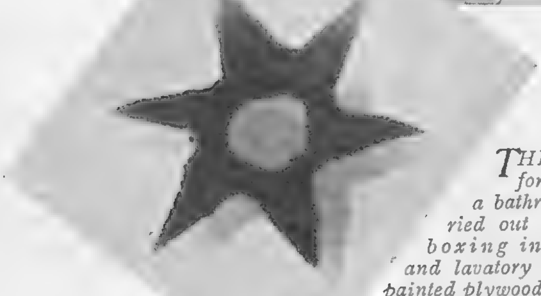
If the expense of a coloured porcelain bath and hand-basin is too much to be considered, boxing these practical items with plywood and painting them to tone or contrast with the general scheme is a successful compromise and very, very inexpensive.

Painted walls undoubtedly have the advantage in a bathroom where paper and ordinary distemper are so very much damaged by steam. A highly glossed surface is at the same time more easily kept clean and requires only wiping down with a soft, wet cloth to keep it in perfect condition.

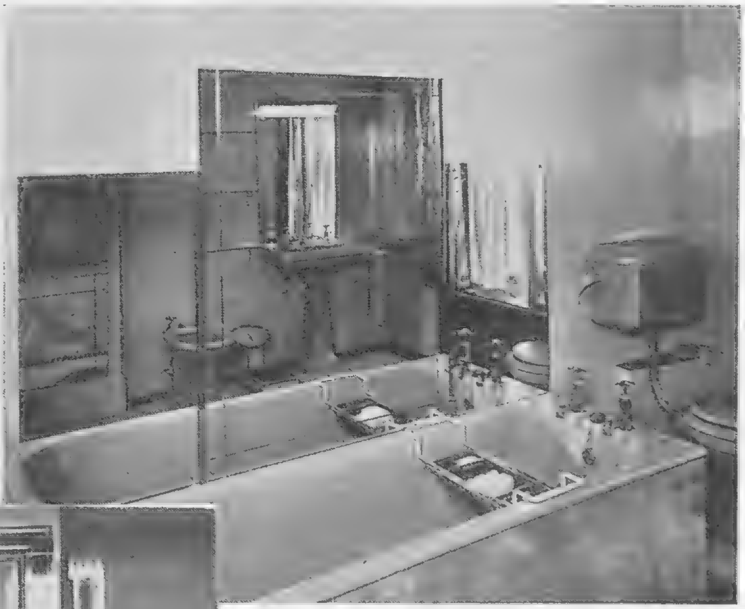
The scheme suggested for the small bathroom sketched above is a simple but vigorous one of black and white. The walls and ceiling should be treated with white Paripan—this is a paint which gives a brilliant finish and is of sufficient quality to be safely used for walls which are to be subject to the test of steam. The paintwork should also be white except for the door-frame, which is to be black (Paripan is again recommended for this). Curtains of the delicate but decidedly practical glazed chintz shown on this page will give importance to the window, and the little table skirted with black oil silk is an item of comfort and decoration in the scheme. White cork linoleum, which is more practical than it sounds, with a star-shaped motif of black let into the centre, carries the colour scheme down to the feet, as it were, and touches of black glass here and there complete the ensemble.



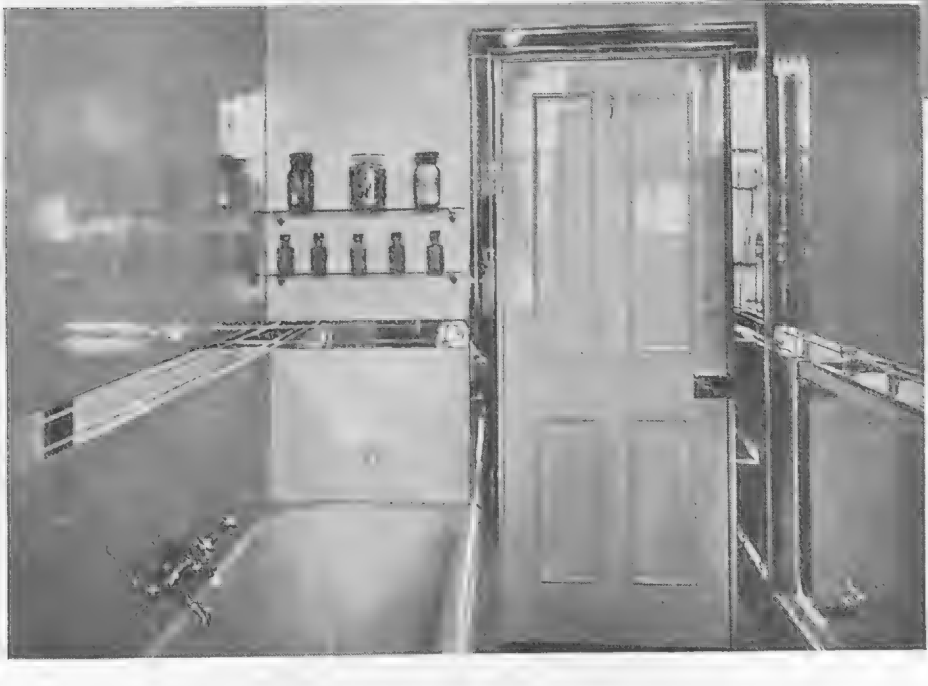
THIS scheme for renovating a bathroom is carried out by simply boxing in the bath and lavatory basin with painted plywood and introducing a scheme of black and white. Glossy-white Paripan is used for the walls and a black and white glazed chintz for the curtains



HERE is a section of the glazed chintz used in the scheme above. It is a Rosebank fabric with hand-printed star design and costs 5/3 yard, 50 in. wide



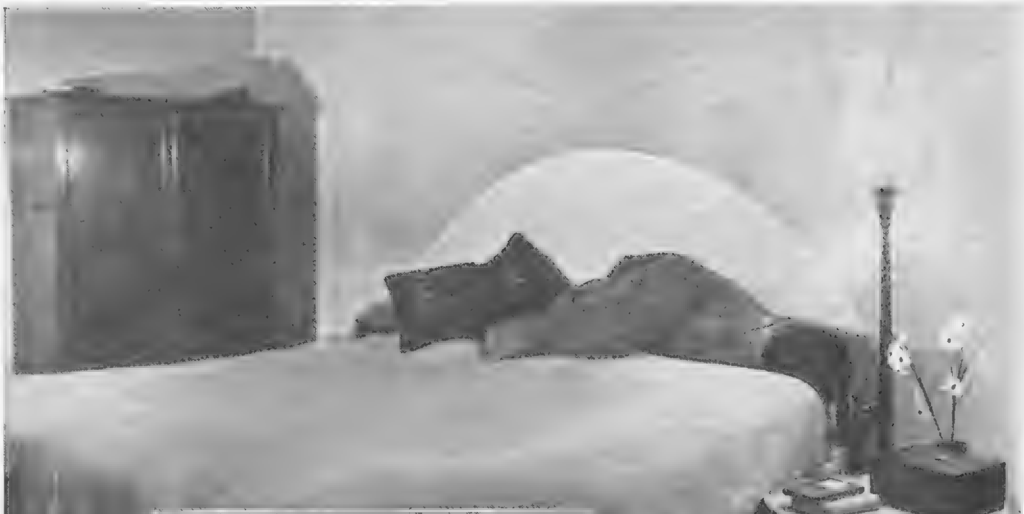
DEPTH can be given to a shallow bathroom by the use of mirror glass. In this room it is used with great effect and, possibly, at no small expense, though a modification of this idea could be easily planned



Left:

ANOTHER white bathroom scheme has an unusual feature in the strip of coloured plate glass which outlines the door and skirts the walls. This could be imitated with coloured paint, however, while glass shelves and bottles should be chosen to match

To *Modernise* Out-of-date FURNITURE



IT is one thing to set about modernising out-of-date rooms—wallpapers, curtains, and even carpets are easily dismissed and replaced by new—but the proposition is a very different one when furniture which refuses to accommodate itself to modern backgrounds is concerned.

The out-of-date home is an unwieldy problem. One longs to possess modern things whilst perfectly aware that they are as far off as the stars.

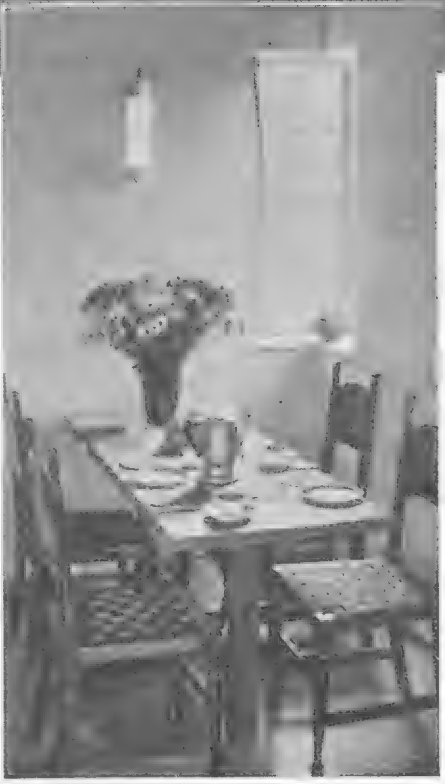
The great mistake, however, is to suppose that out-of-date furniture is entirely hopeless. When the quality and workmanship of these pieces is frequently infinitely superior to anything that could be bought for the same money to-day, it is a pity to despise them on account of a trifling question of shape or colour. Why not do something about it ?

The simplest alteration will sometimes work miracles of modernisation. One of the most interesting experiments of the kind was shown at a recent exhibition where a suite of Victorian furniture was displayed. The dining suite, which comprised a sideboard or, more correctly, a chiffonier, dining chairs and circular table, had been stripped and left in its original unpolished form.

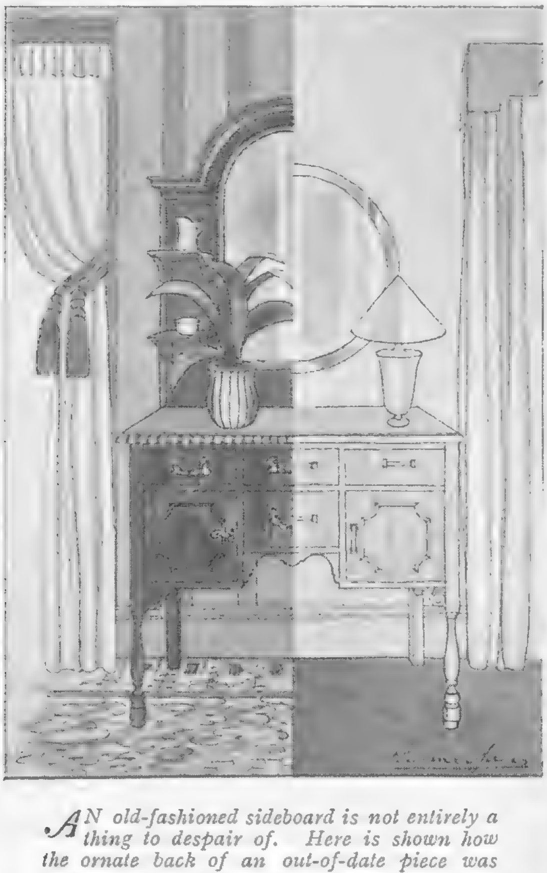
It was then displayed in a modern setting, bereft of all the paraphernalia of decoration associated with its kind, and the miracle was wrought.

A designer of furniture has lately taken to modernising old-fashioned furniture for those who cannot buy new. This provides a long-felt need, and one foresees a suitable reward for such initiative.

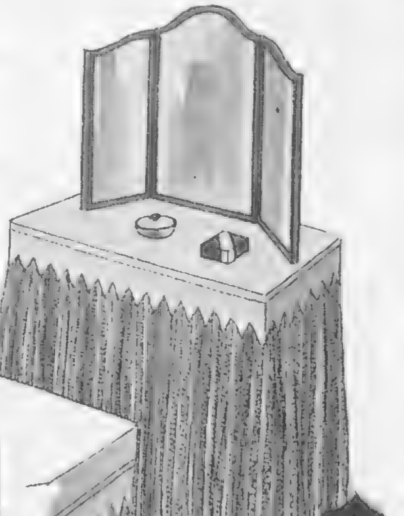
AN example of the modernisation of an old-fashioned high bedstead. The ornate ends were removed and short wooden legs were attached to the framework of the spring mattress. A semicircle of aluminium painted on the wall forms a setting for the renovated bed

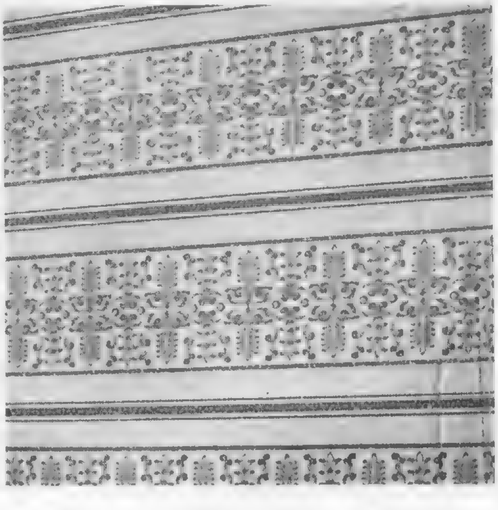


THE chairs seen at the table above were once undistinguished with drab leather seats fastened with brass-headed nails. The leather and the nails were removed and the chairs re-seated with jade green seagrass, very gay and vivid. The wood, which was dark and dirty, was then sand-papered and oiled and is now a pleasant light oak



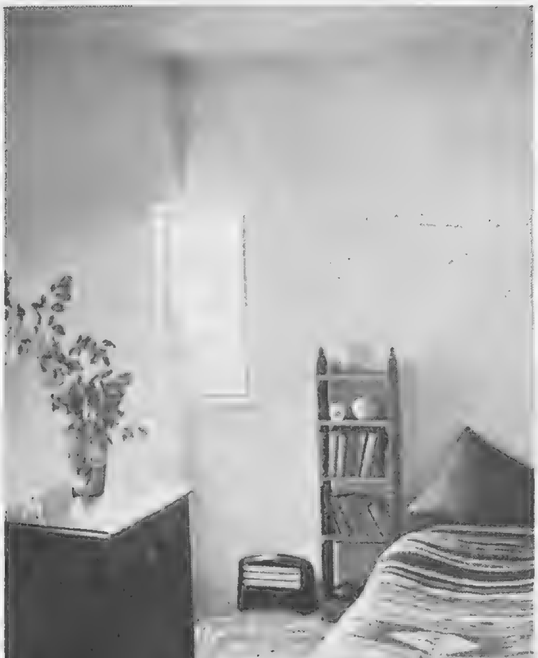
AN old-fashioned sideboard is not entirely a thing to despair of. Here is shown how the ornate back of an out-of-date piece was removed and replaced with a hanging mirror. The "remains" was stripped of polish and left in its natural state, while ornate handles were substituted by simple ones. In its renovated state this sideboard was worthy of its place in a modernised scheme



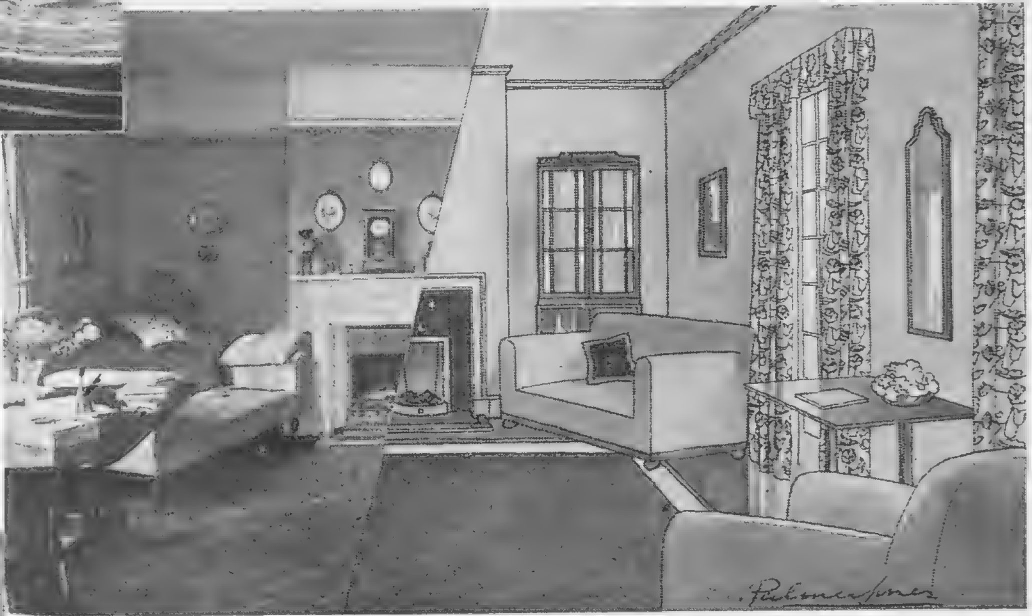


A PLAIN table can often be adapted to the uses of a dressing table at a very small cost. In the example above a delightful glazed chintz of "Empire" design is used together with a mottled chintz to decorate the table and its accompanying stool. This is another Rosebank fabric costing 3/11 per yd., 31 in. wide. The mottled chintz is 1/11½ per yd.

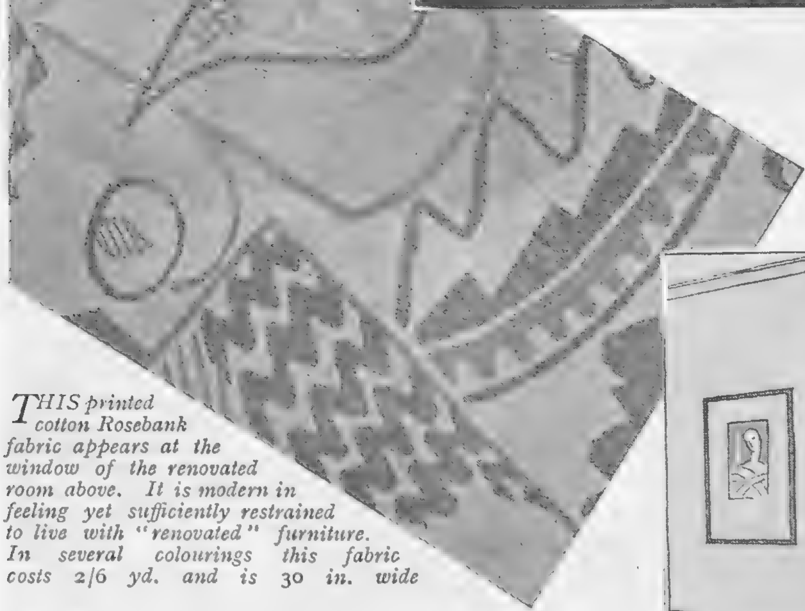
To *Renovate* a ROOM



RENOVATION of this small bedroom was undertaken by painting both walls and ceiling to match. The old-fashioned bedstead was treated as in the case of the bed opposite, and the small cabinet which is the only other furniture of importance was stripped and painted green



THE left-hand section of this picture shows a room which is dark and restless in its confusion of design and colouring and, on the right, the artist shows with what simple changes a modern aspect could be given to the same room. The unbroken line of the plain, papered walls is restful, while colour harmony is achieved by a carpet of two colours which tones with the plain fabric chosen for chair covers



THIS printed cotton Rosebank fabric appears at the window of the renovated room above. It is modern in feeling yet sufficiently restrained to live with "renovated" furniture. In several colourings this fabric costs 2/6 yd. and is 30 in. wide

WHEN out-of-date furniture has been rejuvenated the time is then ripe to act upon the room in which it lives and to achieve a setting which is discreetly modern, though not too emphatically so, as the furniture, however cleverly modernised, would then be thrown into awkward prominence.

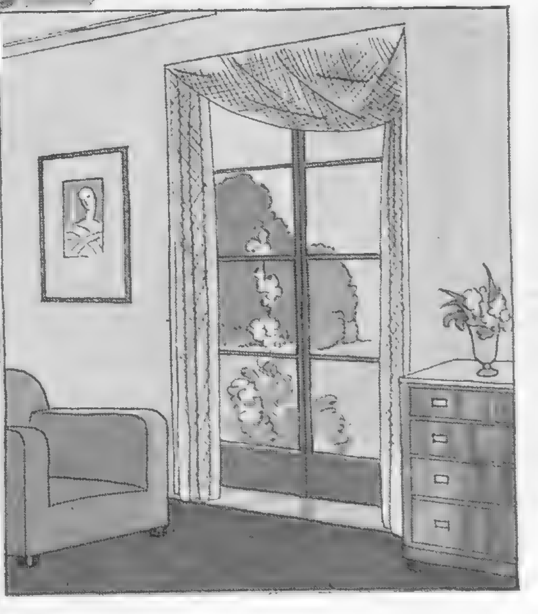
The light and spaciousness characteristic of modern schemes is the first aim. Make a clean sweep of all the fusty items of decoration the room contains and steel your heart to the necessity for wholesale elimination. Then set about planning a background.

Plain walls are still the safest choice for an experiment of this nature where furniture, though much improved, will still retain some of its original character. Friezes, picture rails and dados of all descriptions should be ruthlessly dismissed and a plain surface with an entirely unbroken line carried from floor to ceiling. The latter can be shaded to achieve variety.

In the smaller room, apparent space can be achieved by matching the woodwork with the walls, and, in the room which is not well lit, a light background will drive away the shadows and make even the darkest corner bright.

If a patterned carpet is to remain use a plain fabric, or a combination of two carefully toned fabrics, for the curtains. If the carpet is to be replaced by a modern one of plain colouring or of a restrained modern design, figured curtains will look best against the severely plain walls.

Elaborate curtain treatments and pelmets which exclude light should be avoided in such a room, and pictures and ornaments which do not adapt themselves to the new schemes should be removed.



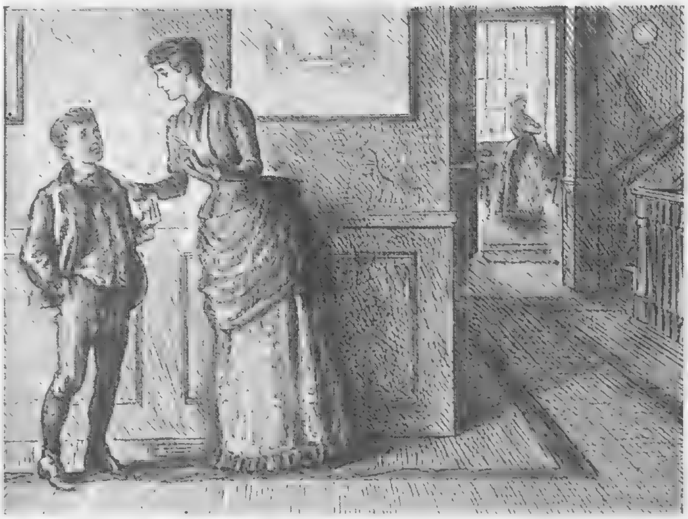
HERE is an unusual treatment for the almost inevitable French window of the older house. It is a scheme particularly suitable to the room which is not well lit and should be carried out in a course mesh net. The net sketched is obtainable from Harvey Nichols for 4/11 yd., 48 in. wide

The Evolution *of*

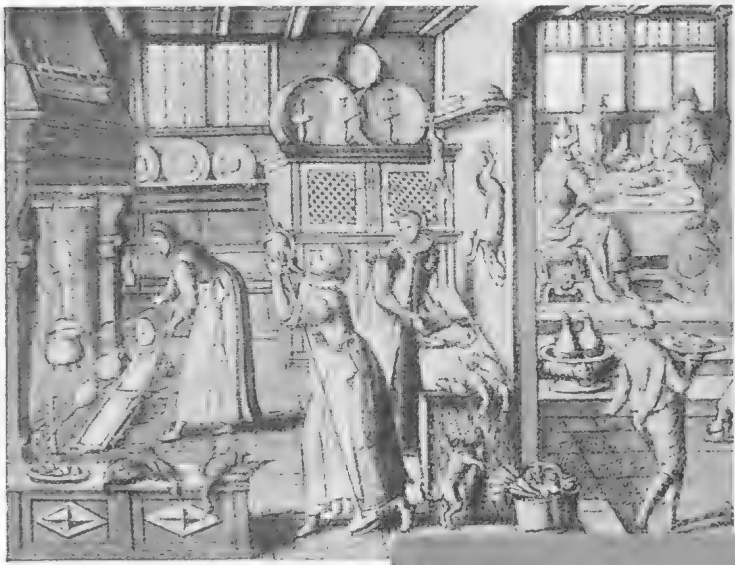
A revival of interest in its possibilities

THERE is a remarkable public interest being focused on kitchens at the present moment. The modern woman is supposed to be lamentably undomesticated and all work of a purely household nature is believed to be equally distasteful to every class. Why then this sudden revival of interest in the kitchen?

The reasons are not far to seek. Domestic service being looked upon (most unjustifiably) as a demeaning occupation, the standard of service naturally gets lower and the pleasures of household management become harder to enjoy. The intelligent woman knows this fact perfectly well, of course, and says to herself, "If my service is so inadequate, I've got to do something about it. Obviously the first thing to do is to find out all I can about the work I ask my servants to do. A good workman deserves modern appliances put into a properly planned setting. Therefore, I must find out for myself what are the best appliances and what is the proper way to plan their arrangement. After I have done that, then I can talk to my cook as one human being to another discussing an interesting problem. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall be able at a pinch, to do the cook's work myself without upsetting my life too much, providing I have up-to-date appliances with which to do that work."



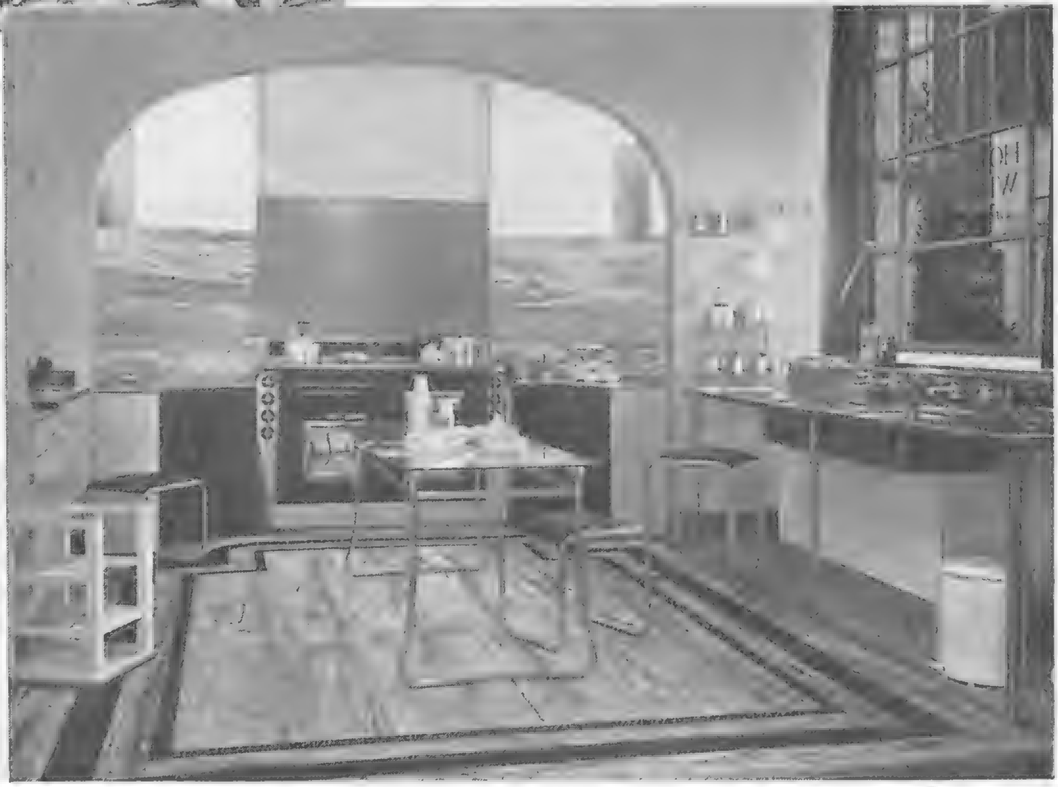
AN occasion that seldom occurs to-day: Young wife (in great trepidation—to her brother): "Tommy, I'm going to give the cook warning. Just listen at this corner, and as soon as you hear me say, 'Cook, I give you a month's warning from to-day,' mind you call me, and say I'm wanted immediately" (Reproduced from "Punch," 1884)



A KITCHEN scene in the 16th century. Note the general air of comfort and of efficient equipment (Reproduced from "Life and Work of the People of England," B. T. Batsford)

That is, briefly, what the woman of to-day is thinking, and that is the real reason why the interest in every well-thought-out kitchen exhibited during the past few months has been so intense. At recent exhibitions relating to the home the public have thronged the kitchen exhibits and shown every sign of intelligent interest. This public attention utterly disproves the idea which we are all supposed to accept, that the modern woman is undomesticated. That her views on what is domesticity are not those of her mother or of her grandmother is certainly true. It would be extraordinary if they were, for she is living in a completely changed world which has compelled her to readjust her views and her values.

While on this subject of the supposed superiority in the domestic virtues of past generations to those of this, let us consider for a moment the young Victorian matron. Was she so knowledgeable and conscientious as *her* grandmother? Did she have that friendly and intimate relation with her cook that the housewives of the eighteenth century had with theirs?—the relation of one good craftsman to another? Look at the pages of *Punch*, that best of historians. Contemplate that young housewife too nervous to go into her own kitchen and confront the cook, who reigned supreme in her own world. We have no such picture in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for, however inconsiderately servants may have been treated in those times, they were very intimate with their



AN electric cooker in a working kitchen fitted with many up-to-date materials. Floor and walls are covered in rubber, table tops and sinks are of monel metal, the cooking table is of armour plate glass on a tubular under frame

the KITCHEN

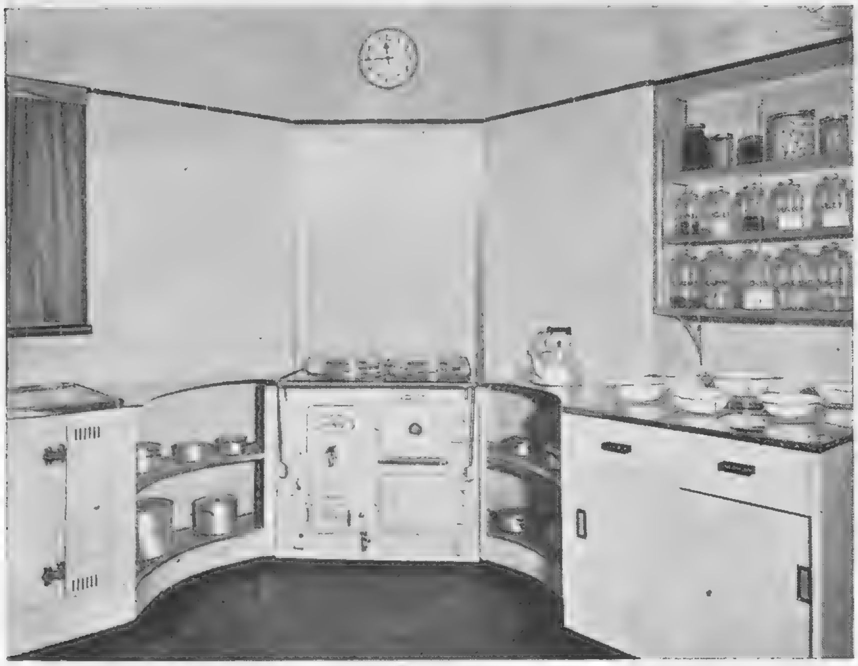
By Mrs. *Darcy* B*raddell*

employers. The life of the house still had about it a flavour of feudalism, when the gulf between master and serf yawned very wide, but was, nevertheless, constantly being bridged. Anyway there were certainly none of the constraints which the snobbery of Victorianism created between the boudoir and the basement.

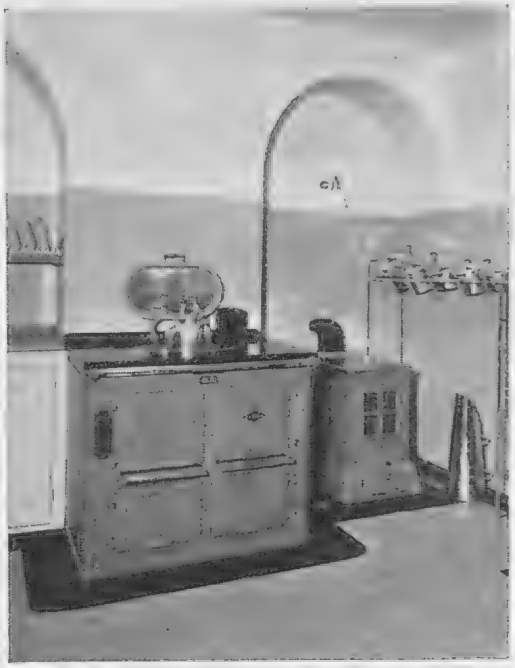
But during all these different times, and in whatever manner the cook needed handling (for doubtless she was ever a temperamental creature), there always *was* a cook in the kitchen, and meals always were cooked, well or badly as the case might be. But nowadays! Who knows when the cook may be there or not? To quote the immortal Saki: " The cook was a good cook as cooks go; and as cooks go, she went."

It is on these occasions that the mistress suddenly finds herself in the cook's place. She becomes painfully aware of all the defects of the machine. How obvious are the bits of bad planning (more often lack of any planning), how apparent the absent pieces of equipment, how extravagant and labour-making the stoves. How hot in summer, how draughty in winter, how ill-considered the lighting—in fact how little studied is the whole. No wonder bills are high! She decides, therefore, that as soon as ever she gets the chance, she will make a change. This is not easy to do if she is living in the typical town house, made for preceding generations, but it is possible, though admittedly it entails expense.

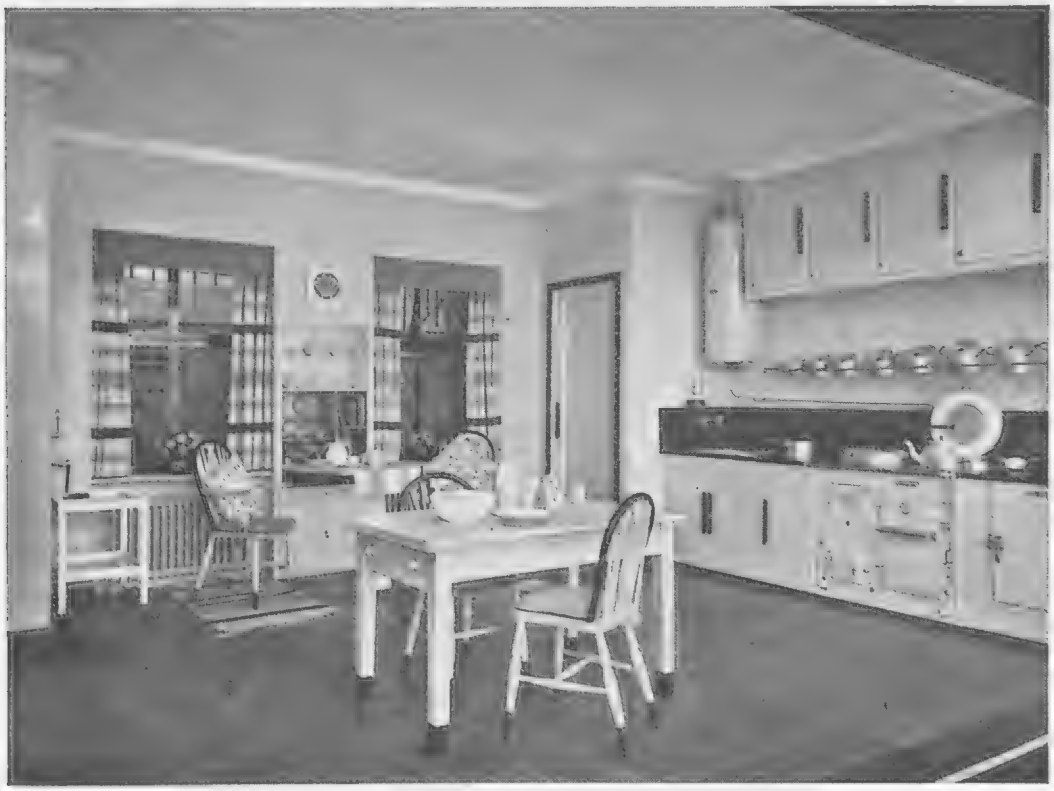
Her problem, however, is just beginning to be fully appreciated by the " flat " builder. He has realised that if he is going to sell his flats he must offer a kitchen that is not only properly planned but properly equipped. He cannot afford anything but a restricted space, but this has not prevented him, however, from producing a very efficient and complete kitchen. Briefly speaking this exists in two forms: (a) the tiny little affair for the one or two-roomed flat where the owner does her (or his) own cooking, and (b) the somewhat larger kitchen for the flat where maids are kept. It is a pleasure to use these kitchens, some typical examples of which are shown on these pages Their clean lines, their well-thought-out surfaces and colours, their efficient equipment—all these reflect the standard and taste of the so-called undomesticated woman of to-day who, willy-nilly, is rapidly becoming more at home in her kitchen than any of her forbears for many a century.



A CORNER arrangement for a small kitchen. The " Cooker " is flanked by wire saucepan shelves and cupboards over which extend continuous table tops of monel metal, the sink being made of the same material. The walls are tiled



ANOTHER coke or anthracite cooker, the "Esse," placed between a sink and the domestic boiler. The saucepans are arranged on a metal tubular rack



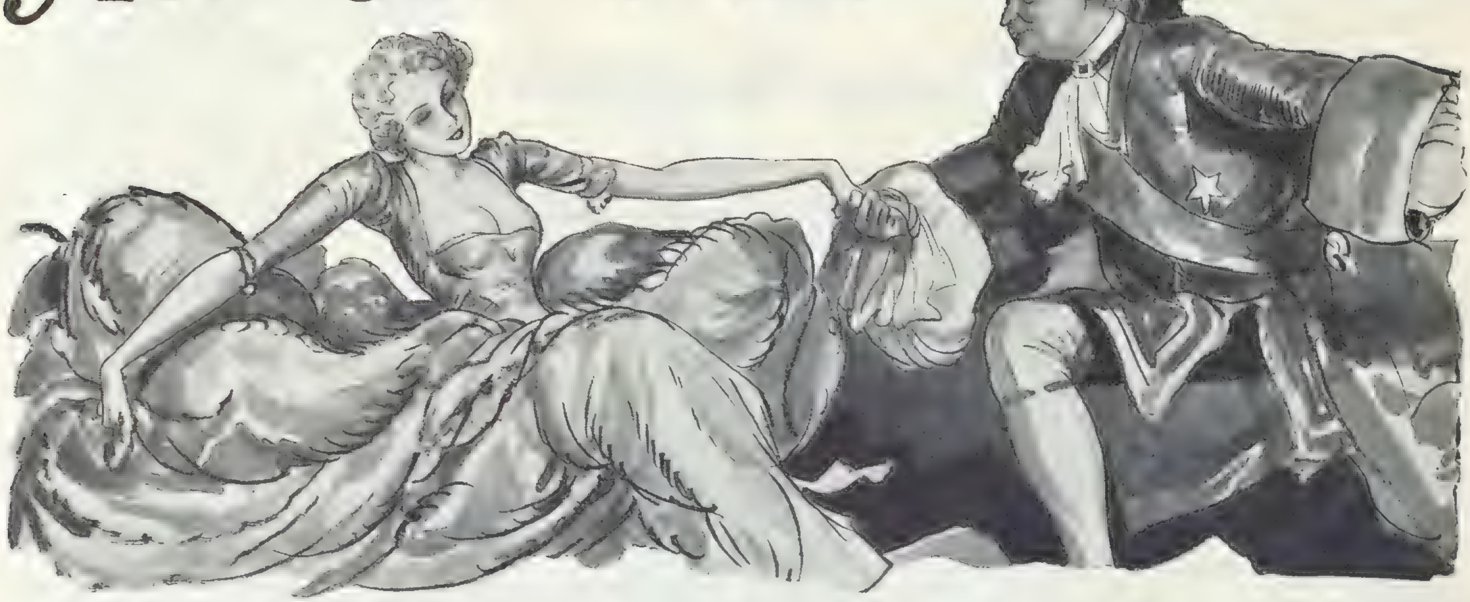
A TYPICAL basement kitchen which has to serve as the maid's sitting room as well, re-arranged with modern equipment. Sink, cooker, cupboards and refrigerator are treated in one unit. Maximum service in minimum space

All She asked was to Cook for Herself, but they made her be

The KING'S Mistress

By E. Rutherford-Morton

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



LA MARINA opened wide a flexible mouth and a pair of aquamarine eyes. The least one might have expected was High "C."

"My hobby," said La Marina with dramatic intensity, "is cooking. I *lof* it."

With a toss of her red-gold head she threw herself back on the green and gold cushions.

The reporter who was interviewing La Marina stirred uncomfortably in her chair. Every actress since Mrs. Siddons has plumped for cooking as a hobby, and the reporter had been told to get something original. "Not the usual stuff about home-life," her editor had cautioned her.

The reporter thought hard. "Don't you fly?" she asked, conciliatingly; "or—or collect anything?" She finished the question lamely but hopefully.

"Yes," said La Marina. "I collect recipes." Her aquamarine eyes seemed to gain in intensity as they rested on the reporter. "You come, do you not, from the *Daily Graphic?* Well, you may tell your readers I always save all the recipes published on your women's page. And that is all I will say to-day. I must rest before the evening performance. I am *so* tired."

"I AM *so* tired!" the reporter echoed bitterly as the lift took her downstairs. "She might at least have thought of something more original than *that*."

It was with her tongue in her cheek that she went back to her office and wrote: "Beneath all her glittering personality, La Marina hides the heart of a simple, unaffected woman. . . ."

La Marina, meantime, did not rest for her evening performance. True, she lay on the huge sofa with her red-gold head among the green cushions, but she lay taut, her tears smudging the satin coverings.

She *was* so tired. So tired of playing the glamorous part of a king's mistress in London's most successful play. So tired of being La Marina, beautiful as incandescent light. . . . La Marina, whose life was filled to overflowing with clothes, manicures, visits to the hairdresser, adulation—all those things which made it possible for her to be beautiful enough to appear on the stage and play, over and over again like a needle stuck on a gramophone record, a rôle she had come to despise—a rôle that, nevertheless, made every woman who saw her in it wish she had a king for a lover; made every man long to be the king. . . .

La Marina, her head in the cushions, saw herself as she would be two hours later on the stage, presenting the very incarnation of love to a thronged house which would see in her the reflection of their suppressed hopes.

Love!

She was sick of love. Sick of singing about it. Sick of living it.

Being a king's mistress in a play was as bad as having a husband who never went to work, and therefore never left one to the delicious relaxation of planning meals and dusting rooms. . . .

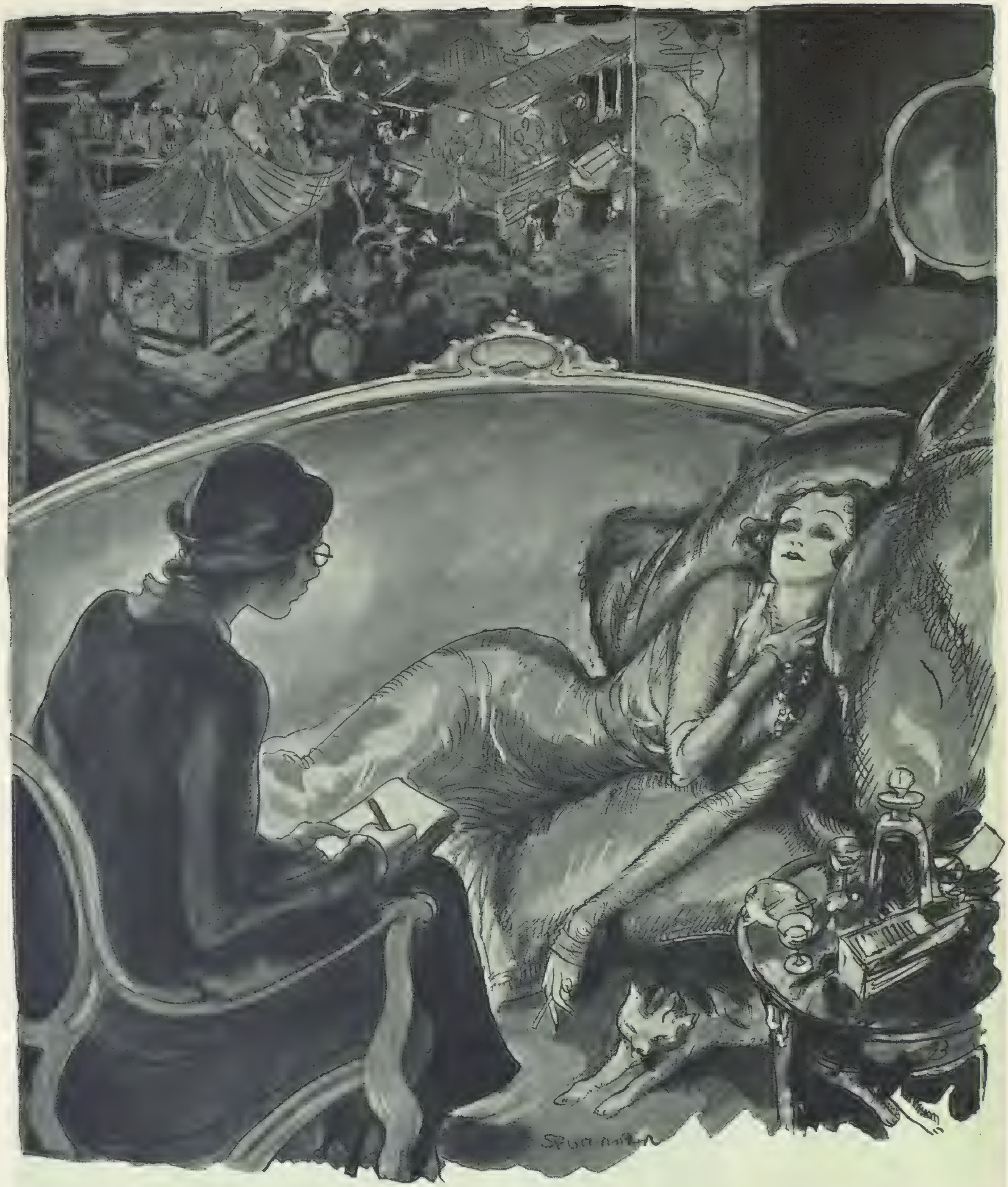
She glanced at the little platinum and diamond wristwatch the Prince de Maadeburg had given her. Almost six o'clock. Time to get herself something to eat before she went to the theatre.

She went into her kitchen, got out her mixing bowls, and started to make herself an omelette.

If that reporter could see her now!

"COOKING indeed!"

Joan shouted the words at her husband. He knew what was coming—he had heard it all before.



"All day long I work in the City," Joan wailed; "and then, as though that weren't enough, I have to trail out to this beastly suburb every night of my life and slave over a gas stove frying you sausages. I'm sick of it, I tell you. I've had enough of it. I—I'm through with you!"

With a flabby thud, the sausages thumped on to the kitchen table. Another thud, and Joan was slumped on a kitchen chair, crying dismally.

Ronnie Winchester, masculine and philosophic, longed to take her by the shoulders and shake her. Instead, he said gently: "But, darling, that was the bargain we made, wasn't it? That you should carry on with your job until I got my plans perfected. You know I hate to see you working the way you have to, but be a sport, Joan. Stick it for a while. It won't be long now. . . ."

THE reporter thought hard, "Don't you fly?" she asked, conciliatingly; "or——or collect anything?"

Joan was on her feet again, venom in her voice. "You told me all that when we first got married. And that was over a year ago. Probably you'll be saying the same thing next year, and the year after. You'll just go on, cluttering up the sitting-room with your beastly drawing-board, and it'll never come to anything!"

Ronnie glared at her. "If it'll make you any happier," he said between his teeth, "we'll go out to dinner, and then we'll buy some beer and have Bob and Helen around for the evening."

"Beer!" she said contemptuously. "Isn't that like you! Do you think I see any fun in sitting drinking beer with you and your stupid friends? I tell you I'm through. I can't stand this life any longer!"

She slammed the kitchen door as she went out. But it was all right, Ronnie told himself. In ten minutes she'd be down again with a fresh lot of make-up on, ready to go out to dinner. It had happened that way time and time again.

He went into the living-room and stood thoughtfully in front of his drawing-board. If Bob and Helen were coming round he'd *have* to tidy it away. But Joan wouldn't be down for ten minutes. That gave him some time for a spot of work.

In ten minutes his engineer's mind was full of bores and strokes and all the intricate calculations he still had to put into his nearly completed design for a taxicab which would, he hoped, bring huge contracts to the motor firm for which he worked. It would also, he hoped, bring much incidental advancement to Ronald Winchester—advancement that would mean goodbye to suburbia; and for Joan no more cooking, no more office work. Instead, he'd be able to let her have a car to run around in; money to buy clothes with; servants to order about; cocktail parties instead of beer. . . .

Ronnie Winchester was so absorbed in the task of pushing a pair of set-squares about on his drawing-board that he did not hear stealthy footsteps on the narrow staircase of his small home. Nor did the scrunch of the garden path warn his unsuspecting mind that for once Joan had meant what she said.

MR. MATHERS, sleek, plump, rosy-cheeked, and smelling faintly of shaving soap, stared down at his secretary with a quizzical expression in his shrewd grey eyes.

Mr. Mathers believed that the secret of running a large office successfully was to pose as the benevolent autocrat. He had come back from lunch rather earlier than usual to find his secretary gazing wistfully, with a distinct slump to her shoulders, at a magazine picture of La Marina. Here, he decided, was an opportunity to put benevolent autocracy into practice.

"Vital, isn't she?" he said, as he paused for a moment at his secretary's shoulder to study the glory that was La Marina.

Joan Winchester agreed.

Human contact, Mr. Mather decided, had been established. He walked quickly to his desk and sat down.

"Mrs. Winchester," he began abruptly, "You're not yourself. Haven't been for the last two months. What's the matter?"

Joan surveyed him solemnly. "Nothing," she said.

She only wished there *were* something the matter. For two months—ever since she had broken with Ronnie—her life had been disillusioningly humdrum. The office all day; Millie, and her little flat in St. John's Wood all night. She had imagined that romance would come her way when she left Ronnie. But romance hadn't. She had been wondering, when Mr. Mathers came in, how people like La Marina managed to attract it.

Mathers studied her thoughtfully. "What's happened to your husband?" he asked. "Has he gone away on business, or something?"

"Gone away? No. He—he's quite all right."

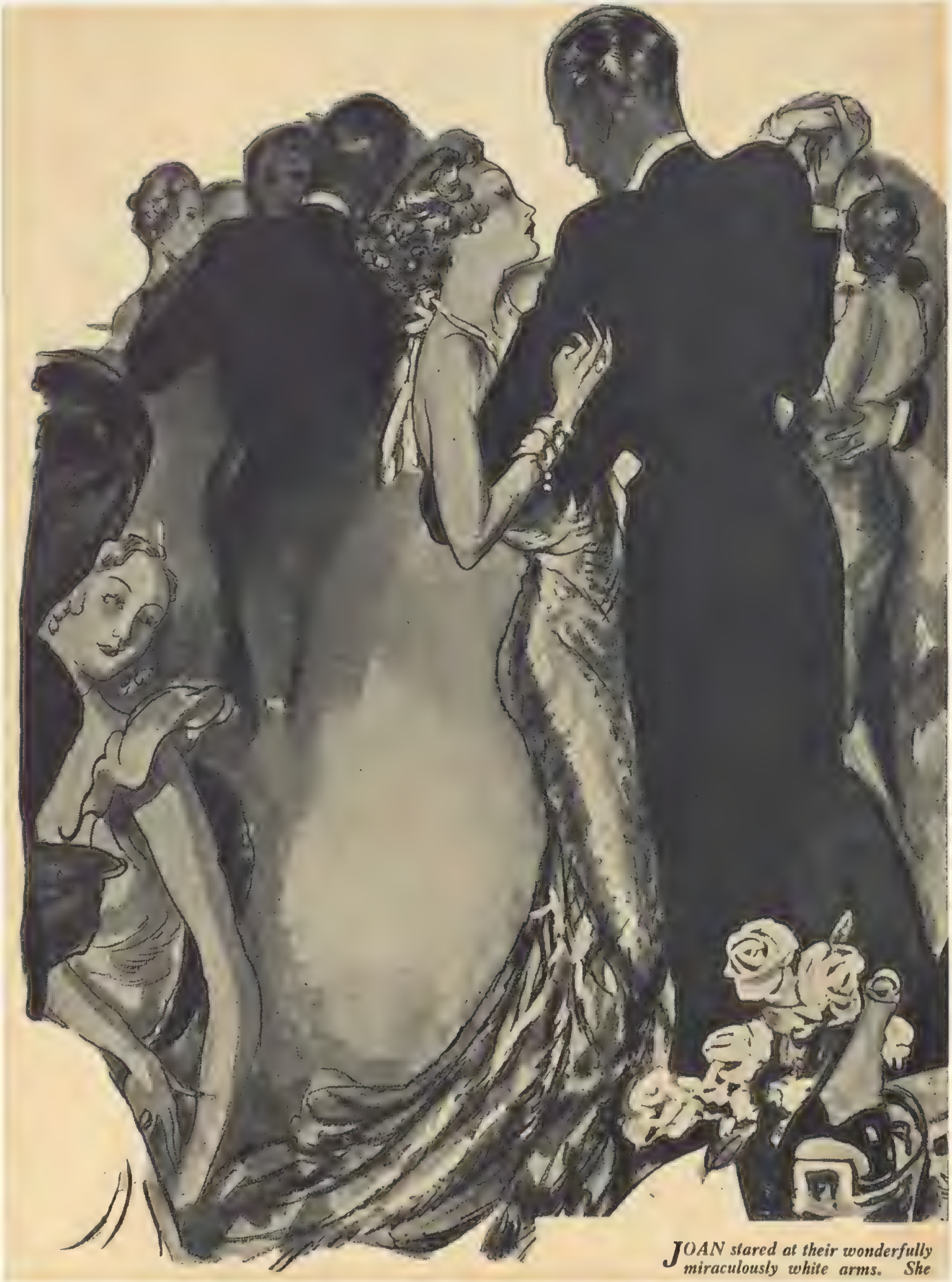
Mathers caught the note of evasion, and smiled his lack of conviction. "My dear child," he said, "you needn't be afraid to tell me all about it. These things happen in the best regulated families, you know."

Joan hesitated, but the desire to confide her troubles was great. Millie, self-sufficient in her state of spinsterdom, was not a sympathetic confidante, although she had proved a staunch friend. And old Mathers was a good sort. He, Joan was sure, would understand.

His shrewd grey eyes upon her, Mathers listened attentively to her story, congratulating himself on his perspicacity in having recognised loneliness and frustration when he saw it.

His grey eyes took in, too, what he had never before but cursorily observed—namely, that his secretary was not only a discontented girl, but a very pretty one. A dangerous combination, that. Nice figure, too. A very dangerous combination indeed. She should be told, of course, to stop being a silly little fool, and go back to her husband. But . . . .

Mathers was a man of the world. He knew that advice of that sort is rarely followed by people as young and pretty as his secretary. It would merely mean that he would lose her confidence, and



JOAN stared at their wonderfully miraculously white arms. She that, eventually, someone else would gain it. At the end of the recitation of her woes, therefore, he smiled.

" Well," he said, " I'm much too wise a man to interfere when the trouble's between husband and wife. On the other hand, my dear child, I can do a little for you. You're lonely, and you need cheering up. Anybody can see that. And as I can't have my secretary in low spirits, I suggest you let me do the cheering. How about having dinner with me to-night ? "

Old Mathers was rather a dry patch of *terra incognita* for the roses of romance to blossom from, Joan felt, but it was kind of him—it would save her from another boring evening with Millie. And there was no harm in it . . . Again, she only wished there *were*—though, of course, then it would have to be with somebody much more exciting than old Mathers.

Joan accepted the invitation . . . With reservations.

SMOKED salmon, Russian salad, pickled mushrooms, caviare !

She eyed the multitude of little dishes which crowded the table presided over by the reverent waiter, and decided that dining with Mr. Mathers did not fall far short of what she craved, after all.

All manner of piquant succulencies, and nothing but her own caprice to dictate her choice ! A delicious thrill of excitement ran through her. She had been right. The world in which Mr. Mathers moved was a world on a higher, subtler plane than that which she and Ronnie had inhabited. The manner of both Mr. Mathers and the waiter somehow seemed to give her that feeling of power which she had always felt must be the secret of such people as La Marina, and just as much her right as theirs . . .

Joan threw back her head and drank her cocktail with half-closed eyes. Her mind bordered on a state of ecstacy.

Mathers, in evening dress, had a look of distinction that a younger man could not have carried off. There seemed in him a reserve of power. He could command the best the world had to offer—and get it. It was balm to Joan's wounded confidence that he should be commanding for her benefit. Covertly, out of the corners of her eyes, she glanced at him, and there was a new interest in her glance. He saw it—as she unconsciously meant he should.

As a man of the world, Joan's glance told him a good deal. To begin with, it gratified his conceit, and thus ensured his verdict that the evening was being a success. But it also aroused in him a faint misgiving, for it confirmed his first impulses. He should have advised Joan to go back to her husband. As he had suspected, she was attractive —a danger to herself and others.

Since the evening was being a success, however, he decided it would have been a pity to have given her that good advice and thereby spoilt his own chance of adding what promised to be a very charming little chapter to that volume of episodes which, from greying middle-age, he now looked back upon as his life. It must be very charming, this chapter, and nothing more. He would see to that. No tragedy would be allowed to creep into it. It must be kept light, subtle, tender—a short, airy little piece in the Mozart manner.

They talked long and earnestly.

Perhaps it was the golden liquid which, Mathers informed Joan, is called Rhein wine that made her talk with what seemed to her to be cadenced eloquence, compared to her usual laconic utterances. She found herself arguing with him as though she were the specially appointed apostle of youth expressing ideas which she suddenly knew she shared with all the rest of youth.

She was flattered when he brought the knowledge of his experience into play in order to put up an argument against her. He did it so apologetically. As though afraid to conquer the thing he envied her—youth.

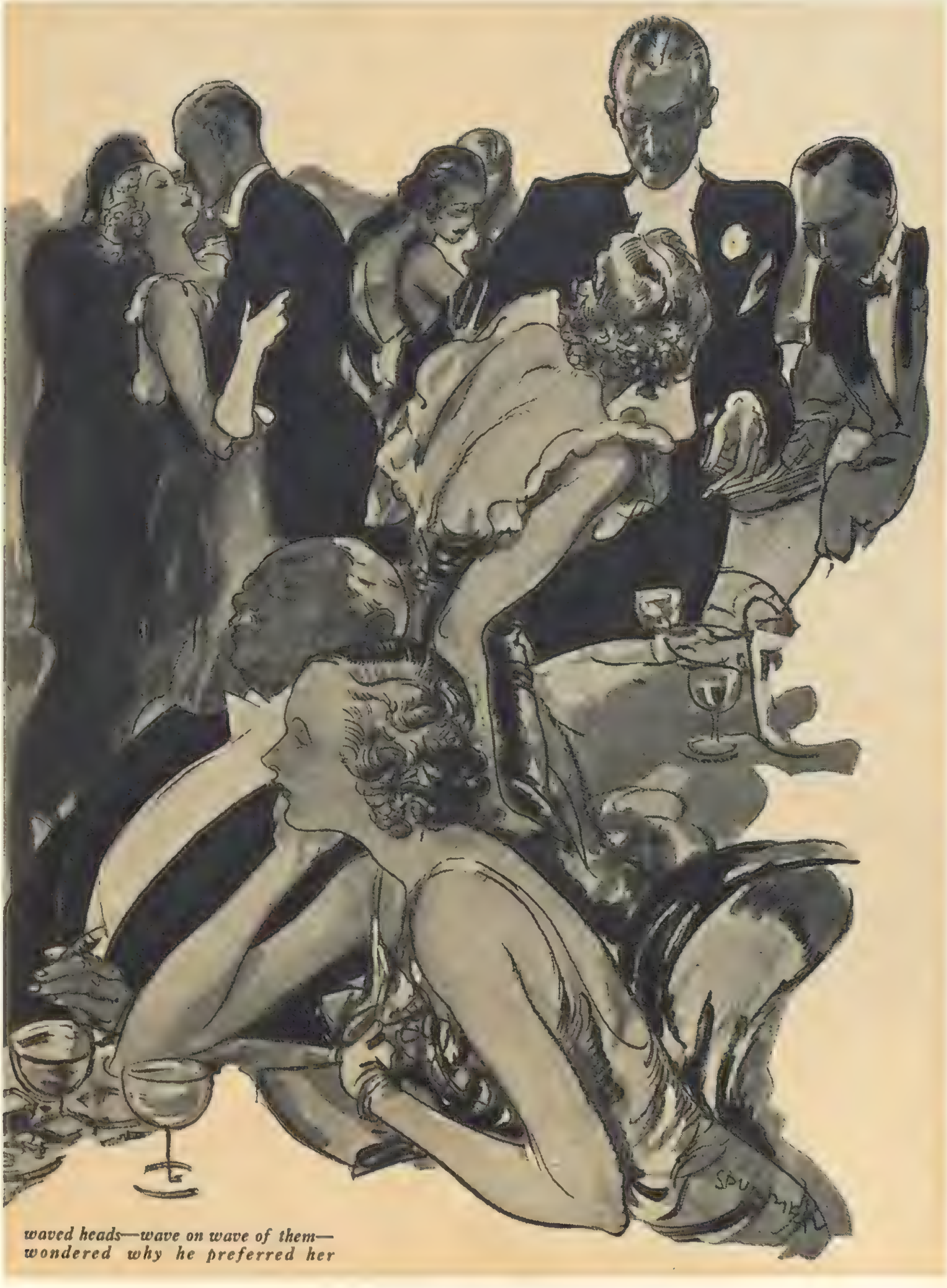
Again Joan felt the thrill of power course through her. *She had youth*—yellow hair, a fresh skin, vitality swirling through her limbs—all those things which could make Mr. Mathers place at her service the money and power he had won at the price of his own youth.

No wonder they say the young are cruel !

She remembered that magazine picture of La Marina. Her thin red mouth, her flame-red hair. She thought of Salome, of Circe . . .

But who would not be a Salome or a Circe had they the power, in preference to being a dish-washing drudge.

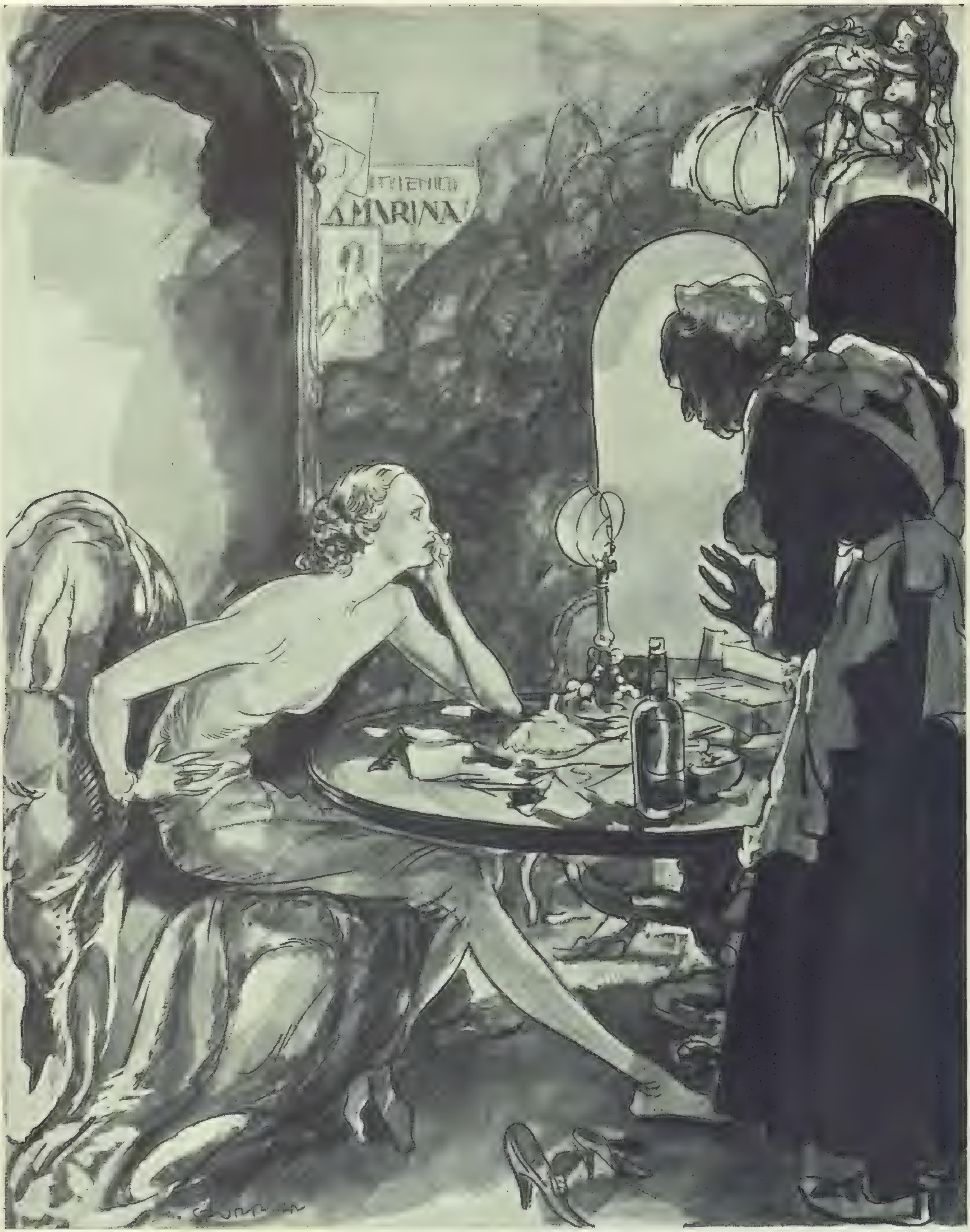
They were the last of the diners to leave the restaurant. Mathers apologised to her for taking a bright young thing to a staid,



waved heads—wave on wave of them—wondered why he preferred her respectable place that closed so early.

"Perhaps," he finished, with charming diffidence; "you'd cheer an old man's loneliness by allowing him the privilege of taking you dancing. Some night next week?"

Of course she would. In fact, she'd love to . . .



LA MARINA, seated again before her mirror, threw off, as she threw off her costumes, the woman she portrayed on the stage. Threw her off, and became a frozen, stone-like image without—a flaming fire within

SHE blew herself to a new evening dress for their second evening, and the crystal magnificence of the Savoy made her feel her extravagance more than justified.

Extravagant though she had been, she was nevertheless only too conscious that her new frock was as nothing compared to the jewels and creations on her every hand.

For a moment her confidence in herself was shaken—but for a moment only. There was that in Mathers's manner which told her she had something these bedizened birds of paradise lacked.

Joan stared at their wonderfully waved heads—wave on wave of them—miraculously white arms. She wondered why he preferred her.

Then, suddenly, she knew.

They were tired—all these waved and manicured and macquillaged women. Bored and world-weary. Their eyes did not sparkle; their mouths drooped at the corners, and their voices seemed to croak like mournful birds at dusk.

In greater force than before, her sense of power returned.

The evening passed with all the speed of a shooting star.

To Joan it was a strange, dream-like time. Her mind was a haze of golden bubbles which came to the surface of her thoughts, there to burst in the sparkle of light that was her own laughter.

The dancers floated past her—aquarium like, as though they moved in another element. To some of them Mathers gave names—names she recognised as belonging to people who moved in that world she had looked on so longingly in the days when she lived with Ronnie in that hated little suburban villa they had called their home.

Mathers, she realised, knew some of these wonderful people personally. It had never occurred to her that the staid, business-like Mr. Mathers of the office might have another, outside existence. With renewed attentiveness, she listened to him as he pointed out a well-known sportsman dancing with a tall, dark woman destined, according to Mathers, to be the fourth wife, no less.

Another low remark in her ear, and Mather indicated a playwright equally well known to the celebrity-attuned Joan; a financier, even more famous on the other side of the Atlantic than on this; an actress worshipped for her everlasting youth; a young viscount whose exploits in the motor-racing world had aroused in Joan an interest in cars never evoked by her husband's taxi designs; there was a famous aviatrix. . . .

The world was spinning before her very eyes, Joan felt. It was wonderful, intoxicating. . . .

The climax—as climaxes do—came at the end of what was for Joan the most wonderful evening she had ever spent.

The cabaret stage had sunk back into the floor. The orchestra had begun on the last set of dances. Suddenly Joan caught sight of a face she was able to recognise without any prompting from the omniscient Mathers.

"Oh, look!" she breathed in reverent ecstasy. "La Marina! Over there. . . ."

It was indeed La Marina, but Joan's first tremor of thrilled recognition was succeeded by a faint feeling of bruised disappointment. She saw—not the flaming, vital creature of the magazine picture which had remained so firmly imprinted on her mind—a woman tired; a woman whose whole body seemed sagging with weariness as languidly she drifted across the dance-floor in her partner's arms.

Joan admitted her disappointment to Mathers. "I suppose she's tired out after the play," she ventured, by way of apology for the droop to her goddess's eyelids, the sag to her goddess's shoulders.

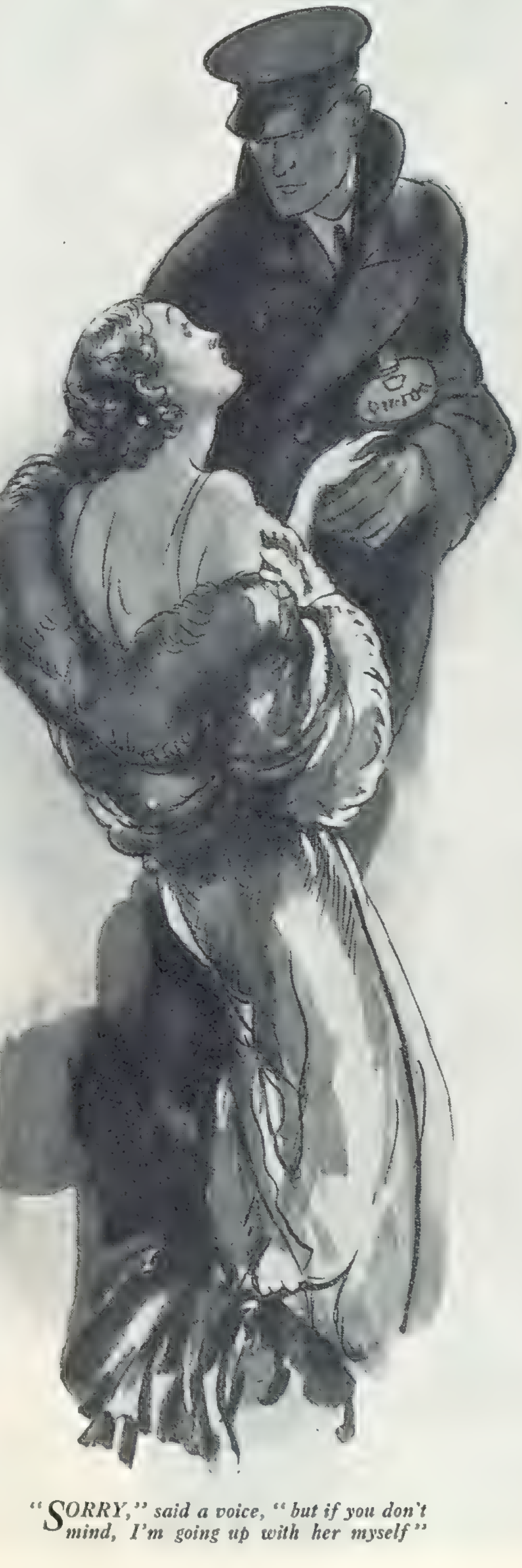
Mathers chuckled. The world, for him, held no goddesses. Only nymphs.

"Too much brandy and champagne. Too many men," he said, cynically; "She's had so much from the world that she's disappointed now there's nothing left for it to offer her—least of all, the peace and quiet she longs for."

Joan took another look at La Marina's vital, tawny head as she swayed past them.

"That woman doesn't want peace and quiet," she pronounced. "If you put her in a suburban cottage and set her washing dishes, it would be like—like caging a tigress. She reminds me, somehow, of a jungle creature. . . ."

"Perhaps you're right," said Mathers absently. "I'll take you to see her act some time."



"SORRY," said a voice, "but if you don't mind, I'm going up with her myself"

ON the night that Mathers kept his promise and took Joan to see *The King's Mistress*, La Marina discovered herself to be shivering violently as, waiting for her first call, she sat before her mirror.

"They say I am like a flame!" she murmured brokenly, hysterically, to the haggard reflection in the mirror. "They do not realise the flame is burning out. . . ."

She said it with dreadful intensity.

The sound of her voice brought her old Hungarian dresser to her side, where she hovered anxiously.

"Brandy, Elsa," said La Marina sharply. "Let me have it now."

After she had drunk it, she sat for a moment in silence, still staring into the mirror. Her lips were twisted, bitter.

"You must get me more brandy," she said dully. "I shall need it at the end of the act. And the end of the next act. . . ." Her voice trailed off. She resumed her contemplation of the ghastly face in the mirror. Framed in its aureole of curling, vibrant hair, it looked out from the glass like the face of a Medusa, La Marina thought.

Little, inarticulate moaning sounds dropped from the lips of the old Hungarian dresser as she moved about the dressing-room, tidying things away—slowly, slowly.

She loved her La Marina—old Elsa—and La Marina was not well . . .

THE stage darkened. Grew bright again. Rippled with the movement of a concerted crowd. Rang with the sound of voices in chorus. Irradiated, rainbow fashion, the broken colours of the prism.

Then, suddenly, upon the audience seated in that great velvet-padded jewel-box of a theatre, there burst the blazing, vibrant personality of La Marina.

Joan, seated beside Mathers, found herself swaying to every movement of the actress's lithe body. She felt her face, in the concealing darkness, reflecting the swift emotions flitting across La Marina's mobile features . . .

When the curtain was rung down on the first act she could hardly express her own thoughts, so filled was she with the alien emotions of the woman on the stage. For the time being they were hers—Joan's—emotions.

Talking to Mathers she could not help *being* La Marina!

AND, in her dressing-room, La Marina, seated again before her mirror, threw off, as she threw off her costumes, the woman she portrayed on the stage. Threw her off, and became a frozen, stone-like image without—a flaming fire within.

"Brandy, Elsa," she said in a dead voice.

She drank it off and stared at the empty glass.

With a despairing gesture she flung the glass at a mirror on the opposite wall.

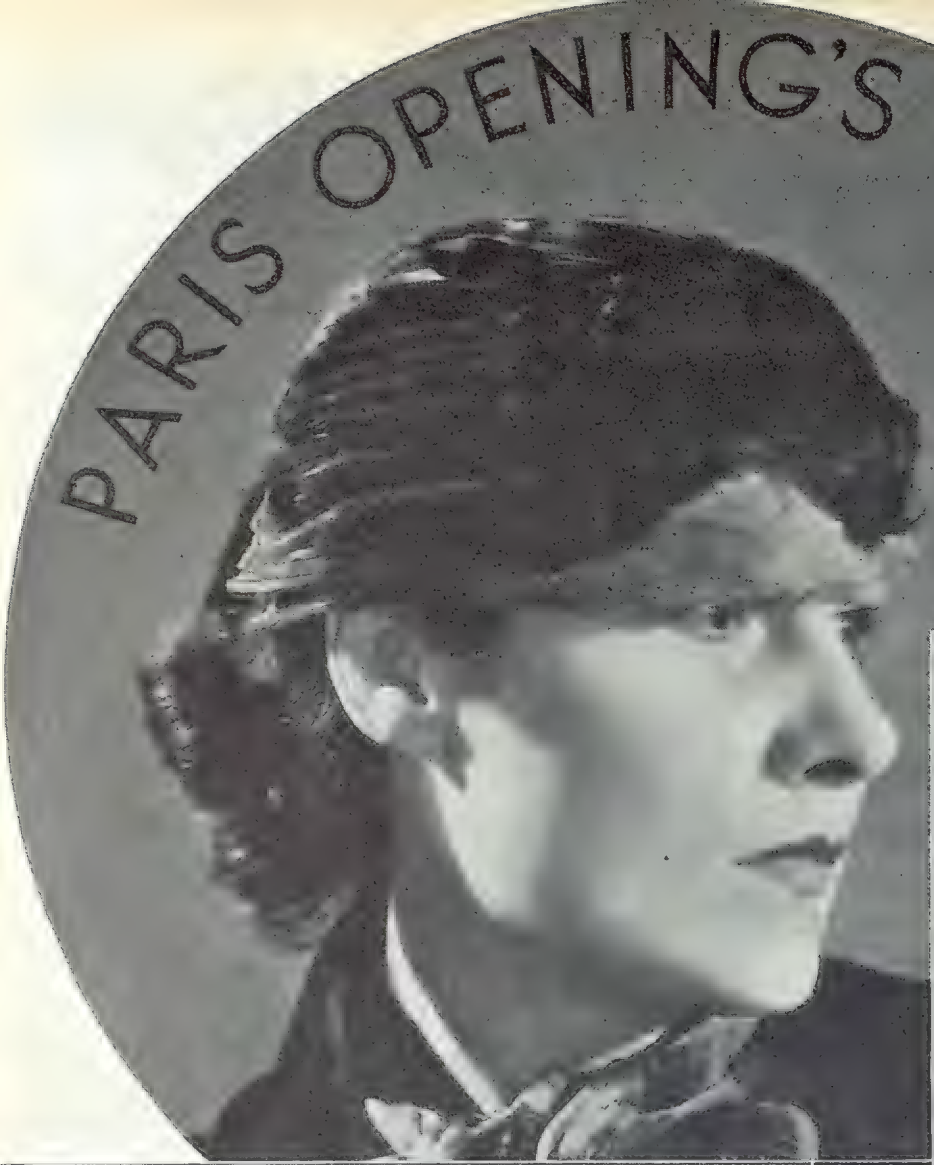
Something like a banshee wail tore from the throat of the old woman.

La Marina laughed wildly.

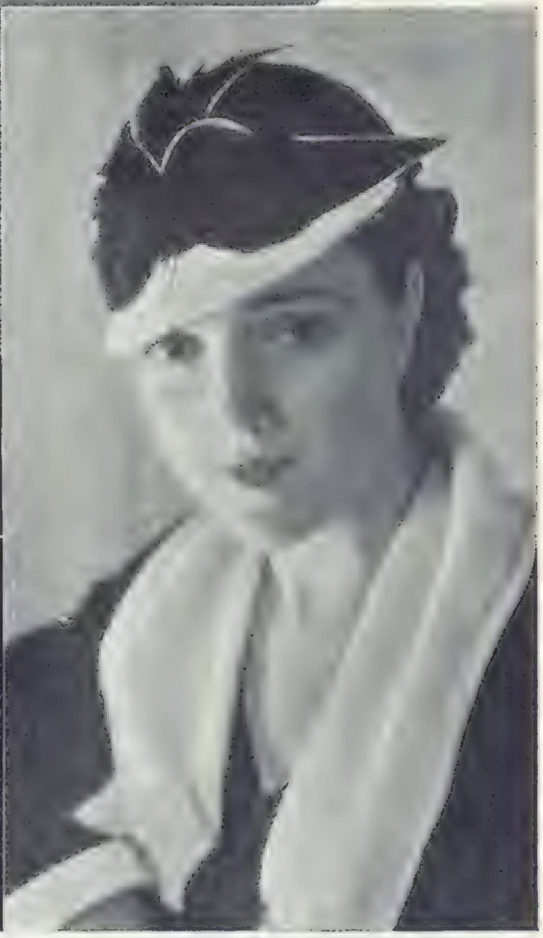
"What does it matter?" she cried. "I am what I am—but it is only to give to silly women gaping in a theatre

(*Continued on page 86*)

PARIS OPENING'S 1933



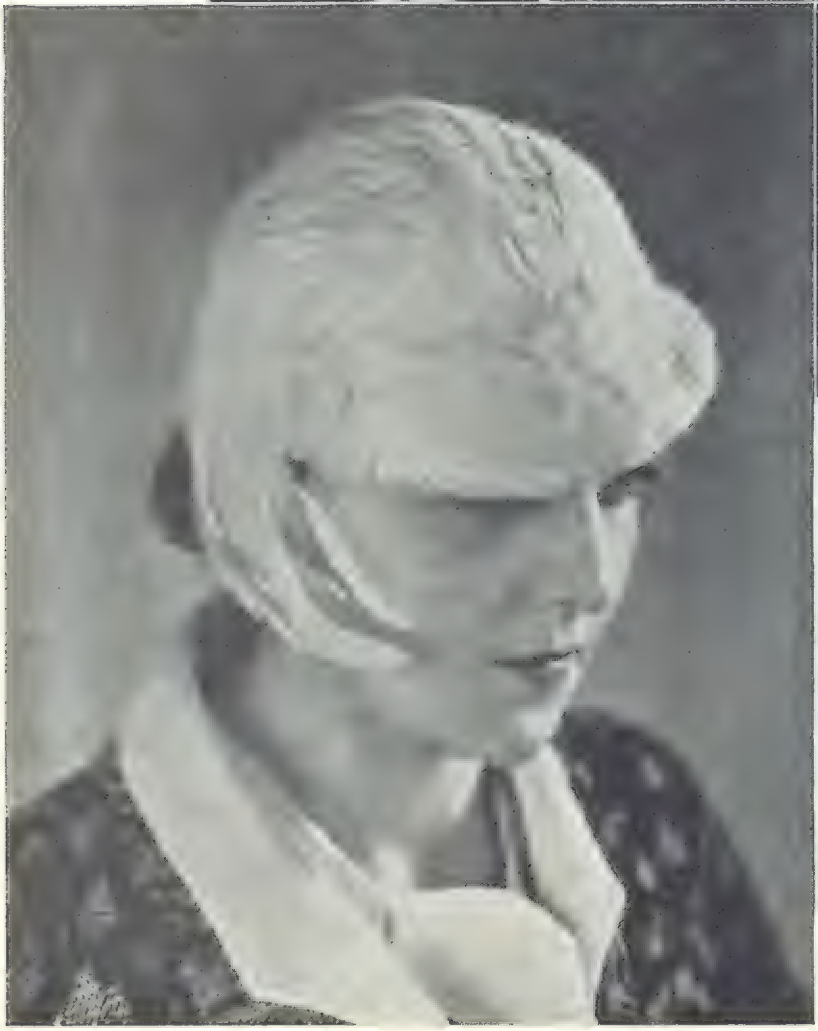
ONE of Chanel's new feather hats which follows the complete form of a bird is made of red-brown plumage with a touch of coral in front. The head of the bird rests on the forehead, the wings cover the temples and the tail feathers sweep towards the neck



THE "Swallow" hat above is made of dyed pigeon and white swan feathers. The toque shaped crown is in black, and a black and white swallow is posed in front. Chanel

HATS

Showing the clever and effective manner in which feathers may be used



WHITE cock feathers compose the hat on the left. The breast feathers have been used for the front, while the tail feathers form the crown and droop over the side, curling over the cheek. Chanel

A LETTER FROM PARIS

Autumn, 1933

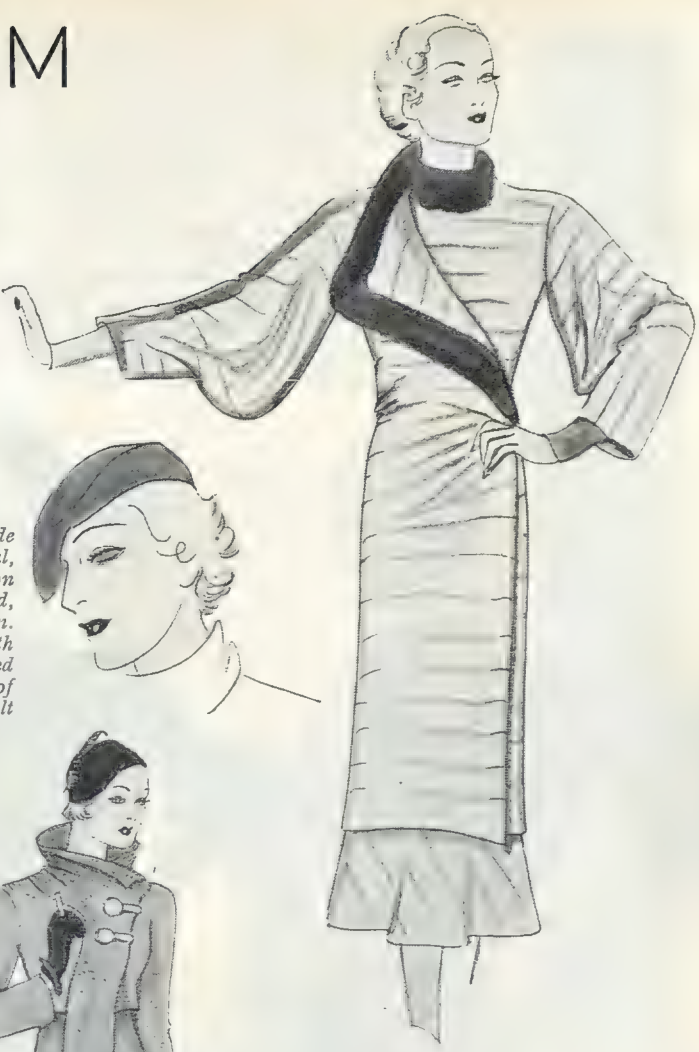
By MADGE GARLAND

(Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve")

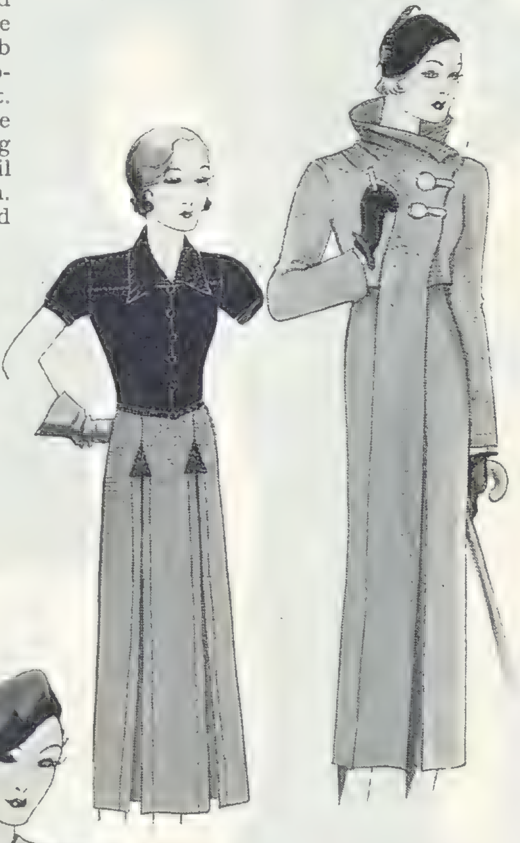
A HUGE modern entrance in the Champs Elysées, vast salons in the everlasting grey, an incredibly large number of extremely uncomfortable cane chairs. A mannequin enters in the unassuming two piece woollen suit which convention ordains shall begin even the most sensational collection. But it has a flared basque. Another follows it, this time two semi-circular bands of Persian lamb placed over each hip give it a wide hipline and a correspondingly small waist. More woollen costumes follow, made either of the roughest woollens resembling those hand-woven materials which hail from North of the Tweed, or of cloth. Nearly all show neatly fitted waists and flared hips. The breadth which we have been supporting on our shoulders this summer would appear to have slipped down to our hips. One or two coats show shoulder width achieved by a fur yoke which is allowed to jut out over the shoulders. The sports coats and skirts show belted coats and straight skirts with inserted pleats, the length is the same as ever, but more formal costumes tend to lengthen the hem-line. Some of them have skirts which flare at the hem and with this line a couple of belated three-quarter length loose coats are shown, but the majority are full-length and fitted—always with the width at the hip-line. Afternoon dresses are of satin, and there are some formal afternoon coats of heavy Roman satin. The favourite furs are lamb and broadtail. Evening dresses mould the lines of the body closely but have immensely full skirts, achieved by inserted panels and innumerable ruchings, the materials are tulle, satin and taffeta. Many of these full skirts are slit up to the knees in front. The décolletage is chiefly at the back. One or two slightly Edwardian tendencies are noted, an off-shoulder line held by roses at the bosom, tight bodices and ruffled skirts.

A lift barely large enough for two (slender) people and then certainly not safe, bears one up in total darkness to a dim landing. Small rooms filled again with cane chairs. Excellent woollens and sports clothes accentuate polo neck sweaters with small vertical pockets on either breast. Very Greta Garbo. The skirts are trim, cut on the straight and belted over short jumpers. The coats are short and fastened by amusing metal fasteners shaped like two immense hooks with a large ball on either end. Many show a square neckline in front filled in by a woollen scarf of a contrasting colour. Green wins, but in many off shades, and there is a good deal of brown, a few touches of red and some yellow. Foxes wind around the arm of a coat, cross the neck in front and hang over the opposite shoulder. Obviously two skins but with one head and one tail. One or two efforts towards heightening the shoulders or padding them out, but half hearted.

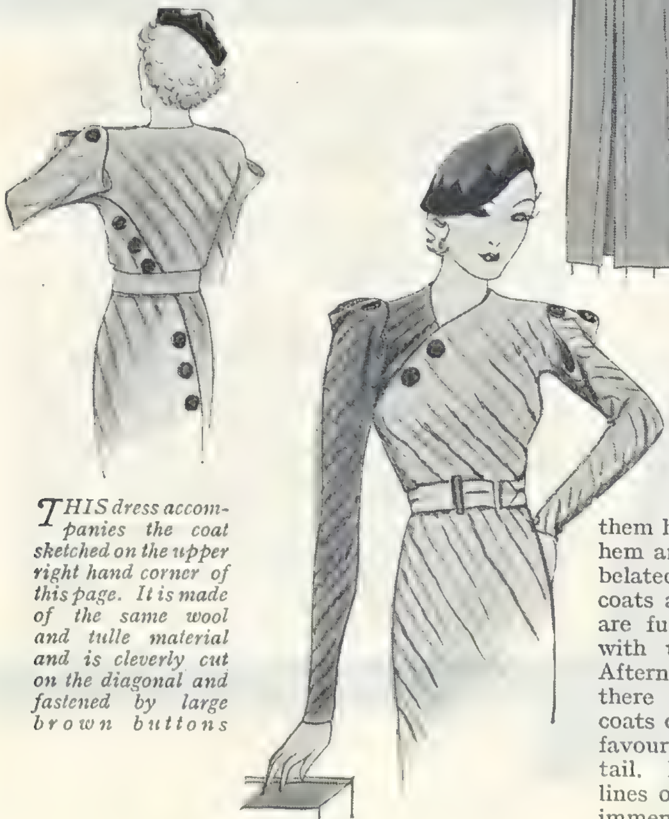
A magnificent Hotel of the Empire period. Huge salons decorated in the authentic early Empire manner, slender gold bas-reliefs on cream walls, sand colour taffeta curtains draped in the window embrasures. Small tables with bouquets of tea roses are arranged around the vast room which has a stage at one end and slightly raised rows of seats at the other. A slight, very discreet murmur—then silence and against the velvet curtains the first mannequin appears. A



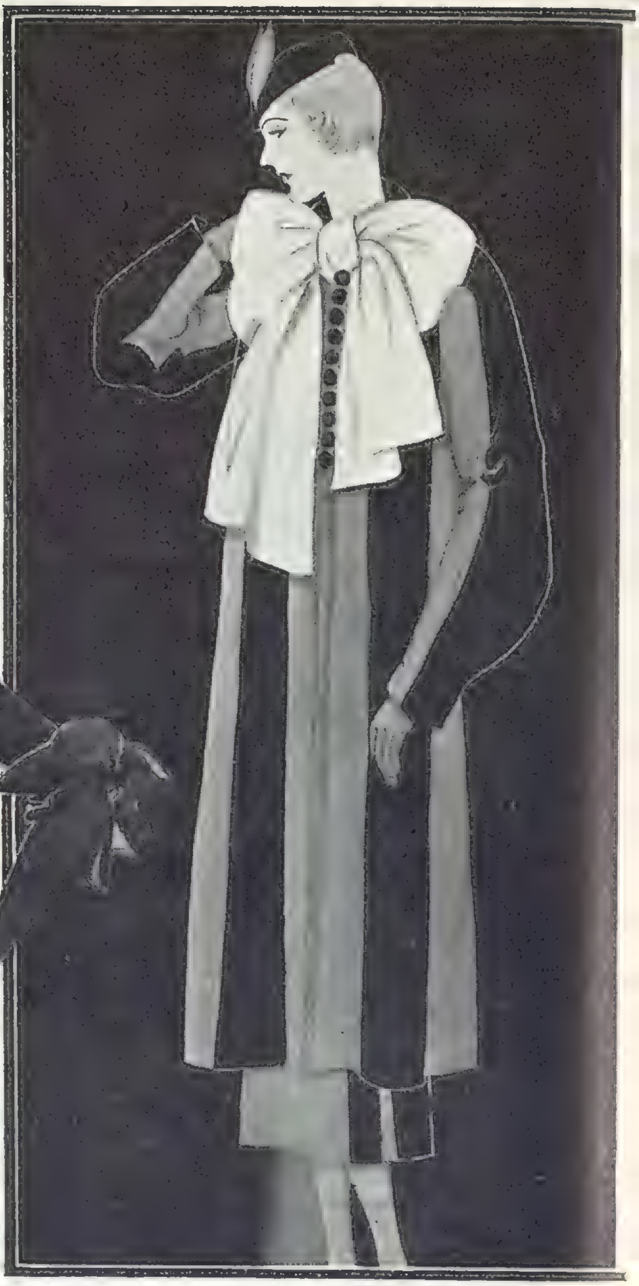
ENSEMBLE made of novel material, brown wool woven on to a tulle ground, very light and warm. Three-quarter length coat with shaped sleeves, trimming of seal. Nicole Groult



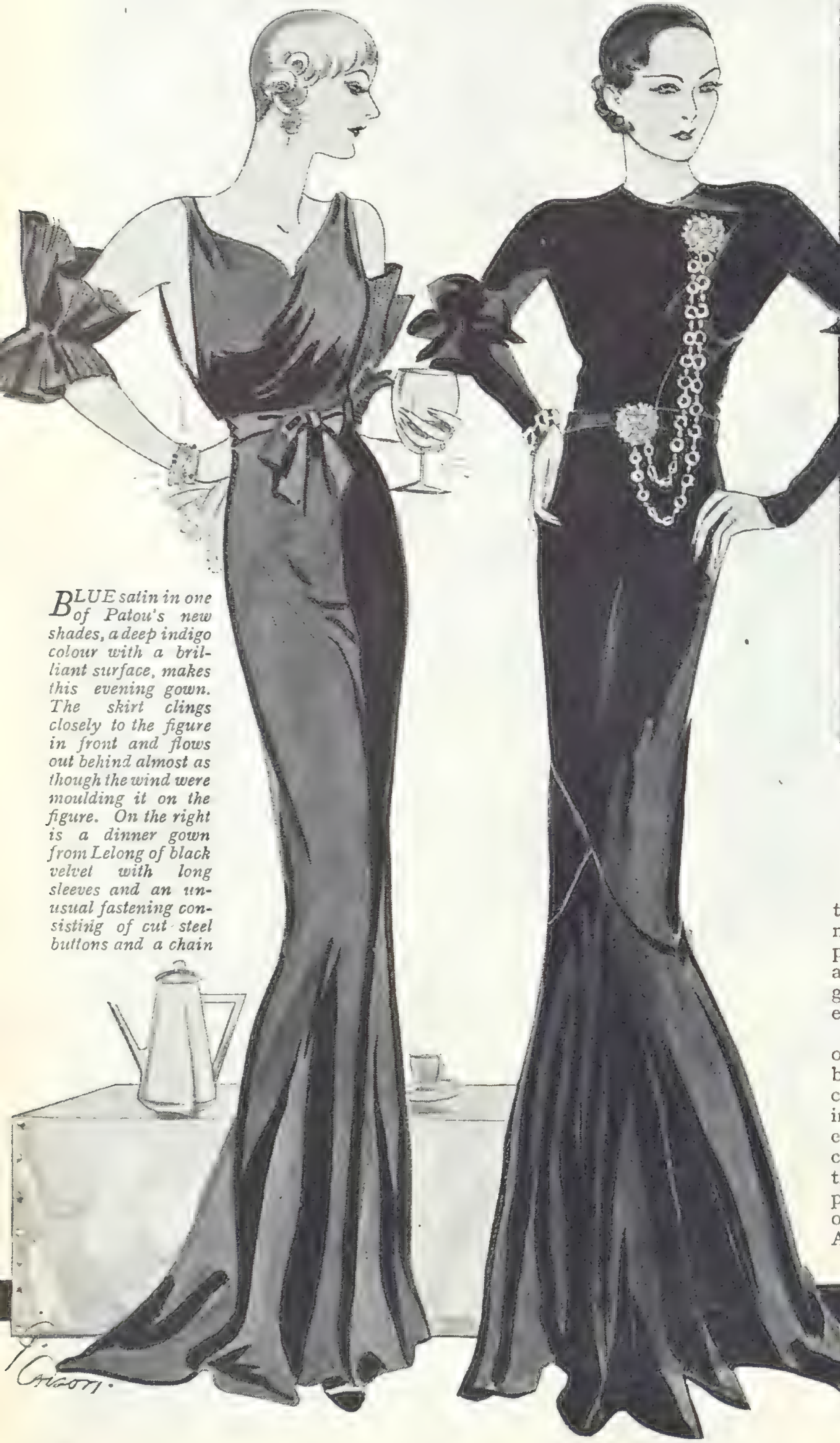
CHECKED tweed skirt with inverted pleats finished with large embroidered arrow heads, full-length coat to match fastened by two large silver clips. Hand-knitted blouse of dark brown wool. Véra Boréa



THIS dress accompanies the coat sketched on the upper right hand corner of this page. It is made of the same wool and tulle material and is cleverly cut on the diagonal and fastened by large brown buttons blonde girl looking like almost any English girl of good family and wearing a neat green tweed coat and skirt. Again the skirts are to the middle of the calf with a tendency to be longer for formal afternoon wear—there are one or two tentative full length afternoon, or cocktail dresses, one of taffeta, and a high necked dinner gown of red and black duvetyn with bands of sables around the sleeveless arms. Corded silk makes an afternoon coat and skirt trimmed with a twisted sable tie. This material has undoubtedly staged a come-back and we shall hear a lot of it as time goes on. Monkey fur makes a flat muff worn with a black silk coat whose sleeves are trimmed with two bands of the same fur running up and down the sleeves, another flat fur muff is of mink. One or two coats have pinched up shoulders or a ridge of fur along them in order to gain height, but again the effort is half hearted. Enormous applause breaks out—a mannequin has just appeared wearing a magnificent black velvet evening wrap cut on Florentine cinquecento lines—to the waist only in front but at the back an ankle length flowing cape, the whole edged with ermine. The previous mannequin (wearing an inconspicuous but impeccable grey diagonally striped woollen coat and skirt with padded shoulders and a leaf green woollen blouse) turns round to give an envious glance to her admired successor.

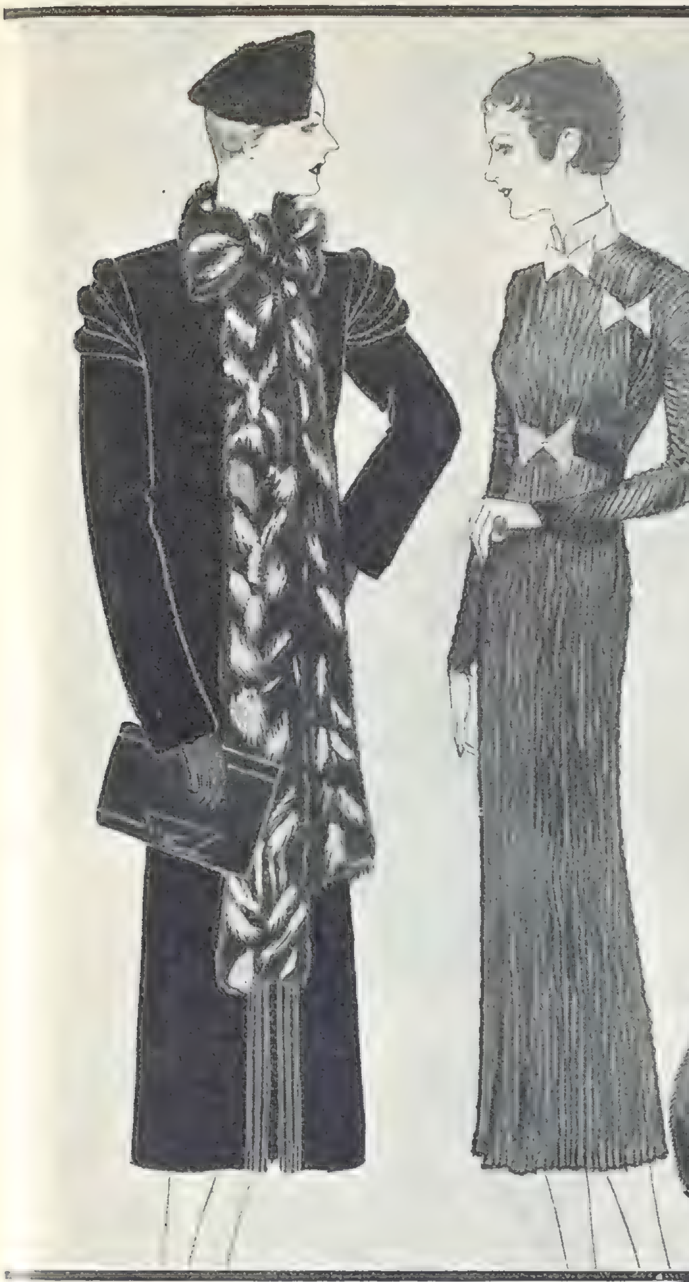


THIS ensemble is all black, the difference of tone merely stresses the contrasting surfaces of the two materials employed, cloth and velvet, which are used in alternate strips. The three-quarter length raglan coat is tied at the neck with a large white velvet bow. Mainbocher



BLUE satin in one of Patou's new shades, a deep indigo colour with a brilliant surface, makes this evening gown. The skirt clings closely to the figure in front and flows out behind almost as though the wind were moulding it on the figure. On the right is a dinner gown from Lelong of black velvet with long sleeves and an unusual fastening consisting of cut steel buttons and a chain

Another evening wrap in the same style was of grey velvet with grey fox framing the face and bordering the shoulder yoke. Yet another which caused sensation was distinctly Edwardian in inspiration—a flame velvet full length coat with enormous sleeves put on with gathers and a fox collar. More Edwardian echoes were a brown tight fitting cape edged with yellow paradise plumes and a black dinner gown with two sprays of pale pink ospreys held at the bosom by a jewel. A sensational evening ensemble with two enormous



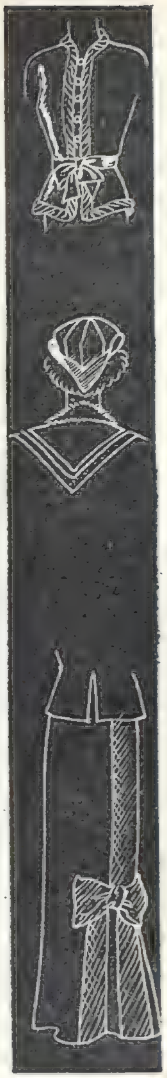
A ROUGH black woollen material makes this long coat which has three stiff ridges of the material on the upper sleeves and a collar bow and long ends of civet cat. The dress beneath is of thick black silk crêpe with a bubbly surface and is fastened by small stiff bows. Schiaparelli

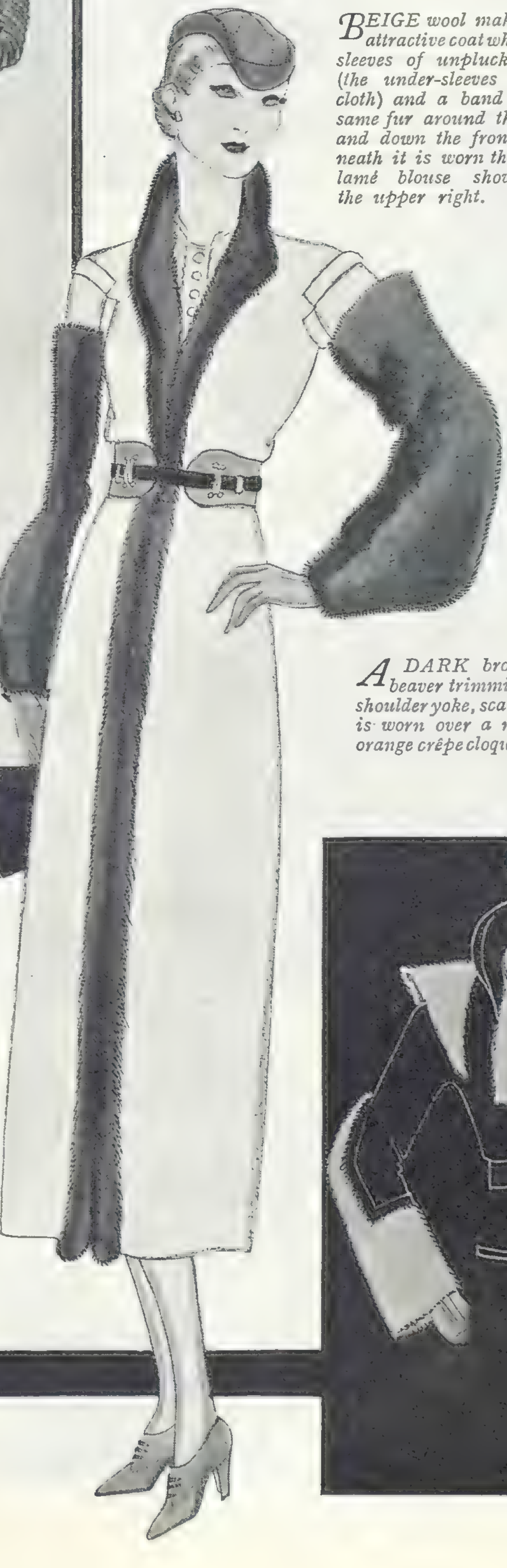
paradise mounts on one shoulder is called Marlene because a certain famous lady of that name chose this as a complete contradiction to her occasional masculine attire.

An immense series of salons brightly lit with candelabra and hung with old brocade: clothes of exquisite workmanship which include many sumptuous furs. Sleeves of leopard accompany a brown woollen dress which has a short coat of the same material with epaulettes of the fur: full sleeves of unplucked seal on a three-quarter length navy blue coat which has a skirt of the same material and a navy blue satin blouse. A few of the coats have flared basques, grey lamb and black Persian lamb are favourite furs and are sometimes made into waistcoats accompanying either one-piece woollen dresses or coats and skirts and satin blouses. A grey lamb coat was worn over a grey woollen skirt with a black satin waistcoat and pale grey satin shirt blouse. Evening gowns show fullness massed at the back and often arranged to give a bustle effect with frills falling from gathered loops.

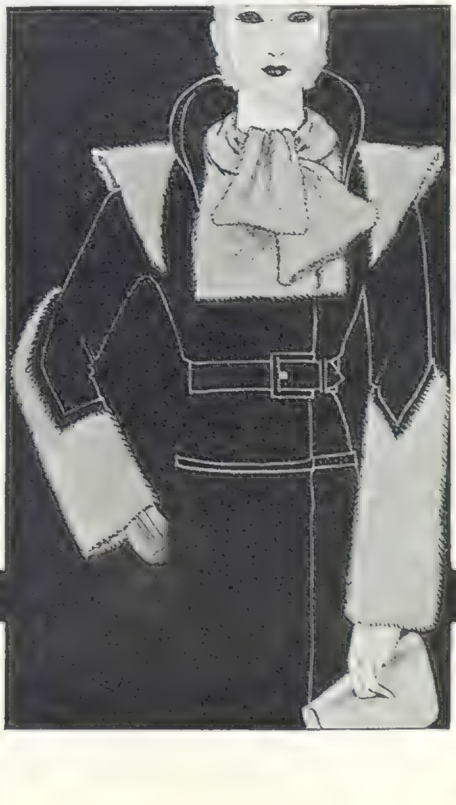
Another lift of almost incredible antiquity, which wheezes and grunts and savagely bites the back of one's heels with its slamming doors. Sports clothes of great originality, the skirts mi-jamb with inserted pleats, smartly tailored coats with novel fastenings—a tiger's claw on a coat of brown waterproof velvet accompanied by a brown-flecked tweed skirt and a yellow blouse.

(*Continued on page* 63)



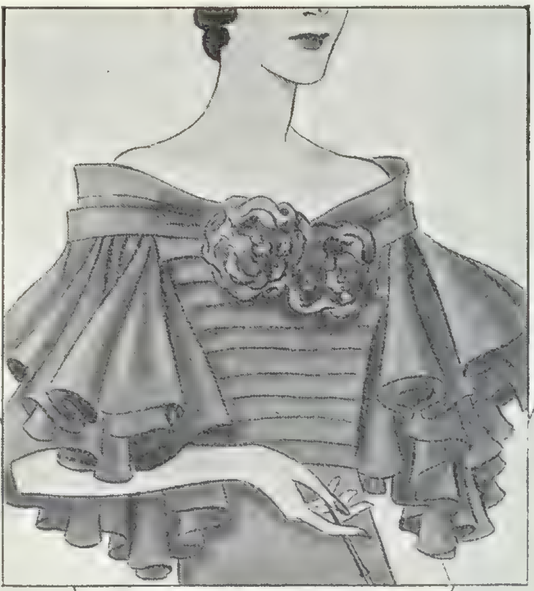


BEIGE wool makes this attractive coat which has sleeves of unplucked seal (the under-sleeves are of cloth) and a band of the same fur around the neck and down the front. Beneath it is worn the green lamé blouse shown on the upper right. Worth



A DARK brown woollen coat, with beaver trimming arranged to form a shoulder yoke, scarf collar and huge cuffs, is worn over a matching skirt and an orange crêpe cloqué blouse. Maggy Rouff

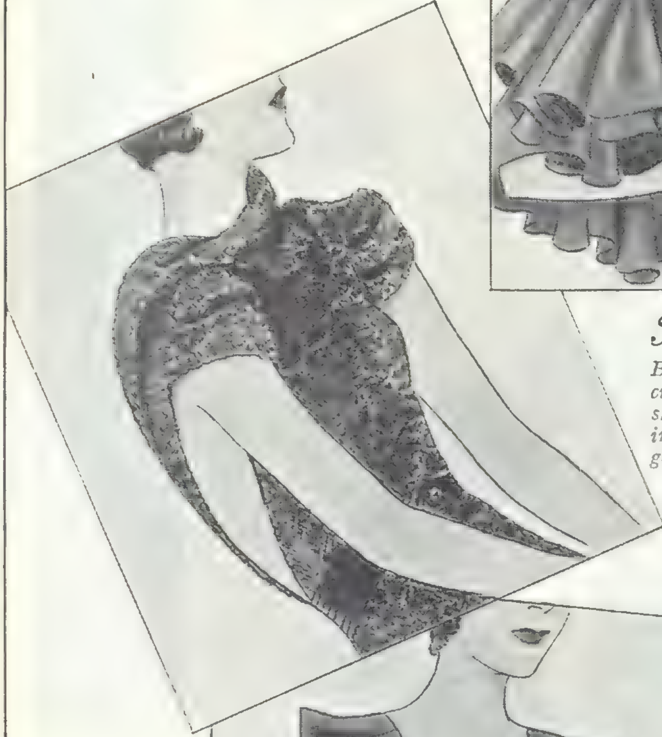
NEW DÉCOLLETÉS of the AUTUMN MODE



MAGGY ROUFF shows a dress of Bordeaux coloured crêpe with an off-shoulder neckline held in place by two large gauze roses at the bosom

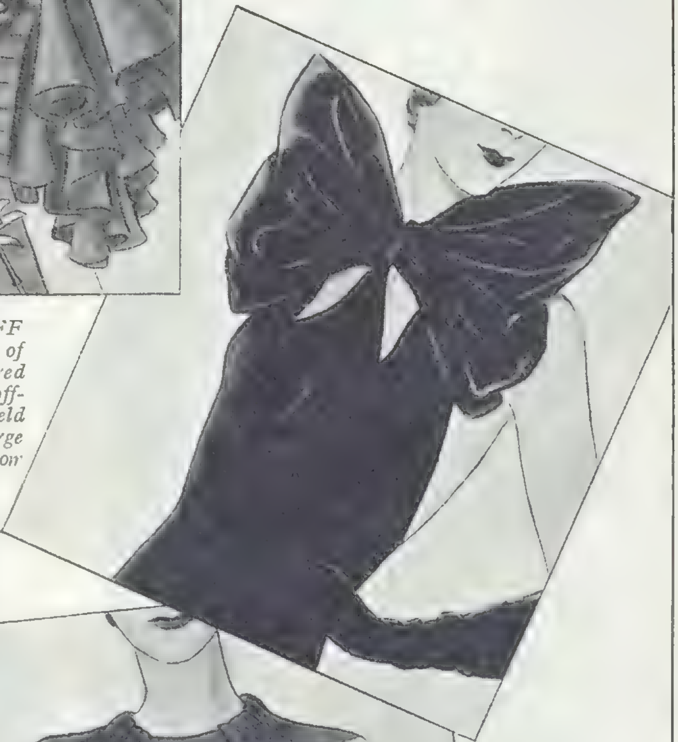
Below:

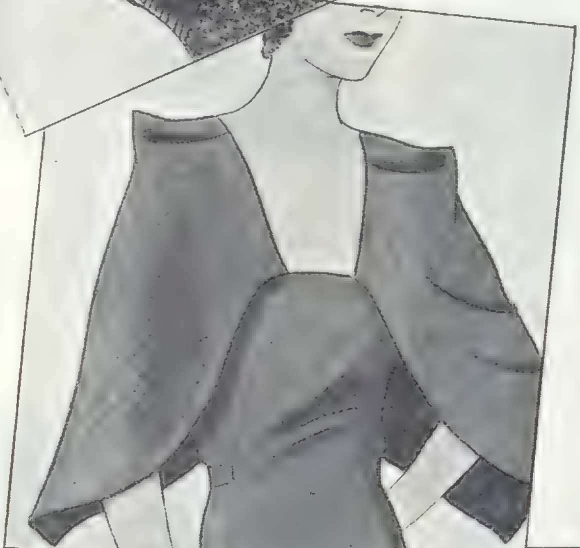
A DRESS of black tulle, shirred in an irregular pattern over beige chiffon, has a cowl-shaped neck which is carried down in points to the waist at the back. Patou



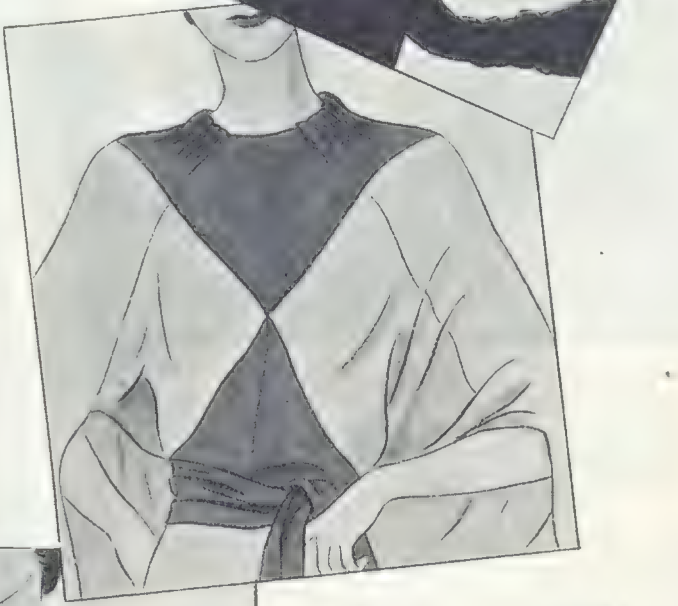
Below:

PATOU favours the backless dress with a high neckline in front. This gown, of black Lyons velvet with a striking bow at the throat, has an entirely bare back

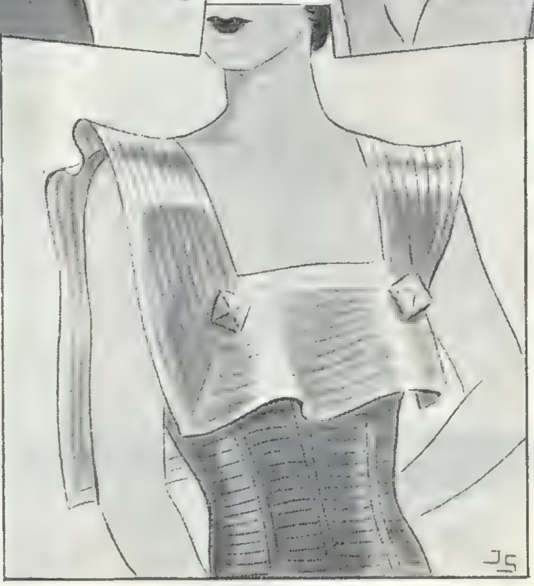




A POINTED square shoulder line, with a cape effect ending in points below each elbow, is a feature of this Dilkusha model which is made in purple crêpe de Chine and is without trimming of any description

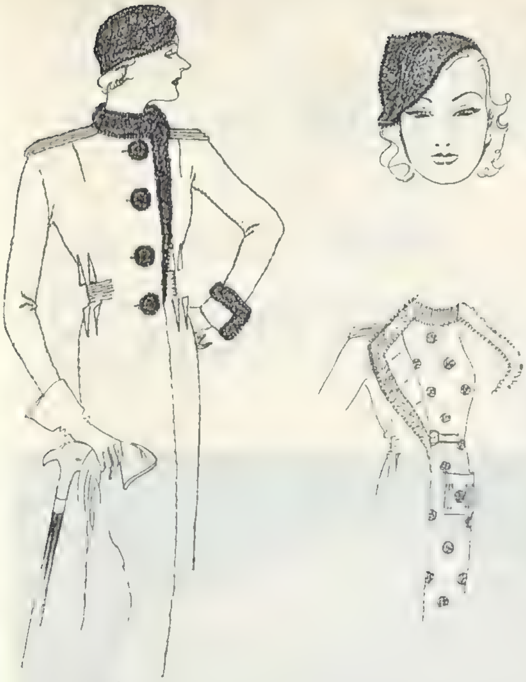


POINTS are again much in evidence on this crêpe Romain tea gown. On a background of pale grey, points of geranium red are effectively imposed. The dress is drawn up snugly at the neck, at the back of which a bow is tied. Lelong

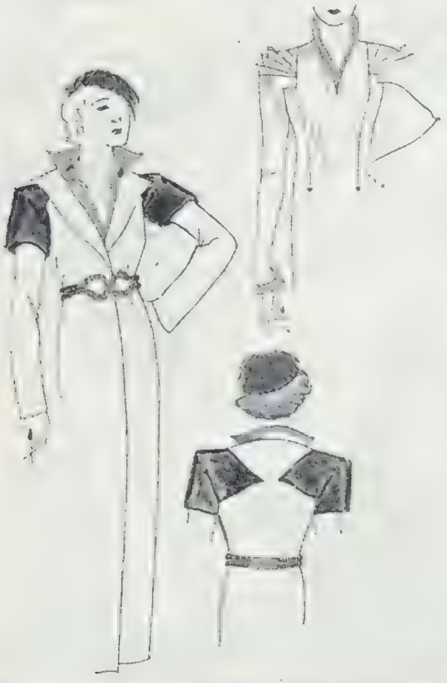


Left:

A LOW square décolleté of heavy silver cloth, worked in flat ribs resembling corduroy, distinguishes this cornflowerblue tulle dress, and is attached to the bodice with heavy silver buttons. Lanvin



ROUGH surfaced grey wool makes this long coat, fitted at the waist and trimmed with black Persian lamb. Ridges of the material give importance to the shoulders. The dress beneath is of a lighter weight grey woollen fabric into which black, white and red dots are woven. Creed.



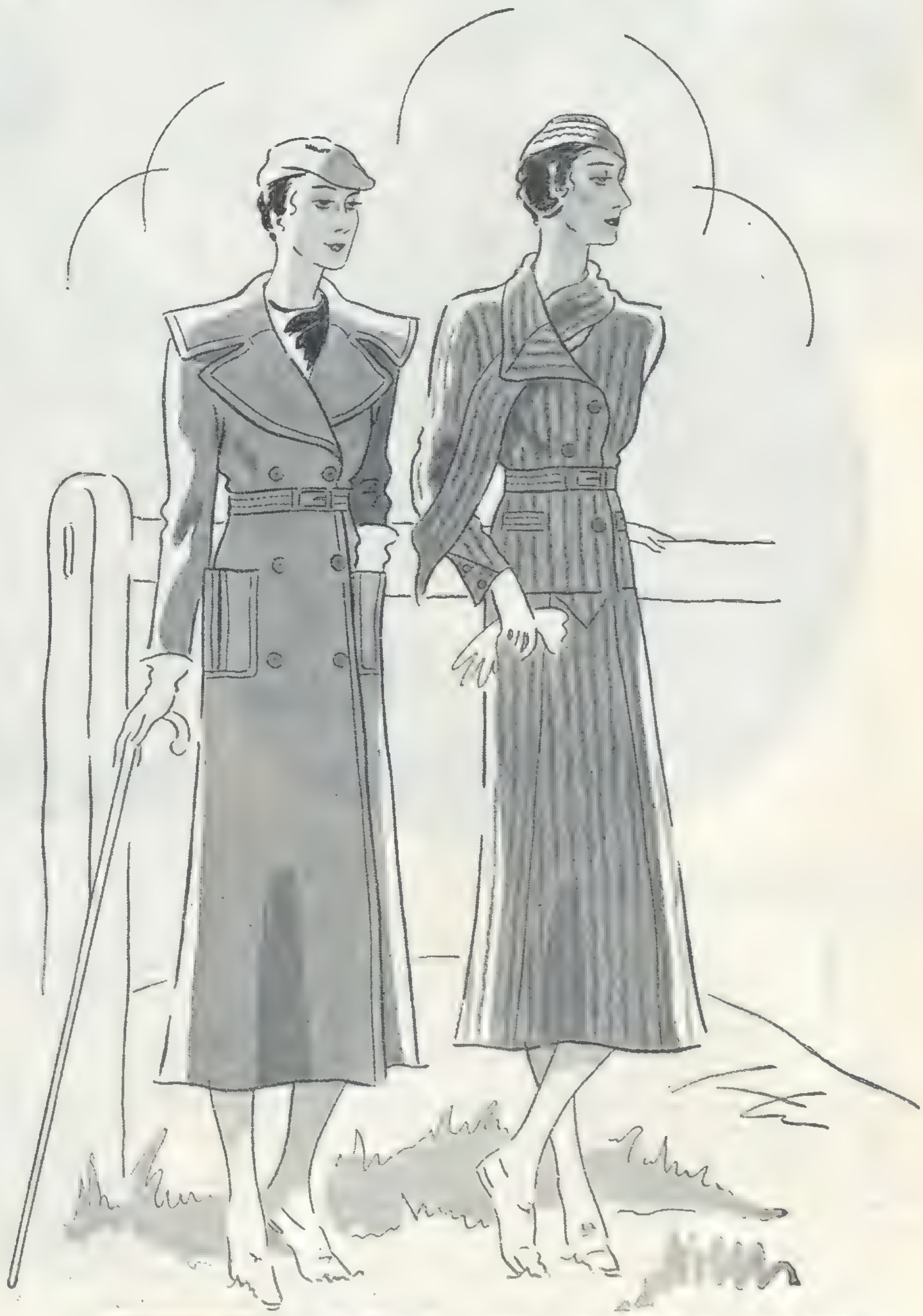
IMPORTANCE is given to the shoulders of this black camel's hair coat by appliqués of satin gaillac. A steel spring fastens the leather belt and the black wool dress beneath has three ridges on the shoulders and white Lastex at the neck and cuffs. Dilkusha.

A brown and oatmeal suit has a loose coat of hand knitting which flares to the hips and a brown skirt. A heavy black cloth coat has shoulder yokes and short over-sleeves of broadtail, while the black dress beneath has a gathered chiffon chemisette and cuffs which turn out to be threaded with invisible elastic. Finished ironing and begone dull hooks and eyes. Then a whole suit of this miraculous material appears. Grey, well cut, it can stretch in every direction without ever losing its shape, nor has it the odour of rubber. Then evening coats of the same material, fuchsia red with a skirt of fuchsia purple and a high fisherman's collar and long sleeves, it is crinkled all over and looks like shirred velvet. A few gowns in stiff faille or taffeta with an early Edwardian air, one fastened at the neck by a cameo and complete with lace handkerchief in a pocket on the skirt.

Then to a small, intensely modern pavilion situated in an old and extremely dilapidated courtyard. Chic woollens, all hand-knitted even to full-length coats cut on Robespierre lines. They fit perfectly and are really tailored and it is almost impossible to believe that homely knitting can be brought to such a level of perfection. Dull green is first favourite with ink blue a good second. Coats if long are fitted and beltless, if short have smart leather belts. Blouses tied at the neck rather than jumpers accompany these costumes, so do oddly shaped scarves of a contrasting colour and small knitted hats which have nothing in common with the shapeless bérets or overshaped dunce's caps of last season.

Large grey salons picked out in gold acanthus leaves of the most conventional French type which house, strangely enough, an English firm whose word is law amongst those who wish to be tailored rather than dressed. Excellent tweeds, speckled and checked. A short brown coat with built-out shoulders and a skirt of striped brown and beige tweed has a patterned yellow cashmere scarf. This material, the same as that used for hunting scarves, is utilised both for blouses and for linings to tweed coats. The coats are either full length or seven-eighths, most of them are fitted and there are few belts. The most popular fur is broadtail and Persian lamb and small hats of these pelts are pulled up and over one eye. One or two models show a waning shoulder interest, the most original being a grey coat with ridges (*Continued on page* 84)

For the English Country



LEATHERCRAFT has designed these two costumes for autumn and early winter wear. The long coat is of brown Harris tweed and has wide lapels which form a storm collar. The coat and skirt is carried out in a brown ribbed woollen material, the collar ends on one side in a scarf and the skirt flares slightly below the knees.

"HISTORICS *and* HISTRIONICS"

"I WAS a Spy": Madeleine Carroll and Herbert Marshall as the British agents working as nurse and orderly in a German hospital behind the lines.

THE ever piquant and blithe Lillian Harvey in "My Lips Betray," a modern version of the Cophetua theme and the first film she made in Hollywood.

ELSA Lanchester as Anne of Cleeves, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," conveys the wit and brusquerie of Anne but hardly fulfils Henry's uncomplimentary description of her as "the Flanders mare."

"THIS is the age of combinations: some are satisfactory and some are not." Thus the curate of a country church attended by a large girls' school at which there had been some internecine dispute about the regulation length of "arms" and "legs" of certain woollen undergarments to which the word combination applied exclusively in the schoolgirl mind. The curate could not guess the reason for the unseemly, unmistakable and irrepressible titter that ran like an incoming wave over the congregation and broke in ripples of overt mirth on the shore of the vanguard pews beneath the pulpit. He was a serious young man and spoke the truth. His sermon was ruined, but his text will serve.

There can be only two means of progression: one through violence, destruction of opposing forces—domination. The other by approach and persuasion—amalgamation. These opposite methods seem to have swayed alternate cycles in the history of mankind. First the conflict, then the combine. Man against man until the formation of a tribe; tribe against tribe until the tribes joined together as a people; class against class until settlement in some social form, with one patriotic front, is reached; nation against nation until—one hopes—ultimate co-ordination. . . . But always a movement in wider and wider circles *towards* universal unison. . . .

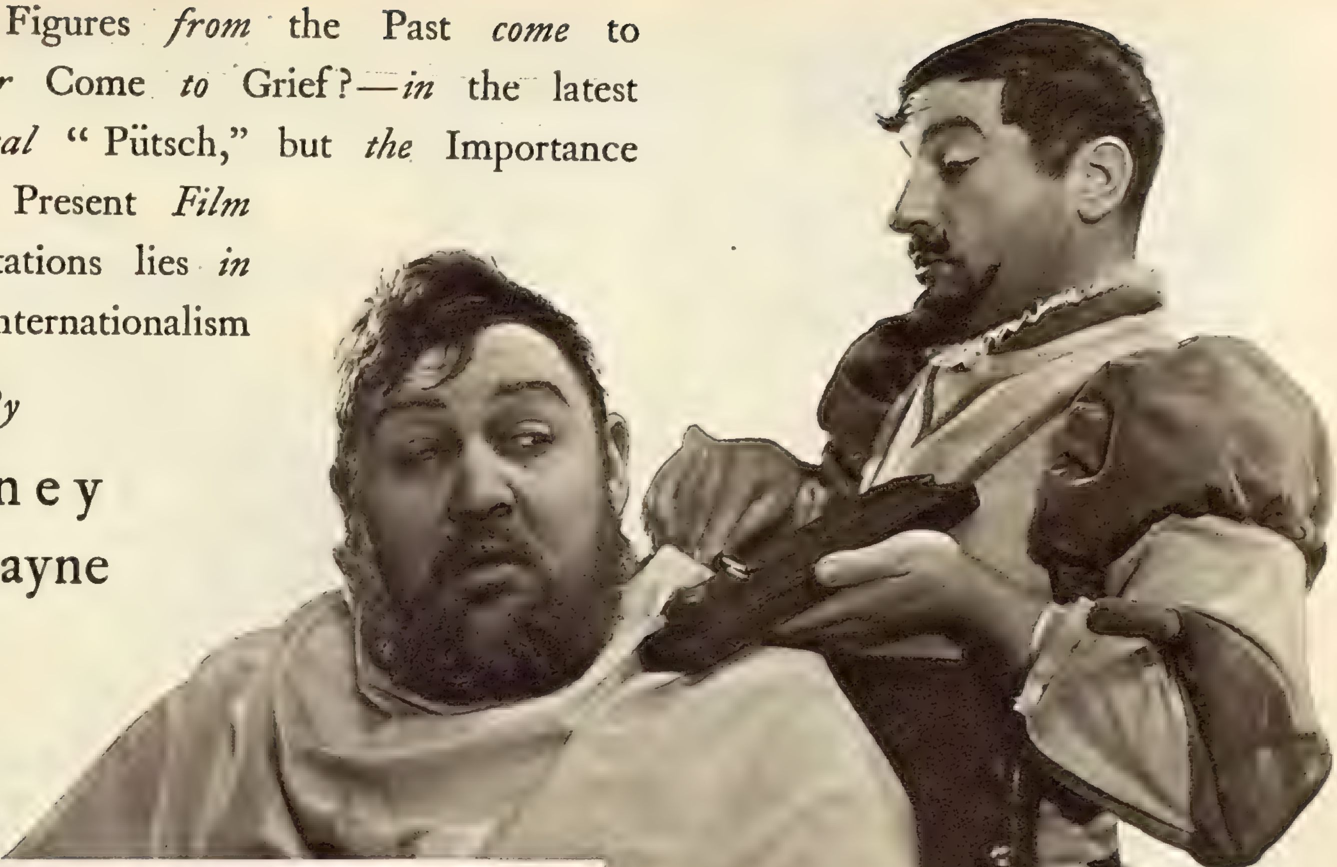
The more advanced thinkers to-day are the idealists, the visionaries, and their visions are of a better and more amicable life on this earth, not, as in the past, acceptance of disgusting conditions here or worse, glorification of hatefulness by such names as patriotism, self-sacrifice, heroism, with the consolatory hope of special favours in some nebulous and cumulus heaven!

But what has all this to do with films? A good deal, I believe. I have already drawn attention to the increasingly international flavour of the cinema. Every month the interchangeability of artists and directors is more marked. Hollywood film companies are even lending their stars to one another now. Surely we approach the millenium of universal brotherhood! If the employment of foreign artists and technicians in our studios means anything, it is an emphasis of the world-wide tendency to expansion and amalgamation and the elimination of territorial

Great Figures *from* the Past *come* to Life—*or* Come *to* Grief?—*in* the latest *Historical* "Pütsch," but *the* Importance of the Present *Film* Manifestations lies *in* their Internationalism

By

Sydney Tremayne



THE inimitable Charles Laughton, whose impersonation of Henry VIII. in the film about that monarch's not so very private life is startlingly authentic, in the hands of his barber, played by Hay Petrie

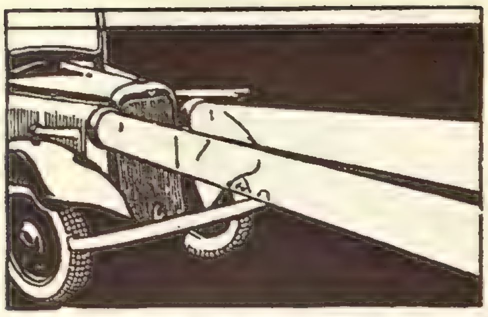
THE execution of Anne Boleyn is one of the opening episodes of "The Private Life of Henry VIII.", and Merle Oberon is well cast as the dark-eyed, tragic Queen

and racial barriers. I do not suggest that Hollywood imports English actors, that we employ American stars and Continental directors, and that Douglas Fairbanks is going to make pictures in England from an altruistic desire to support The League of Nations or promote the political peace of the world. The reasons for interchanges were and are purely commercial and expedient, but these fusions show a growing interdependence and are in response to the broadening of public taste, which does make them significant.

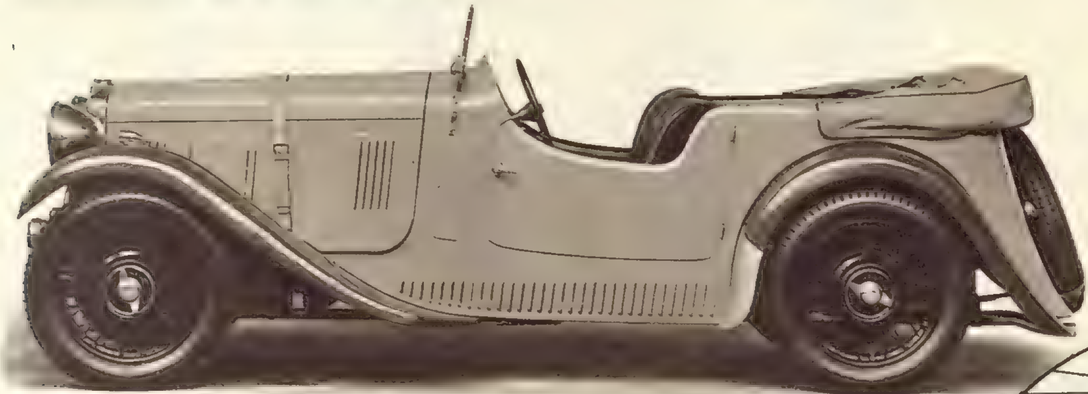
A cursory examination of all the more important films made in England during the last few months discovers in each some foreign element, either in theme, cast, or direction. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is "The Private Life of Henry VIII.", the perfect example of what an historical film should be. The subject is the most indigenous imaginable; whether from the point of view of the reluctant scholar or the ardent student, the gawdy, bawdy Henry represents the very core of English history. There is an English cast, headed by Charles Laughton, whose impersonation of Henry, long before the critics acclaimed it, had been the wonder and talk of every studio-operative since he first stepped on the set in a velvet bonnet! And the picture emanates from the British International Pictures studio, but it is directed, and brilliantly directed, which means accurate perception of insular, historic spirit, by Alexander Korda, who was born in Budapest, was once a director with the U.F.A. Company in Berlin, and afterwards directed for First National Pictures in America. Perhaps Mr. Korda has a natural affinity for the atmosphere which surrounds ruling monarchs and their difficult spouses; he directed the eminently diverting "Helen of Troy."

(Continued on p. 84)

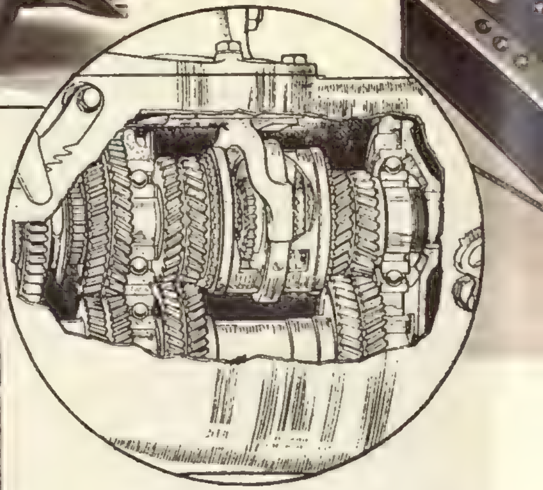
Motoring Developments



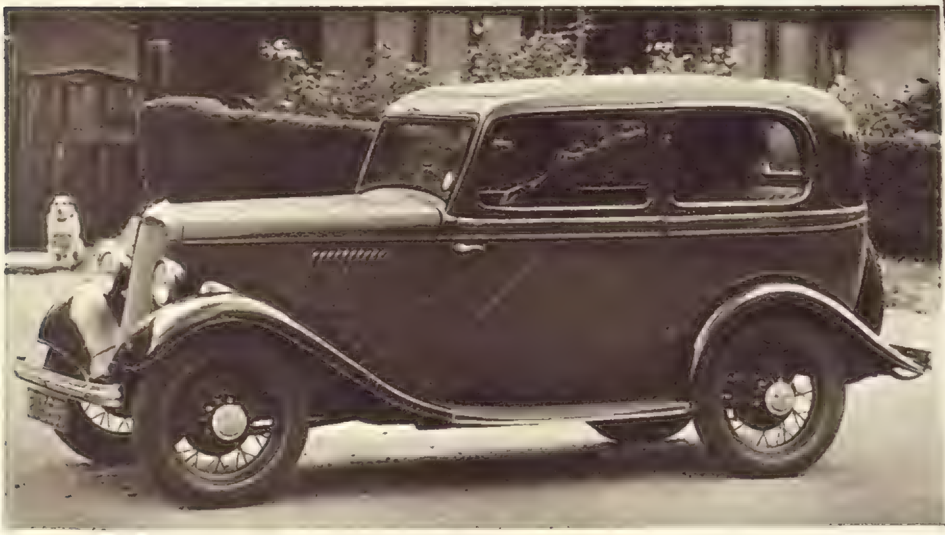
LONG-BEAM lighting (Hillman Minx)



THE vogue for the small sporting open four-seater has grown rapidly to meet the popular demand. Here is the new Morris Ten-Six Special Tourer. It has accommodation for four persons, fitted with synchro-mesh four-speed gear-box, and priced at £230



" THE 'fool-proof' gear-box, in some form or other, will be more widely shown at Olympia this year than ever before." Two views of this improvement as interpreted by the Austin designers. Synchro-mesh gears are standard on the fifty separate and distinct Austin models



(Left)

A STURDY light car. The 8-h.p. Ford, which incorporates transverse springing

It is sometimes difficult, among the scores of individual cars which one may study at the Motor Show, to form any satisfactory opinion as to the broad trend of development affecting cars in general. One is unable, as it were, to see the forest for trees. One notices, here and there, particular features of particular new models; but one is apt to feel rather at a loss if asked, after the usual hurried circuit of the stands: " How does this year's Show strike you on the whole ? "

This is a question, unfortunately, which is invariably shot at anyone who professes more than ordinary interest in motoring; and, for myself, I am already beginning to wonder what the answer should be in regard to the Motor Show of 1933.

Generally speaking, I expect to find that the main tendency at Olympia this year is towards the still greater simplification of the family type of car. By " simplification," I do not, of course, mean that the average chassis is likely to be mechanically less complicated. On the contrary, it seems probable that more and more mechanism will be compressed into the space available. It is the driver, and not the mechanic, who will benefit by the new cult of simplicity.

To take an obvious example, there is no doubt that the " fool-proof " gear-box, in some form or other, will be more widely shown at Olympia this year than ever before. It will, I suspect, be the exceptional car that will not make some provision for the class of driver to whom normal gear-changing is an acknowledged bugbear.

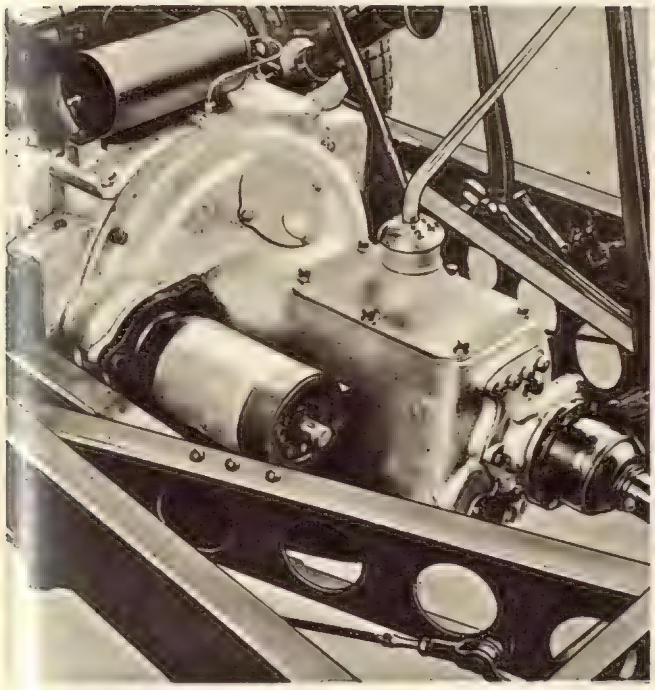
What will be interesting will be to note which of the many easy gear-changing systems secures the greatest number of adherents. I have no doubt that, as has been the case for several years past, the greatest rivalry will be between the Wilson pre-selective and the synchro-mesh types of gear-box. Both, in their several ways, are excellent; both are genuinely fool-proof, and both have increased their following among the manufacturers to a considerable extent during the season that is past.

Honestly, I cannot venture to hazard a guess as to which will carry off the honours at Olympia. The figures, if anyone cares to work them out for the purpose of comparison, are likely to be very even. Less common, but by no means to be neglected, will be the various free-wheeling devices. The free-wheel, as a contribution to easy gear-changing, may be backed, I think, to secure third place.

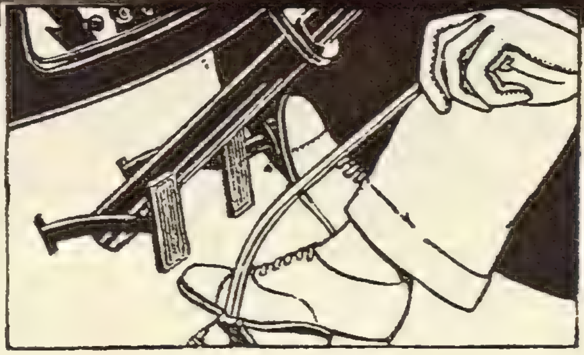
As a further refinement, the fluid flywheel should not be overlooked. This is concerned with gear-changing only inasmuch as it replaces the ordinary friction clutch. Otherwise, its chief virtue is that it renders it absolutely impossible for a driver, be he the veriest novice, to stop his engine unintentionally. It will be fitted—this much is certain—to three well-known makes; and it will not be surprising if its use eventually becomes very much more general.

Motoring Section conducted by The Earl of Cardigan

in 1933



"*THE gear-lever in any form is a control that is destined to disappear entirely." Meanwhile, the clutchless gear-change and free-wheel as adapted to the new Hillman Minx (small sketch on right) is a progressive development*



The Earl of Cardigan takes stock of the latest Driving-made-easy improvements and says goodbye to the Gear-box

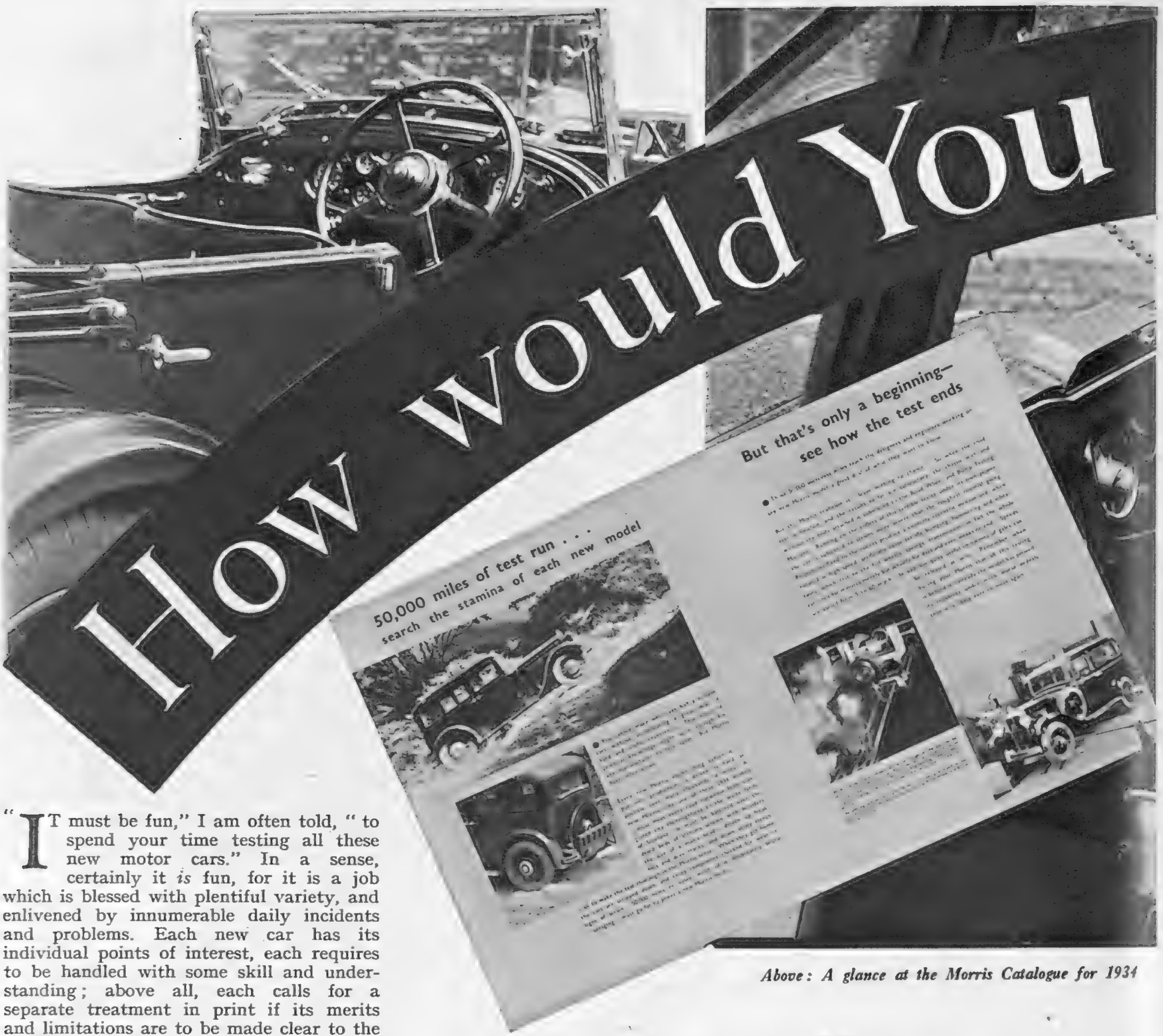
Finally, it is expected that there will be at least one car having gears which are truly "self-changing." This is a term which has been used very loosely in the past, but which I employ now in its strict sense. The car which I have in mind will literally change its own gears, bringing a low or high ratio into action automatically at the appropriate moment. The idea is novel, but by no means extraordinary: indeed, some rough mechanism of the same sort could be devised by anyone, using the principle of the ordinary governor as its basis.

I advise any visitor to the 1933 Motor Show to study carefully the bona fide self-changing type of gear-box. This, or something like it, is, to my way of thinking, the ultimate destination of all gear-box development. Say what one will, gears of the ordinary type are plainly doomed; and I do not think that I am being unduly visionary when I say that the gear-lever, in any form, is a control that is destined to disappear entirely from general use before the motor-car is very many years older. This, at least, is what the trend of design has suggested to me during the last few seasons, and what I think will be suggested even more strongly by the exhibits at Olympia this year.

IT is not, of course, only in regard to gear-boxes that we may look for evidence of this process of simplification. It will be found that engines also are being so built as to call for little or no skilled attention in everyday running. Automatic control of ignition is becoming general, and many cars now have but a single control to provide the correct mixture and throttle setting for easy starting. In some cases, the ignition-switch also operates the starter, so that new motorists may find that, on going to the garage in the morning, they have nothing to do except set one control to the "starting" position and switch the ignition "on." Here again, I foresee many of the auxiliary controls tending to disappear entirely. Speaking of engines, I advise prospective purchasers to make a careful study of what is being done nowadays in and around the 12-h.p. class. Of the many new cars which I have recently driven, I am inclined to think that the 12-h.p. models have been most impressive. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the latest "Twelves" are at least equal in comfort and performance to some of the "Sixteens" which were being built a year or two ago. After a temporary eclipse in favour of somewhat higher horse-powers, 12-h.p. motoring seems likely to return to favour in no uncertain manner.

It is a healthy sign, also, that the modern small engine is generally free from the reproach of being a "buzz-box" type of power unit. Although high "revs" are still employed to secure the desired turn of speed, designers have learned how to eliminate much of the unpleasant sense of "flurry" which one used to (*Continued on page 92*)

How would You


50,000 miles of test run . . . search the stamina of each new model

But that's only a beginning— see how the test ends

Above: A glance at the Morris Catalogue for 1934

If a Hundred Motorists were so questioned, they would give ninety-nine different replies . . .

By The Earl of Cardigan

"IT must be fun," I am often told, "to spend your time testing all these new motor cars." In a sense, certainly it *is* fun, for it is a job which is blessed with plentiful variety, and enlivened by innumerable daily incidents and problems. Each new car has its individual points of interest, each requires to be handled with some skill and understanding; above all, each calls for a separate treatment in print if its merits and limitations are to be made clear to the ordinary reader.

Testing a car, none the less, can be arduous. When one is expressing views for publication, one has to do far more than merely to form a personal opinion. That opinion has to be based on facts. The facts must first be collected; then they must be sorted out. Those which are significant or interesting must be quoted; those which are merely technical must be relegated to the background. Practical criticism may be made, whereas private "fads" must be sternly repressed.

A CAR with good lines always looks well, long after the glory of its paint-work has been dimmed

With this borne in mind, I often wonder how the average person would respond to the query with which this article is headed. "How would *you* test a car?" I have a shrewd idea that, if a hundred motorists were so questioned, they would give ninety-nine different replies!

To take the extremes, I am sure that at least one man would declare, "*I* should concentrate solely on the facts and figures. I should put these before the reader, and I should let him draw his own conclusions."

Another would surely retort, "*I* should cut out the dull facts and figures altogether. I should say honestly what I personally thought. If anyone wanted more, I should refer him or her to the catalogues and specifications."

Test a Car?

Right:
THE Earl of Cardigan at the wheel of a car he is going out to test

Most people, of course, would evolve some sort of compromise. They would, as I do myself, favour a blend between facts and opinion. Where all would differ would be in regard to the extent to which the facts should illustrate opinion, or the opinion interpret facts.

This being so, I feel quite sure that no-one will fully agree with me if I set out my own method of conducting a car test. I make no claim for it, save that, since I follow it habitually, I probably arrive at a fairly just comparison between one car and another. If it is not *the* way of doing the job, it is at least *a* way, and one which seems logical to me.

In the first place, when I take the wheel of a new car, I allow my mind to remain, for half an hour or so, almost completely blank. (Let me forestall my detractors by admitting willingly that this is quite a natural mental state, attained without any effort on my part!) The task of acclimatising myself to an unaccustomed set of controls is carried out more or less subconsciously, as a result of the great amount of practice which I get in this branch of the art of driving.

(This, incidentally, answers a question which I am frequently asked. To drive a different car every day is easy: it is the driving of a strange car at rare intervals which gives rise to difficulty.)

During this "blank" period, I try to let a general impression of the car soak into me. I do not do any "stunt" driving; I just cruise along, as if I were driving my own car on some private errand. Presently, it begins to occur to me that this particular machine has some outstanding quality or other, something which sets it apart from other cars of the same size, price, and power.

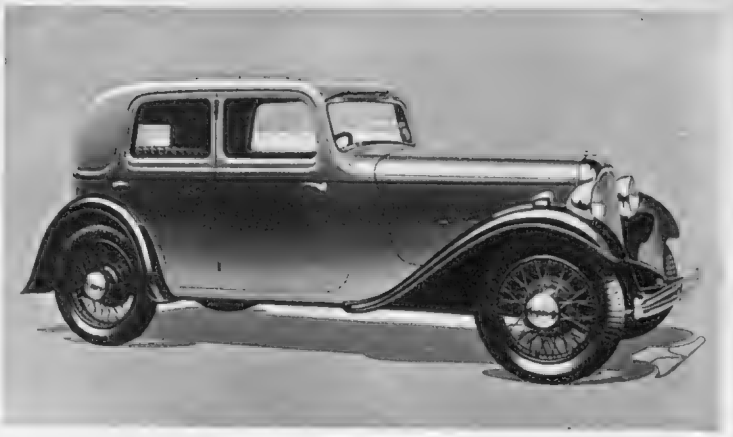
Let us suppose, for instance, that I find myself getting over the ground at an unusually good rate of speed. I then note that I have come across a car which is faster than the majority. This discovery at once gives me the keynote for an article—although, in itself, it may seem trivial enough.

My next object is to ascertain *why* the car impresses me as being fast. Anyone who imagines that this is necessarily due to its high maximum speed is very sadly mistaken. What I call a "fast" car is by no means always one which registers a high figure on its speedometer. I once drove a 10-h.p. car which achieved 75 m.p.h. I did not praise it for its speed capacity. Another, of 12 h.p., which I commended for its road performance, reached its limit at a bare 60 m.p.h. There was no inconsistency in my summing up of these two cars. Any owner would have agreed that, in the long run, it was the latter which was better able to get from point to point in creditable time.

More often than not, my analysis of a "fast" car leads me to a very different conclusion. It seems fast because its comfortable cruising speed is high. Its cruising speed is high because its engine is able to turn over at high "revs." without giving rise to unpleasant vibration. Its engine is vibrationless for some good reason, which I may perhaps be able to unearth.

There may, of course, be other reasons for a car appearing to be faster than the average. I recently drove an 18-h.p. car which reached a bare 68 m.p.h. Another, of 20 h.p., with an equally smooth-running engine, took me well over the 70 m.p.h. mark. To me, the former car was the faster—in this case because it "held the road" so much the better. The "Twenty" almost frightened me when it exceeded 60 m.p.h.; whereas the "Eighteen" was so "confidential" that one could drive it almost up to its maximum with one hand on the wheel.

If a car strikes me as "fast" because of its good road-holding, I at once try to discover just why it holds the road so well. Sometimes, I may find that the springing at high speed is particularly good. Alternatively, it may be the steering which conveys that pleasing sense of confidence. (*Continued on p.* 83)



Atherstone
Sutton Coldfield
Erdington
Nuneaton
Coleshill
Fillongley
Stonebridge
Stourbridge
Hagley
Halesowen
BIRMINGHAM
Rubery
Kidderminster
Stourport
Droitwich
Bromsgrove
Wythall Heath
Hockley Heath
Redditch
Headless Cross
Henley in Arden
Kenilworth
COVENTRY
Stoneleigh
LEAMINGTON
WARWICK
Inkberrow
Alcester
Stratford on Avon
Ettington
Norton
Evesham
Mickleton
Shipston on-Stour
Broadway
Chipping Campden
Winchcombe
Hinckley
Sharnford
Wolvey
Cross in Hand
Lutterworth
Husbands Bosworth
North Kilworth
Naseby
RUGBY
Thornby
Lamport
Dunchurch
Kilsby
West Haddon
Blue Boar
Wellingborough
Narborough
Shilton

New CARS for

INTERESTING though it may be, from a detached point of view, to study the general trend of development among the cars shown at Olympia, there is no doubt that—for many thousands of people—far greater importance attaches to the precise features of the leading individual models. A few enthusiasts may visit the Motor Show, inspired by a genuine appreciation of modern motoring progress; the vast majority, more naively, make their annual pilgrimage to discover whether the 12-h.p. X—— or the 11.9-h.p. Y—— is offering the best value in the £200 class.

Since, when all is said and done, the motor-car nowadays is essentially a utilitarian vehicle, there are good grounds for this strictly practical outlook. The great difficulty, when one descends from the general to the particular, however, is to know which of the many makes exhibited at Olympia one can afford to neglect. There are so many which are attractive as to price, or at least as to the value they offer for one's money, and so few which are lacking in attractive features of some sort or other.

For example, although few of us will be able to afford to place an order, it will be hard to refrain from a glance at the Rolls-Royce and Bentley stands en route for those better attuned to depleted purses. This year we are promised a new Bentley model—the first since the recent reorganisation of the Bentley Company. Only the ultra-strongminded will be able to pass by without giving this newcomer the "once over."

Curiosity will be intensified, no doubt, by the care with which all details of the new car have hitherto been kept secret. Up to the appointed moment, all that can be known with certainty is that a new Bentley model exists, that it is the result of two years of experiment and thought, and that it is designed for a leading place in the sports-model class.

For the practical family man, of course, there will be few centres at Olympia of greater interest than the Austin Company's stand. The cars displayed will represent selections from an immense range of vehicles, comprising seven distinct models, apart from the several special sporting types. In all, there are no fewer than fifty distinct varieties of the Austin car included in the firm's programme for the coming season!

Obviously, it is hardly possible to study in detail so many different or slightly different models of a single make, so that only a very brief survey can be attempted here. It is evidence of the great popularity of the 12-h.p. car that no fewer than three standard 12-h.p. types are listed—the Twelve-Four, the Light Twelve-Four, and the Light Twelve-Six. The justly popular "Seven" is, of course, retained, together with the more recent, but now well-established, "Ten-Four." The Austin Sixteen caters for the medium-power motorist, and the Twenty still "tops the bill" as a car of comfortable size and ample power. On these the fifty varieties are based.

Throughout the Austin range, it will be found that slight increases have been made in price; but it is soon apparent that these are more than counterbalanced by the many improvements both in design and in equipment. The lowest figure now quoted in the price list is £105, and the highest £595.

The chief improvement, from the average driver's point of view, is undoubtedly the fitting of synchro-mesh gear-boxes to all models. The effect of this, simply expressed, is that in future no Austin owner will be able to make a "crash" change, however amateurish

THIS handsome special coupé, seating five, is among the attractive six-cylinder Cowleys listed for 1934. Available in a wide choice of colour-schemes, it is priced at £265

(Bottom right)
THE Standard Saloon Vauxhall 12-h.p. light "Six," available in a wide range of colour and upholstery options. Price £195. Flush-fitting sliding roof, £5 extra

(Below)
THE Hillman Minx Saloon for 1934. Despite augmented equipment, there has been no increase in the price, which remains at £159

(Left)
THE Austin Twelve-Six Greyhound Sports Saloon will appeal to those who desire a fast saloon car. The upholstery is of finest hide or moquette. Price £305

THIS Austin Sixteen Carlton Long - Wheelbase Saloon should prove a popular model at £328. It is available with either a 16- or 18-h.p. engine

1934

By The Earl of Cardigan

his methods, between his third and top gears. This should result in a greater use of third gears for hill climbing with consequent improvement in performance.

ANOTHER important feature of the 1934 programme is that alternative engines are available in certain instances. Thus, for those who prefer it, an 18-h.p. engine can be fitted to the Sixteen chassis, for which substitution no extra charge is made. Similarly, to the Light Twelve-Six chassis either a 14- or 16-h.p. engine can be fitted (paradoxically, not a 12-h.p. one). The result is that the owner who does not mind paying an extra £2 a year in tax can secure, at the ordinary price, additional power for either of these two models.

There are many other attractive features, but the essence of the Austin programme should be already evident. The aim is to provide an Austin car, of whatever type may be desired, for every class of purchaser between the £100 and the £600 man. Certainly, this object has been pursued with a quite remarkable degree of thoroughness.

Another firm which is exhibiting a wide and most attractive range of cars is the Humber - Hillman combine. The two extremes here are the 24-h.p. Humber Snipe at one end of the scale, and the 10-h.p. Hillman Minx at the other. The latter is one of the most popular of small cars, and has been considerably improved for the 1934 season, without any corresponding increase being made in its price.

Here again we find that easier gear-changing is one of the chief attractions of the new models. The Minx now has a free-wheel device added to its four-speed gear-box. The effect of this is that any gear can be engaged with perfect ease at any moment. In addition, the car is enabled, when desired, to coast silently down hills, the engine being automatically re-engaged as soon as the throttle is opened. Where very steep hills are encountered, however, it is possible to " fix " the free-wheel and use the engine to retard the car in the normal manner.

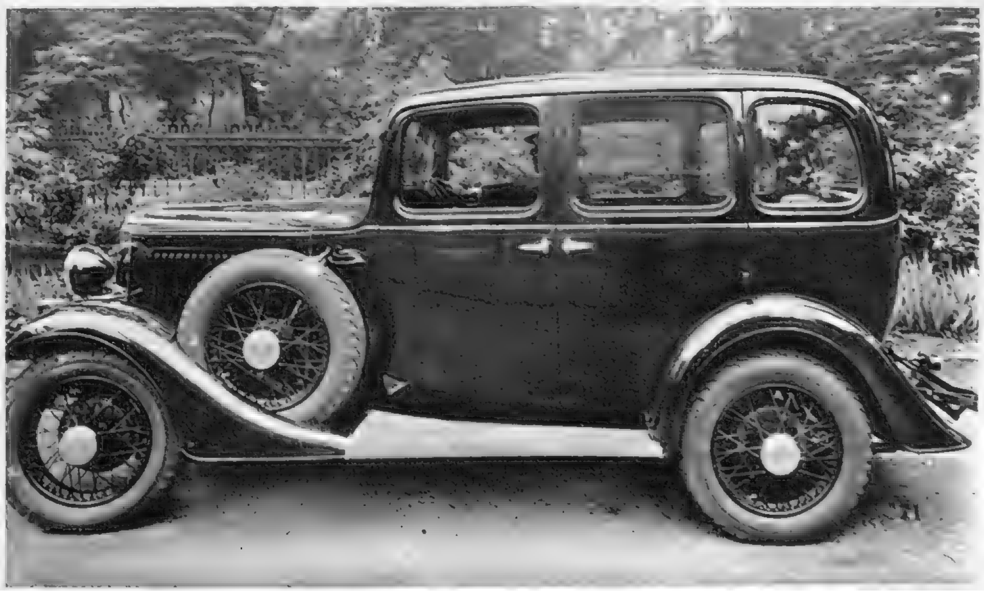
The braking has been made more progressive — a good point, this—and the equipment of all models has been improved. Provision is even made for the installation of a Philco wireless set by those who would appreciate such a luxury. There is no doubt that the family saloon, at its original price of £159, must now be regarded as an even better proposition than before.

Turning to the Morris stand—always one of the great focal points at Olympia, we shall again find a very wide range of 1934 models, here almost bewildering in their variety. The big " 25 " Morris Six must be noted, priced very modestly indeed at less than £400. Next comes the Isis, an 18-h.p. car of comfortable size. Then the ever-popular Oxford, now a 16-h.p. " six." It is easy to predict that the new Oxford saloon, at less than £300, will enjoy more than ordinary success.

This year, there are two Cowley models. One is a 15-h.p. " six," selling at just over £200; the other a 12-h.p. " four," representing exceptional value just under the £200 mark. There are also two Morris " Tens." One of these is a " Ten-Six," which incurs a £12 tax; the other is an orthodox " Ten-Four." Finally, there is the familiar Morris Minor, a little 8-h.p. car, having six body styles, ranging in price from £110 upward.

Needless to say, many improvements have been made, even to models already firmly established in favour. Every Morris car is now fitted with a gear-box of the synchro-mesh type, providing an absolutely silent and easy change, up or down, between top and third gear. This species of " fool-proof " gear-box is one to be commended, since it is entirely normal in operation, and gives the driver nothing new to learn.

A further refinement to the three largest Morris models is an automatic clutch control, whereby the driver can dispense with the use of his clutch pedal. All Morris models, moreover, are now fitted with hydraulic braking, of a type which is notable both for its efficiency and also for its smoothness. Except for the Minor, automatic ignition control is likewise provided throughout the entire range. Altogether, no effort has been spared to give greater satisfaction than ever to all new purchasers of Morris cars. Where first-rate value for money is concerned, *(Continued on page 92)*



BOOKS

The Threat *of a* New War —The Legacy *of the* Last

BEVERLEY NICHOLS, Author of "Cry Havoc!"

J. B. MORTON, Author of "Morton's Folly"

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

It is easy to guess that Mr. Beverley Nichols might be hurt by the suggestion that he is, presumably, growing older. But at least one can hasten to console him with the assurance that he shows few signs of growing up. His ingenuousness, conscious and unconscious, persists; and it is a mercy that it does, for otherwise he would not have written *Cry Havoc!* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) in precisely the form in which he has written it. As it stands, it is a valuable book, in the sense that, very likely, it will do good. Mr. Nichols has fervour—the kind that is made up of simplicity and innocence and a vision of himself slaying Goliath with a pebble. It is, I repeat, fortunate that he is as he is, for his book was well worth writing. A little delay, the first autumn tints on the tree of knowledge, the first frosts of cynicism——But we are alarming ourselves unduly. Mr. Nichols is evergreen, his liquid notes will still be gurgling in December.

As most people are aware, he is a pacifist. With all the energy at his command—and it is considerable—he has set himself to discover, as far as he can, and to explain, as simply as he can, the extent and nature of the danger of war in Europe. Though you are probably far from happy about armaments and the power of the armament interests, you will be, I think, profoundly shaken and shocked by the very definite information provided by Mr. Nichols. The hideous perfection, the ghastly scope of the preparations for war now being made by all countries, are only equalled by the flimsiness and paucity of the measures of defence discovered by the author in England. It is a comparatively old story—the destructive potentialities of the aeroplane and the extreme difficulties of countering them—but it does not grow any more comforting with time. The civilised world could probably be wiped out to-morrow—yes, or to-day—its population asphyxiated, its cities burned. Everything is ready and waiting for the first lunatic to let off a rifle or laugh at a flag.

Mr. Nichols does not exaggerate. There was no need, no temptation even, for him to do so. The case, like the danger, is so strong. The author states the case as clearly and simply as possible, and if the reader feels at times that he is being addressed in words of one syllable, he will be glad to suffer in so good a cause. But it is, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Nichols did not leave his facts to speak for themselves. The last eighty pages of the book, which are devoted to argument and summary, shout down the dreadful words which precede them. Mr. Nichols' voice, always rather shrill, becomes even shriller in argument.

He is not a master of argument. For instance, he seems to think that he will shock his readers by attacking nationalism, but the only thing they will be shocked at is the inadequacy of his statement of a powerful case. They may also wonder why a writer who clings so anxiously to his youth should treat his readers as if they were still in prams. But when they have laid the book aside, they will remember the conviction and sincerity of the first nine or ten chapters, and realise, as the author meant them to do, the kind of world in which they are living. Mr. Nichols may have done a real service to his country and to the world. It is possible, too, that had he been a better writer he would not have done the job so effectively. "Shakespeare, whose starry words will always sparkle on the world's pages, as long as there is a wind to ruffle them"—this kind of stuff (and there is plenty of it) will actually impress many people more deeply than the logic of an Angell.

It is easy to understand that the public, threatened with imminent destruction, may be glad of a little distraction. But how strange that it should still have a stomach for the *Prisoner of Zenda* type of romance, for gay cavalry officers with lovely uniforms and ladies, in an unspecified mid-European setting! Rupert and Mr. Rassendyll and Colonel Sapt and Michael—even in the old days one didn't believe that life was quite as they lived it. But they, at least, were created before we had had our noses rubbed in the filth and stench of War, and their creator had a firm hand. *City of the Rose*, by Anthony Richardson (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), is a rehash of the Zenda ingredients. They are all there, the officers, the uniforms, the supper parties, the plotters, the incredible codes of honour, the duels, the vaguely Balkan setting. But who on earth wants them now? A firm and skilful hand might make something of them, perhaps, but Mr. Richardson's hand is neither firm nor adroit. It is not nearly quick enough to deceive the post-war eye. Perhaps that jaundiced optic is no longer capable of deception, even by a Hope or a Seton Merriman.

You might think, as you read Dr. Otto Ernst's *Kings in Exile* (Jarrolds, 18s.), that all the throneless Royalties, ex-Kings, ex-Queens, and Heirs-to-nothing-apparent, were so many obstacles out of the path of progressive Democracy. You might think, the author seems to wish you to think, that Princes at the worst are mischief makers, at the best decadent nonentities, and that they simply are not good enough for the modern world. It must be comforting to be able to believe in the great forward march of Mankind towards Liberty, Honesty, and Brotherly Love. Unfortunately, Dr. Ernst does not succeed in obliterating all recollection of Mr. Nichols. England, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Norway and Sweden—are these the countries which are imperilling the peace of the world to-day? Germany, Russia, Ireland, to name only three —are these overflowing with human (*Continued on page 84*)

O. S. MACDONELL, *author of "George Ashbury"*

Four Novels

"George Ashbury": *by O. S. Macdonell*
(Selwyn & Blount, 7s. 6d.)

"Cloud Howe": *by Lewis Grassic Gibbon*
(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

"Hot House": *by G. E. Trevelyan*
(Secker, 7s. 6d.)

"Missing": *by F. E. Mills Young*
(Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

THE first two novels both have their scenes laid in the northern part of our island. *George Ashbury* is a tale of fugitives and smugglers in the Lakeland district, a hundred years ago and more. Mr. Macdonell, who has not previously written a novel, has produced quite an exciting, workmanlike affair. Mr. Gibbon is already known. On the appearance of the first volume of his trilogy *A Scots Quair* (this new novel is the second volume) he was hailed as the biggest man to emerge from modern Scotland, and compared with Burns and Sigrid Undset. The undoubted power of his work is marred, most unfortunately, by the pronounced and never varying rhythm of his prose. If once your ear notices the steady cadence, you will find difficulty in ignoring it and even in continuing your perusal of the book. Such insensitiveness is rare in writers. In the case of a good writer, it is doubly regrettable.

MISS TREVELYAN'S story of a women's college at Oxford is also a clever book, and also very difficult to read. The prose here, instead of being hurdy-gurdy, is a series of gasps and wriggles. None of the characters is very vivid. There is a well-meaning girl called Enid, but surely she wouldn't be tolerated, even at Oxford. The principal character, a girl called Mina, has no discoverable purpose or power of reasoning, and is hard to distinguish from a lunatic. In the end, she apparently commits suicide. As Enid says, "I do wish somebody else would do it." Enid, dear little woman, is growing up at last. *Missing* contains more improbabilities to the square inch than one would have thought possible. The interest of the story lies in the psychological state of the hero. Wishing to mystify her readers, Miss Mills Young keeps his mentality wrapped in obscurity. She has given us a mystery with no key.

Odd Volumes

"Buck's Book": *by Herbert Buckmaster*

(Grayson, 15s.)

THE author of this autobiography, while still of schoolboy age, fought in the Boer War. During the European War, he served with the Blues. He has been the husband of two famous actresses, and the founder of more than one famous club. For something like a quarter of a century he has been one of the best known and most popular of men about town. He has met everybody, and speedily become friends with most of the people he has met. Are these qualities sufficient to justify autobiography? Undoubtedly. Some of the most valuable social documents in existence have been written by men like Captain Buckmaster. In only one respect does he differ from them. They have, usually, been malicious. He never has a bad word to say about anyone.

Captain HERBERT BUCKMASTER

"A Garden by the Avon": *by Muriel Marston* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY again, but of a different kind. Mrs. Marston writes of herself in the sole capacity of gardener; and indeed she is sometimes invisible against the variegated background of her herbaceous border. To enjoy her pleasant volume, one has merely to be a garden lover. If you can honestly describe yourself as such, Mrs. Marston will be pleased to see you, and you will feel completely at home.

"Morton's Folly": *by J. B. Morton* (Sheed & Ward, 6s.)

HERE is a companion volume to Beachcomber's *By the Way*. Here, in Mr. Morton's text and Mr. Nicholas Bentley's drawings, you will meet Lady Cabstanleigh, Captain Screaming, M.F.H., Roland Milk, Dr. Strabismus of Utrecht, Mrs. Wretch and other old friends. If they are not your old friends, you will be well advised to make their acquaintance without delay. Or, as Prodnose would say, now. Do not miss the Dictionary at the end, or fail to realise the full and beautiful significance of "*Win*: Obsolete word meaning win through."

Madam, *did you* Know . . . ?

Useful hints for the housewife

YOU should not moisten your lampshades at all when cleaning them? Unless they are of glass or like substance there is a risk of them warping in some way—the smallest shrinking or stretching in one part would ruin the "set." Parchment or its imitation can be cleaned with gum rubber—bought at a shop where artists' materials are stocked. "Dry" clean those lampshades made of fabrics.

GUM rubber, bought where artists' materials are sold, will clean your parchment lampshades

LAST year's fur gloves can be cleaned at home? For white fur linings use warm powdered magnesia. Turn the glove inside out and rub in the powder with the tips of the fingers, then brush it out. For dark fur use warm bran or warm silver sand, get a brush for removing this also for gloves are too tender to be beaten with a stick. Use a metal comb for the fur, but comb gently. Never dry the gloves in front of the fire when they are wet; hang them in an airy place to dry, then comb them.

LAST year's fur gloves can be cleaned at home with powdered magnesia, silver sand or bran—each one warm

DID you know that a wall fitment for gas can be made in each room in the same way as an electric power point and portable radiators, kettles and boiling rings plugged in as required? There is a special safety device in the fitment whereby as soon as the connection is removed the supply of gas is automatically cut off. The illustration shows a very much improved model of the old type of gas ring; it will hold quite a large kettle or saucepan with absolute safety.

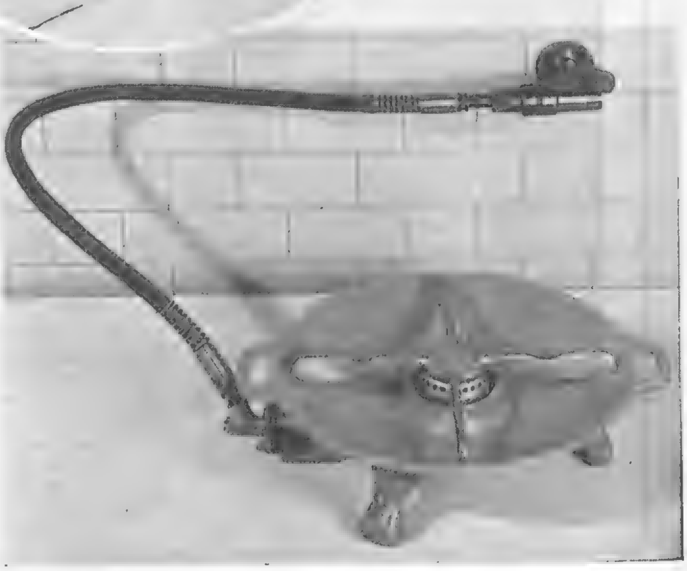
WHEN you are taking out a stain you should start at the outside and work inwards, as this prevents the moisture from spreading the stain? It is also said that a little salt in the petrol will prevent that "water" mark round the edge—but I have only a friend's word for that tip. Always have an absorbent pad of some sort underneath the stain before you begin operations; this saves much spreading of moisture. Did you know, too, that a slightly soiled scarf or other delicate fabric can be cleaned if powdered magnesia is rolled up in it and left for several days?

THAT October 31st is All-Hallows E'en and that it is an excuse for a very jolly and unusual party? Apart from the usual games like bob-apple and popping chestnuts, half the fun is in the amusing decorations. You can let yourself go with pumpkins and witches and cats and ghosts, and invitation cards can be bought with these on them. But be sure you welcome your guests in the dim entrance with candles burning in scooped out turnips—the light shining through holes made for the eyes and mouth.

YOU can remove the ink stains from your new light leather chair—supposing someone has shaken their fountain-pen over it, as they did over mine? Make a protection round the mark with an absorbent cloth and make a solution by dissolving three pinches of oxalic acid with warm water. Dab this on the stain and then rinse it off in the same way—by dabbing. Polish with a cream after you have dried it thoroughly. This method can also be adopted to remove the stain from any hide, but in some cases you will need a coloured cream to restore the tone.

Left:
PLACE an absorbent pad underneath any stain you are about to remove and start cleaning from the outside, working to the centre of the stain

Below:
THE new type of gas ring showing the wall fitment where any portable gas appliance can be plugged in



What I have Bought *this* Month

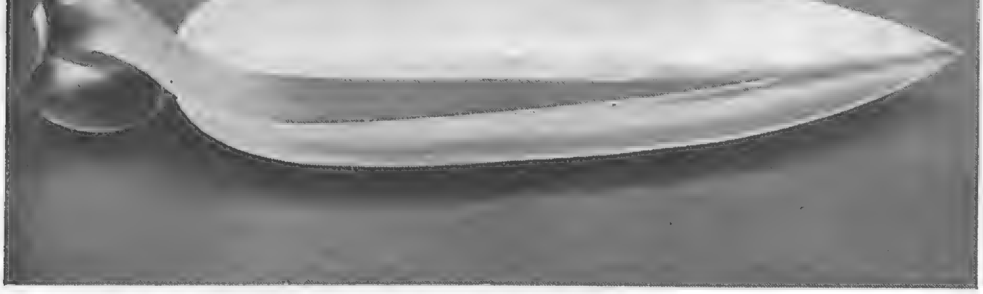
THE Dalmatian on this letter-rack and matchbox is hand painted. Both are obtainable with paintings of almost every breed of dog, and any not in stock can be specially ordered. The letter-rack is 9/6 and the matchbox 6/6. The Baby Seal paperweight is made of solid metal covered with seal fur and is 4/11

HERE is one of the newest belts made of black suède lined and piped with white kid, price 15/9. The black and white beaded evening bag is fitted with a mirror and costs 20/-

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. A stamped post-card must be enclosed for a reply.

GAUNTLET gloves made of selected real goat skin, washable and hand-sewn, represent remarkable value at 12/9 per pair. They are made in an attractive off-white shade

HANDBAGS with matching scarves are indispensable accessories this season, and this charming set in a new woollen material in two contrasting shades costs only 21/9

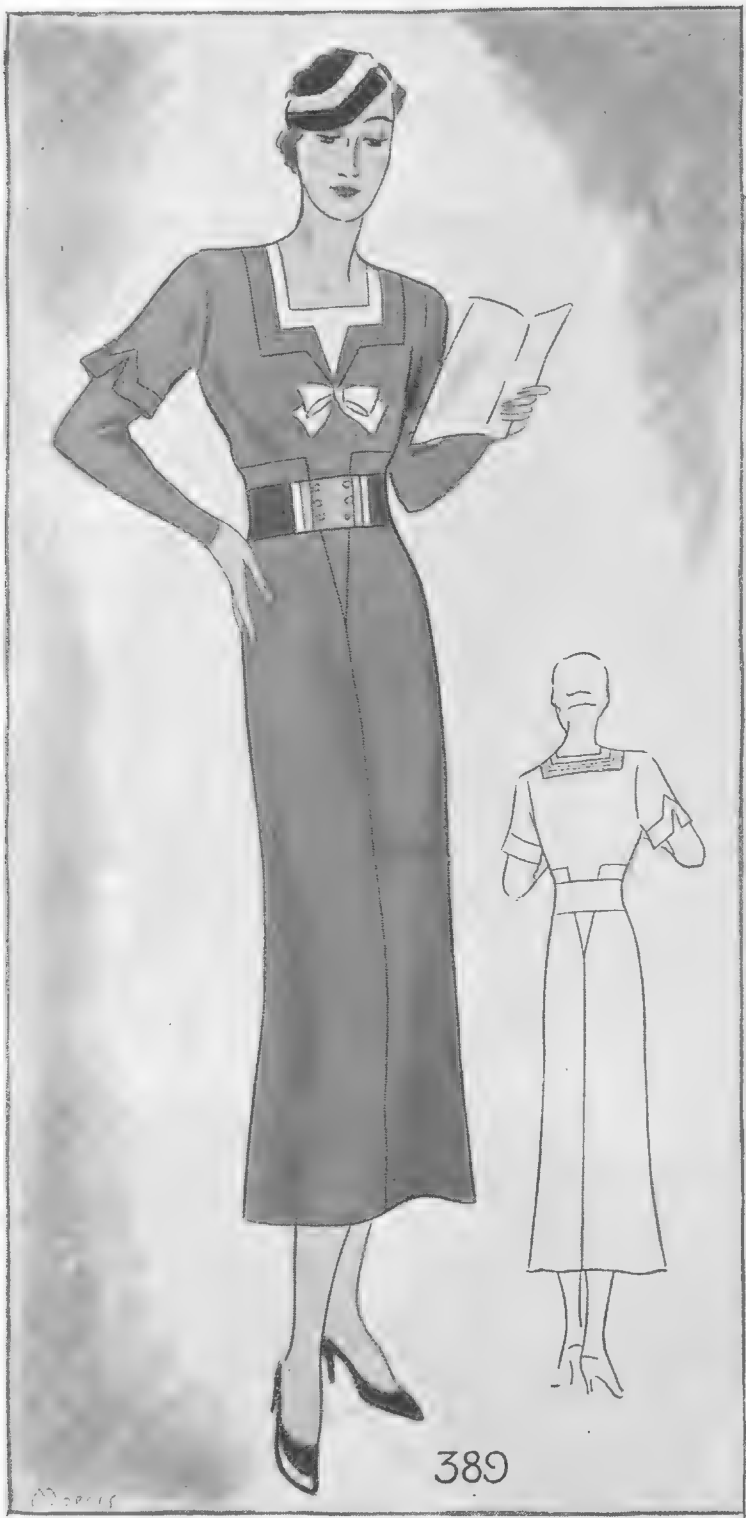


SANDWICHES will look really appetising when arranged on this novel chromium sandwich tray, and its weapon-like appearance is guaranteed to clear the way when handing it round at a crowded cocktail party! Price 39/6

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

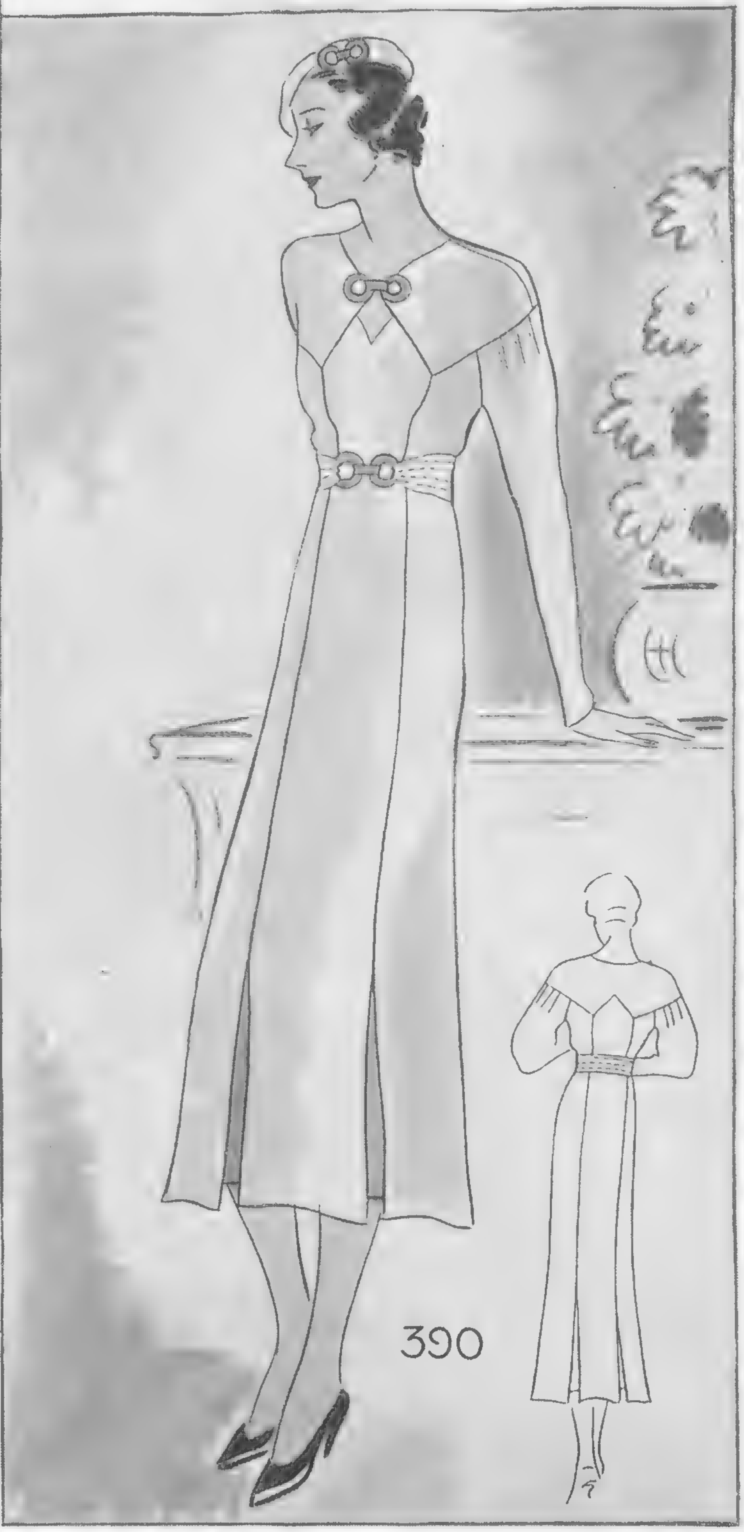
How to Buy

THE patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.



389

389. Navy blue is always smart and the white piqué front and jaunty little bow give just the necessary contrast to this useful frock. Note the interesting sleeves, showing how the fullness has now dropped below the shoulder line. A wide scarlet belt is placed at the normal waist line. 3 yards of 54 in. woollen material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of piqué are required. Price 1/-

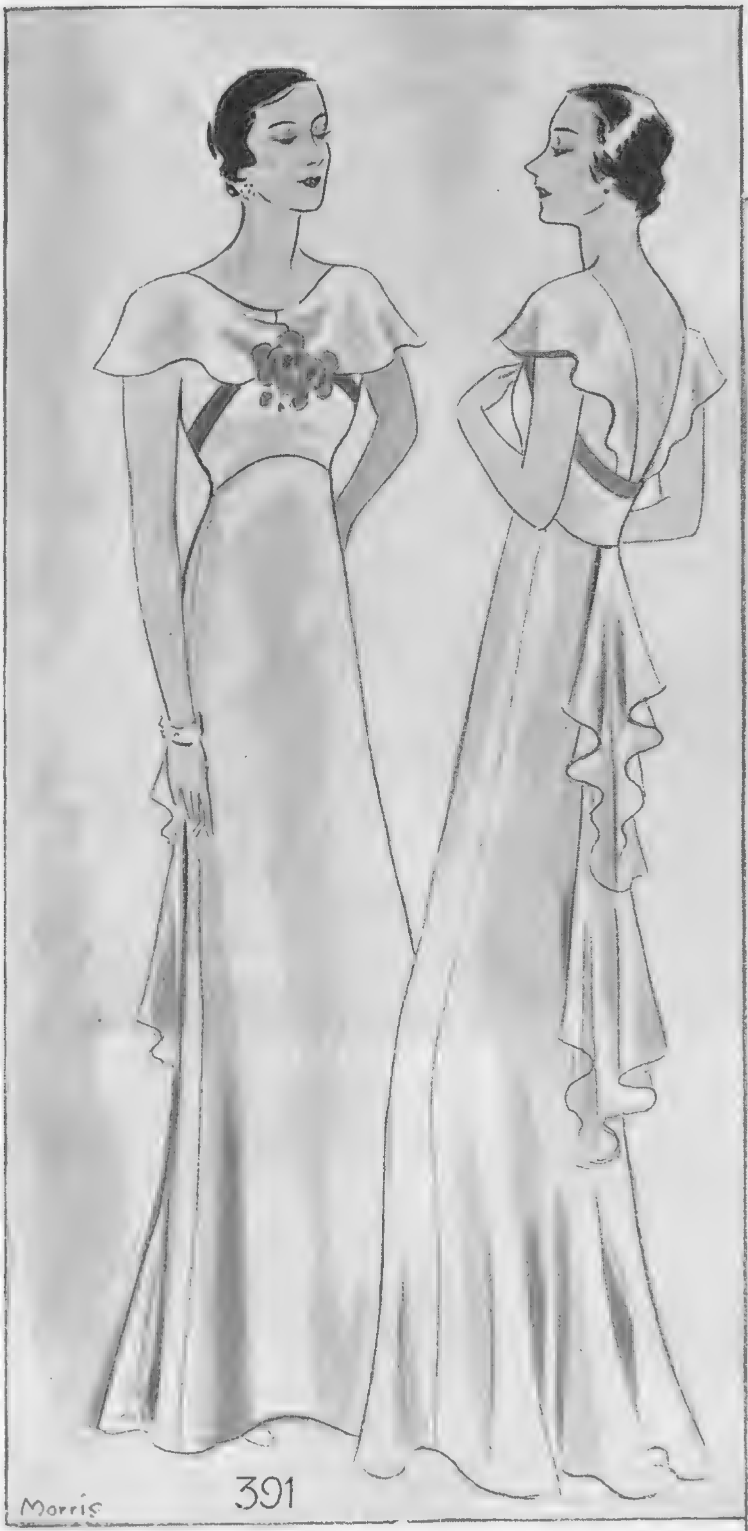


390

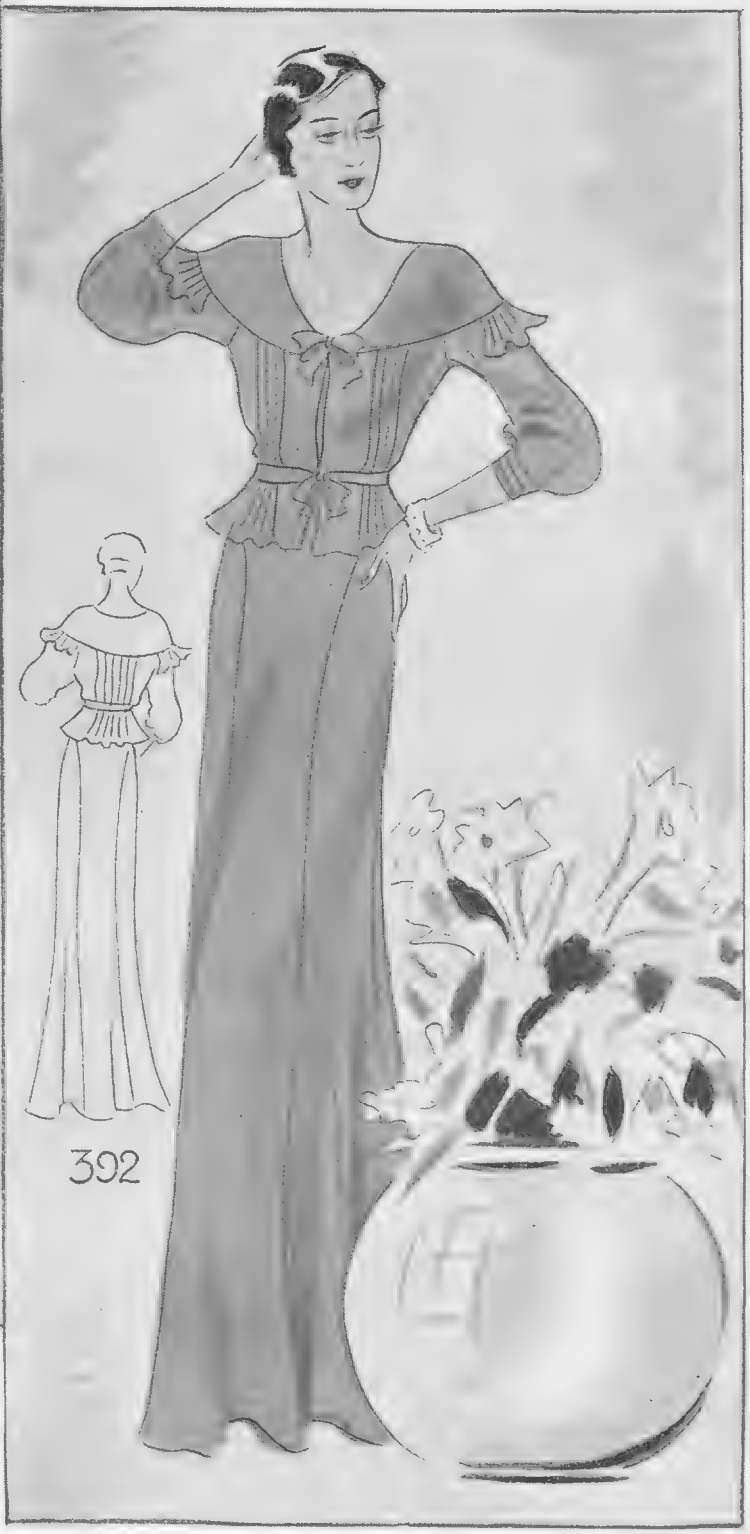
390. The off-shoulder yoke is a very definite feature of the new mode and is here shown to advantage in a simple but extremely smart little dress of grey woollen material. Inverted pleats are another characteristic of the new line. The stitched belt is of self material and the sole trimming consists of metal or scarlet clips. $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54 in. material are required. Price 1/-

for the HOME DRESSMAKER

Four charming autumn frocks which can easily be made by the amateur



391. An evening gown of pink satin closely moulds the figure and has its fullness concentrated at the back. The neck line, high in front and low at the back, is typical of the new trend, as also are the bands of deep rose velvet ribbon and the bunch of roses placed at the bosom. 5⅝ yards of satin are required. Price 1/-



392. Georgette, in the lovely new ink blue shade which promises to be one of the most successful colours of the coming season, has been chosen for this charming dinner dress. The little coatee has a flared basque, achieved by pleats which are ironed out at the hem. 6½ yards of georgette are required. Price 1/-

RICE and raisins served with black currant sauce makes an extremely good sweet

Novel trimmings can add interest to many old favourites in the culinary world

JAMS and fruit juices make pleasant sauces which add to the enjoyment of our favourite puddings

Sweet Sauces *for* PUDDINGS

By A. H. Adair

THIS little collection of recipes has been arranged with the view to adding to the enjoyment of old favourites. Most people have a precious collection of recipes for puddings, most of which are extremely good. Whether steamed, boiled or baked, these puddings have a very important place on English menus and it would be very hard to beat them.

On the other hand, we can easily tire of the things we are most accustomed to, and these sauces, therefore, may help to revive our interest; and like a little touch of fresh trimming to a treasured old hat—if old hats *are* ever treasured!—reconcile us to something we might otherwise be tempted to despise.

Lemon Sauce

Rub six lumps of sugar over the outside of a lemon so that they are well flavoured, leaving no outer rind on the lemon, and dissolve them in a tumblerful of boiling water. Meanwhile mix to a smooth paste one tablespoonful of cornflour with cold water, put this into a small saucepan and add the sweetened water little by little until you have a smooth sauce. Bring to the boil gently, adding the strained juice of the lemon, also a tablespoonful of port. See that the sauce is smooth and sweet enough before serving.

This sauce is a good accompaniment to sweet suet puddings, provided that the crust is a really light one. The modern housewife is always sure of achieving this by using Atora shredded suet, for there is no question of the suet varying in quality, which often happens with the ordinary variety. Every user of Atora blesses the sealed packets with their wafer-like flakes and appreciates the shredded suet which needs no chopping.

Lemon Sauce—Another way

Put into a small saucepan a teacupful of Lemon Curd, bring it to the boil and then add the same quantity of cream. Put in also the grated rind of a lemon, boil fiercely for a few minutes, whipping all the time; see that the sauce is sweet enough, and serve at once.

Blackcurrant Sauce

Put a teacupful of blackcurrant jelly into a small saucepan, melt it and then add the strained juice of one lemon and one orange. Bring to the boil, see if it is sweet enough, and serve. For those who like the flavour, a little powdered cinnamon may be added. This sauce is particularly good with rice cooked in milk and garnished with a few seedless raisins previously soaked in warm water.

Raspberry Sauce

Bring to the boil a teacupful of raspberry jam, add the juice of an orange and a tablespoonful of brandy. Bring to the boil again once only, and then pass the sauce through a muslin. It may be served hot with a steamed pudding, or cold with vanilla ice cream or an iced pudding.

Marmalade Sauce

Put six lumps of sugar with half a tumblerful of port wine into a saucepan, bring to the boil and let the liquid reduce by one-third. Then add a teacupful of orange marmalade. When this is thoroughly hot and well mixed, the sauce is ready to serve.

Ginger Sauce

Rub six pieces of lump sugar over the outside of a lemon as described in the recipe for Lemon Sauce. Put them in a saucepan with a tumblerful of water, one ounce of ground ginger and the juice of the lemon. Bring to the boil and pass through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan. See that the sauce is sweet enough, adding more sugar if necessary, bring to the boil, and pour the sauce into the sauceboat in which you have put a tablespoonful of finely chopped preserved ginger.

Sunday Suppers

A servantless Sunday supper is a charming method of entertaining and one which presents few difficulties if intelligently prepared

By A. H. Adair

EVERYTHING must be ready in the dining-room for an informal Sunday supper, and the table should be laid in a simple manner

A DISH cooked in the dining-room is always amusing and this can be done easily on a spirit lamp or electric chafing dish

HOW often does one hear people complaining about the trouble they have with Sunday supper; that it is such a tie, that it is always dull, that they never know what to have " for a change," and so on.

But it should be the easiest and certainly the most interesting of all meals to prepare, for it is the only one in which we really use our imaginative fancy and concoct and experiment with all kinds of dishes.

The chief thing is to have most of the meal—and it should be a short one, consisting of no more than three courses—ready beforehand. Say a hot soup, cold meat and salad, leaving just a savoury to be prepared at the last minute or, better still, in the dining-room itself. Another good combination would be to have the soup and a cold sweet ready and make the main dish in the dining-room, which should be carefully arranged with everything set out on a side table so that nothing has to be fetched from the kitchen.

Clear Tomato Soup

Peel and cut into small pieces one pound of onions, also cut up (but do not peel them) one pound of tomatoes. Cook these very slowly in a little butter for ten minutes in a saucepan so that they are melted without getting brown. Season with salt and a good deal of pepper and then add boiling water, allowing for reduction. That is, if you are making soup for four people put in six portions of boiling water, and so on. Simmer very gently for one hour and then pass the soup through a fine strainer in a clean saucepan. Bring to the boil and simmer again for half an hour. This soup can be made in the morning or on Saturday, and just reheated in time for the meal. Before doing this skim off the fat and scum which will have collected on top.

Sauté of Chicken

Remove from the carcase all the meat which is left on a cold chicken and cut it into neat pieces. Have the same amount of rashers of streaky bacon, trim them and cut them into pieces the same size as those of chicken. Melt a piece of butter in a pan and brown first the bacon and then the chicken. Add salt and pepper and a pinch of curry powder and cook for a few minutes. Then put in some tomatoes peeled and cut into small pieces, using roughly the same quantity of tomatoes as you have of chicken and bacon together. Cook together for a few more minutes and stirring well together.

This is one of the many dishes which could be cooked in the dining-room on a spirit lamp or electric chafing dish. All the ingredients should be prepared beforehand in the kitchen and put together in little piles on a dish. A good accompaniment would be a plain potato salad dressed, not with mayonnaise, but with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Cream Mould

Whip to a stiff froth one pint of cream and add little by little the strained juice of an orange and the same quantity of port. Stir in one ounce of castor sugar and one ounce of macaroons crushed to a powder. Mix well together, and put the cream into a soufflé dish or a mould, decorate the top with grated orange peel and stand in a very cold place until ready to serve.

Ham Toast

Take a few slices of lean, cooked ham, cut them into small pieces and warm them in butter. Bind with a stiff and creamy horseradish sauce and serve on hot buttered toast. We can sprinkle the top of each toast with grated cheese, in which case they should be browned under the grill. But as it would be quite possible to prepare this little savoury in the dining-room, the cheese can be omitted.

YOUTH to the fore. Two British film actresses who have been selected to play leading parts in some new films. Left, Idina Lupino, now in Hollywood, and Joan Gardner, who will be in the cast of "Wings over Africa" to be produced by Alexander Korda

Woman *in her* True Colours

Blonde, Brunette or Rousse—each type has its idiosyncrasies, which Must Be studied and pandered to in order to bring about and maintain natural beauty at its best

By "Chrysis"

MY title is not a threat of ruthless exposure of feminine psychology but refers to the crucial importance of differentiating between the individual needs of the complexion, and colouring is undoubtedly a very useful aid in classifying various types.

A fair skin is generally indicative of delicate membranes, and often goes with deficiency of moisture and, not infrequently, with poor circulation and rheumatic tendencies. At its best this is perhaps the most lovely of all complexions, but it is almost invariably delicate, sensitive to climatic conditions, adversely affected by sun and wind and, being thin, apt to wrinkle, fade and age quickly unless it is given very special and intelligent care and attention.

A brunette does not have the same anxieties: her skin is thicker in texture and protected by natural oils. If her complexion is in perfect condition it is smooth and soft, unlined and charming, but she has other difficulties—possibly a tendency to oiliness and enlarged pores. If her skin does not receive suitable attention, it may become sallow, relaxed and flabby, and it is the brunette who is more likely to form adipose tissue and lose youthful contour. Also, she must be careful not to use creams likely to promote the growth of hair.

The Titian beauty often has a fine white skin but is prone to freckle easily and, in later life, may become florid.

Enviable indeed are those with what we call a "normal" skin—though they are actually in the minority—who can face wind and sun with impunity, whose pores and circulation function perfectly so that their skin is neither too dry nor too moist, and they are not beset by anxiety about incipient lines or scraggy neck, double chin or puffy eyes. But even these lucky people are well advised not to be too arrogant but to take steps to conserve their natural gifts.

TO advocate beauty culture to-day is to preach to the converted, because it is almost universally practised but, in spite of the number of specialists existent and the amount of "literature" poured out on the subject, a surprising ignorance persists, and I constantly meet and get letters from women who have no idea how to cope with their own particular difficulties. It may, therefore, be helpful if I describe Philip Mason's series of scientific and pharmaceutically pure preparations which I know to be sound and which are intended, specifically, for the various needs of different complexions.

The first need of a thin, fair skin is *nourishment* and a skin food rich in natural fats, to supply the inherent deficiency, which is also soothing and emollient is absolutely necessary. These properties are embodied in Crême Suprême, and, in addition, it whitens the skin and does not promote the growth of hair. It should be used as a massage cream at night, with the lightest possible touch and a thin film left on to absorb during sleep.

Liquid powders and ordinary vanishing creams are not to be recommended for a dry skin, and a special Velvet Mousse is the best foundation for powder, which should also be carefully chosen. Jansia Skin Food Powder contains soothing emollient ingredients, and is a valuable protection against wind and sun.

People with delicate fair skins are very vulnerable where hard water is concerned, and it is advisable not to wash the face and neck but to cleanse instead with Emulsine of Cucumbers or a new cleansing cream called Mollity, which frees the pores from all accumulation of foreign matter, leaving it refreshed and microscopically clean. Alternatively, a water softener or Toilet Water Sachets should be added to the water and a pure, superfatted soap such as Norvicia Cream Soap is essential.

For a brunette complexion Norvicia Cream and Herbal Paste treatment form an effective combination to clear and refine the texture, prevent or cure open pores and any tendency to greasiness and to preserve the contour. The skin should be thoroughly cleaned with Mollity and Norvicia used as a night cream. In the morning the paste made with the herbal powder should be applied and allowed to dry, then gently removed with the fingers or a little sponge. If the skin is inclined to greasiness Mattone Lotion is invaluable as it closes the pores and keeps the skin cool and fresh.

An excellent daily toilet to preserve the normal skin in perfect condition is a brief massage with skin food at night and in the morning the face and neck may be washed with Norvicia Cream Soap and then Lotion Duchesse Vegétale should be patted into it. This is soothing and tonic and strengthens and refines the epidermis and prevents wrinkles. If a day cream is desired, Jansia Absorbent will keep the surface clear and fresh and form a good base for Bloom of Sephanotis Powder.

Should there be any difficulty in obtaining the above mentioned products, a stamped addressed envelope to the "Woman Editor," BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2, will bring the name and address of your nearest retail source and also a free booklet giving full information about home beauty treatments.

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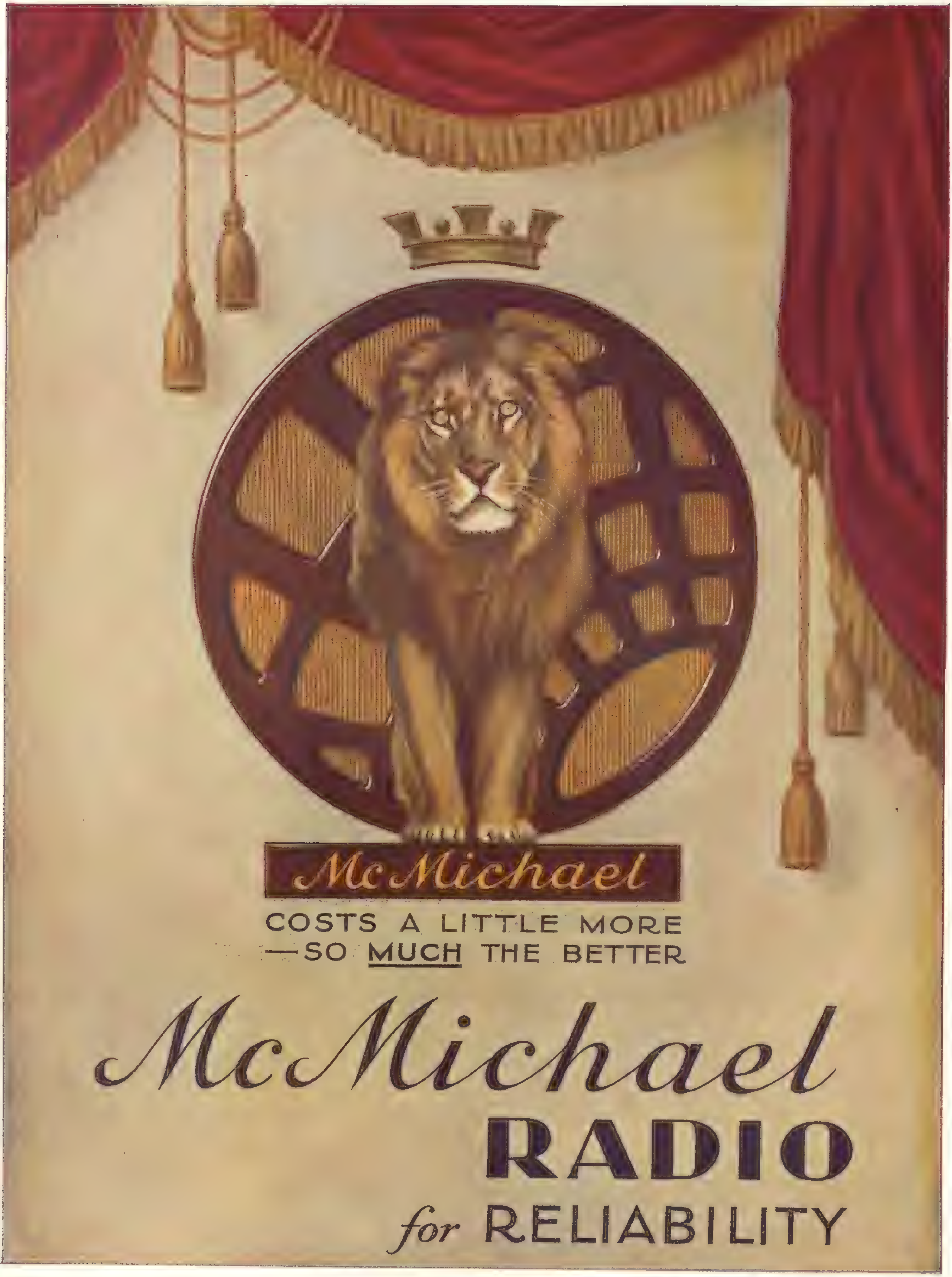
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The Trumpet Sounds

(*Continued from page* 35)

of the many baffling things we encounter. It may be all fraud. It may be a mixture of fraud and genuine power. My knowledge does not depend on him. You will see, to-night, at least the formula. Sit yourself. Sit with some friends at home. Do not waste your powers. They are God-given."

She said all this very earnestly. While she was talking the medium came in. He looked as though he had been drinking for years. He was ill-shaven, and in clothes that did not fit. We were all introduced without any names being mentioned.

"I have brought a new friend," said somebody.

That was the extent of the introduction.

"Let's go into the other room," said one of the party.

We did. There I saw, arranged in a circle, ten chairs.

"Have you warmed the trumpet?" someone asked.

"I'll put it in hot water," was the reply.

And I saw carried out of the room a cone-shaped metal thing, about two feet long.

"Sit down," said someone.

And we were put around, on chairs, a man and a woman alternately.

The woman who had told me I was a medium sat down in the chair next to mine.

I need not go into all the details of what followed. I remembered that, at the time, it seemed to last several hours.

They started to sing. The lights had been put out, of course—"The power is stronger in the dark," they said—and the door was locked. I found myself staring at the floor, where I could see the end of the trumpet, which was phosphorescent with white paint.

They started with the Lord's Prayer, which always annoys me, even in church. I cannot understand people asking God to give them daily bread, which they ought to earn, or praying not to be led into temptation apparently thinking God would deliberately lead them into evil.

"Go on singing," said the medium. "It helps the power."

We went through a long repertoire of songs and hymns, chosen apparently because they were popular and known to the sitters.

I had, of course, never been to a séance before. I never knew, until then, that people could have such dreadful voices that, without music, they could get so far out of tune.

The woman next to me whispered, now and then.

"Sometimes it goes on like this for an hour," she said. "They have to gather up power. Sometimes, nothing happens."

Once, she whispered very earnestly.

"*You are covered with a blue light*," she said.

People had been seeing lights, they had told us, every now and then. I did not see anything.

"Oh, yes, over there," said somebody, as though it were true. I did not believe it.

Again the woman told me I was surrounded by a light.

"It is pouring out from you," she said. "It is power. Oh, *do sit* and develop it."

I did not answer. I was too bored to say anything. If the ceiling had fallen in, at least we could have gone home. That was how I felt about it all.

Then, suddenly, the trumpet rose from the floor, and sort of felt its way all round the circle.

"Good evening, Friend," said somebody. Several repeated the greeting. "Good evening, Friend," they said.

"*It touched me*," said another.

"Good evening, Friend."

The trumpet seemed to know its way, apparently, for, one after another, the sitters were touched. I wanted to strike a light and expose the medium who, I was certain, was standing up, walking around, holding the trumpet, guiding its tappings on people's knees. It came nearer to me.

Then it stopped right in front of my face. I was fascinated, dazed almost.

Have you ever been stared at, in abysmal darkness, by a lit-up something that seemed to be peering right in your face? I wanted to knock it away from me.

But, of course, we were holding hands. I had been warned of "the danger."

"It might kill the medium," I had been told. "You must not touch the trumpet."

Then I heard a sound. The trumpet was speaking to me. . . .

"John," it said. "John."

Now my name is John. Only Mary knew that. And she was on the other side of the circle!

"John," it repeated, three or four times. "It's your father. Anthony. Anthony Manson."

Now, how did it know my name? Was it hallucination? If it were fraud, how could anyone have guessed? Few people know who I am. I have made no mark in the world, and I seemed to sense my father's presence. My memory of him seemed more definite than it had been for years. For a moment, I felt that he was actually there, in the room.

Then the trumpet went back to its place on the floor. And, in the darkness, I sat there, wondering . . .

"I believe it is your power," said the woman next to me.

"What do you mean?" I replied, as softly as I could, but being merely polite.

"Your powers are functioning to-night," she said. "I told you that you possessed them. I am clairvoyante. It is not the medium. *It is you.* Power is streaming from you. You are covered with it."

"Don't be silly," I replied.

Then, suddenly, the trumpet went up in the air again and stopped high above the circle. There came from it a loud voice!

"*Warn him*," it said, in a deep tone, "*warn him*. He mustn't monkey about with things like this. He will have to pay. *Warn him*."

I heard, then, a sort of gasp. It seemed to come from where the medium had been sitting when we took our seats. There came a choking sort of sound, and a kind of gurgle. Two or three of the women shrieked.

"*Turn up the lights*," said someone.

"No, it's dangerous," came a warning.

"Turn up the damned lights," shouted a voice I knew to be that of the Major fellow I had spoken to. "Open the damned door."

By this time they were all standing up.

Someone struck a lighter. Someone else went towards a knob on the wall and pressed it down. Electric light flooded the room.

All the members of the circle were standing up, except one. That was the medium. He was hanging over the side of his chair.

"Get some water," said somebody.

"You shouldn't have turned the light up," I heard.

"The power has all rushed back to him and made him ill."

That was the little woman speaking.

"Don't talk damned nonsense," said the Major. "He is a damned fraud, anyway."

I felt his pulse. I could detect no heart throb.

"He is dead," I said.

And, grabbing Mary, I ran out of the flat.

None of them knew who I was.

I do not like getting mixed up with scandals, and inquests. I lead a quiet life.

Once or twice, Mary has said she wanted to "go to another." I tell her not to be a fool. . . .

END

How Would *You* Test a Car

(*Continued from page* 69)

Quite often, it is nothing so definite as this. The car may just happen to be especially "well balanced"—a matter, very largely, of good weight distribution.

In any event I claim that I am giving a more accurate picture of a car's performance in first noting, and then analysing, my own impressions of it, than if I were merely to set down speedometer or stop-watch readings. Such figures would not, as the saying is, "speak for themselves." Rather, they would be apt to tell a confusing and perhaps erroneous story.

It is not, after all, of much importance to a prospective purchaser to know that his car can be coaxed or forced to do its 70 m.p.h. of "flat-out" speed. What chiefly concerns him is to know that it will cruise, without real or apparent effort, at a steady 50 m.p.h., and that it can, when he is in a hurry, be speeded up to 60 m.p.h. or so without discomfort.

Rightly or wrongly I work on the same lines in regard to such matters as braking. Nobody, nowadays, requires to be told that a modern car has four-wheel brakes, or that such brakes are very powerful. Few people are really interested in the number of feet, or number of seconds, required to bring such a car to a standstill from some specific speed. Having ascertained the obvious fact that a certain braking system does the job for which it was intended, I am much more disposed to note just *how* that job is done.

In the matter of coachwork I find myself on rather more uncertain ground. I am a trifle over six feet in height, whereas the average Englishman, according to the text books, measures only about 5 ft. 8 in. Nevertheless, I believe I am justified in calling a car seat "comfortable" when it is comfortable for me. A short man in a big seat need never suffer real discomfort, for he can always make use of a cushion to adjust his position to his liking. A tall man in a small seat, however, as I myself can testify, suffers acute misery, and can do absolutely nothing to ease his cramped limbs. To me, then, it seems logical that car seating should err, if at all, on the generous side.

In regard to "finish" and "appearance," one hardly knows what features to single out for praise, since individual taste varies so widely. My own feeling is, however, that good over-all "lines" are, next to comfort, the most important of coachwork considerations. A car with good lines always looks well long after the glory of its paint work has been dimmed, long after one has tired of its "chic" upholstery, its "natty" fittings, and such-like attractions.

I do not, I repeat, expect that everyone will see eye to eye with me in this matter of the tests by which one may judge a motor car. I hope, none the less, that I have made out some sort of a case for my own personal methods. To conclude, may I answer in public one question which is constantly being put to me in private?

"According to you," people tell me, "there is no such thing as a bad motor car. You praise this, and you praise that. How is it that never, by any chance, do you damn a car, or give us its bad points?" The implication—an unpleasant one—is that I deliberately suppress any comments which might make disagreeable reading for my friends in the motor trade.

Actually such a suggestion can have no justification. I agree that, "according to me," and according to anyone else who is acquainted with the facts, there is no such thing as a bad motor car among those which are commonly reviewed in the Press. The bad ones have either disappeared in bankruptcy or are in process of disappearing. Those which remain are, without question, either good, very good, or quite reasonably good. All that I can do, therefore, is to indicate the degree of goodness.

END.

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"Historics and Histrionics" (*Continued from page* 65)

The story of "I Was A Spy" is that of a Belgian "agent" during the war. The scene is laid in Flanders and Brussels and that brilliant German actor, Conrad Veidt, is one of the principal members of the cast. In this film Madeleine Carroll has much the best part of her career. She still seems to lack emotional depth and subtlety. (One wonders what Elizabeth Bergner would have made of this rôle!) But still, her work and her beauty are gradually refining and, since English actresses sometimes develop slowly—in the tradition of Mrs. Siddons!—she may yet fulfil the insistent rumours of greatness.

News from across the Atlantic is equally internationally flavoured. Marlene Dietrich's new picture is from Suderman's great novel, "The Song of Songs." Garbo is to be "Christina," Queen of Sweden, with John Gilbert as her leading man. This sounds almost inspirational casting. Garbo will have a racial affinity with the turbulent Queen who was her country's idol when she came to the throne at the age of eighteen and possibly a temperamental affinity for the woman whose non-conformity to environmental standards gradually turned mass enthusiasm to something like hatred. Christina had masculine and anti-conjugal traits which Greta Garbo may also know how to interpret. I do not know how the story is treated—actually, the Queen abdicated and then made herself a general nuisance because she wanted to be a Queen again—of any old country—and this aspect of the character also seems to come within the scope of Garbo's psychological gambit.

You notice the return to the historical and actual in the subject matter of this year's films. Costume drama once more lifts its motley hatted head, but it is not only ancient history that comes into this category: "Cavalcade" belongs to this group, and even "The Man Who Dared," the most recent history of all, a film dealing with the life and death of Cermak, the Mayor of Chicago, who rose from the status of immigrant and was not only a crusader in the cause of law and order but achieved, accidentally it is true, a sort of martyrdom by dying as a result of the bullets a maniac assassin intended for the President of the United States.

As to more orthodox historical subjects, there is some cause for anxiety when one hears that Norma Shearer, portrayer of the modern, modern, modern woman, is to play Marie Antoinette. (Surely Diana Wynyard suggests herself for this rôle?) And that Edward G. Robinson, who made his name in the part of a gangster—an obvious portrait of Al Capone, who was convincing as a "Silver Dollar King," and moving as an Italian fisherman in "Tiger Shark"—is to strut the studio as Napoleon! Good Lord, deliver us from Wallace Beery's Talleyrand and Marie Dressler's Katherine of Russia!

END

Books (*Continued from page* 73)

kindness, do their eyes beam with love? Dr. Ernst's book, although it might easily have been a good deal better than it is, is interesting. Its main weaknesses are two. It is uneven; the author is well informed about his own ex-Kaiser and like everyone else he knows a good deal about the ex-King of Spain, but in several instances his knowledge is superficial and gossipy and suggests that he has got up his subject rather hurriedly. And secondly the book is often—in spite of the protestations of fairness in the Introduction—unfair. For example, the author, describing the luxury of the Kaiser's present existence, tells us that "the castle stands in the centre of a large park of seven acres." Seven acres is a nice bit of ground. But to call it a large park merely because you happen to dislike the proprietor is simply silly.

Admittedly, it is difficult to discover, between monarchist propaganda on the one side and republican propaganda on the other, whether exiled Royalty is starving behind a proud exterior or whether it has managed, in spite of its misfortunes, to get away with the loss of a crown only. If Dr. Ernst's figures are reliable, some of Europe's discarded sovereigns are still astonishingly rich. Wilhelm II and Alfonso XIII both enjoy an income of about £1,500,000, and both—especially the ex-Emperor of Germany—possess in addition jewels and other valuables of fabulous worth. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is possibly even wealthier still. Perhaps, then, when we reflect on these figures and also on the likelihood that most of the readers of his book will be sympathetic towards the exiles, Dr. Ernst's own thinly veiled republicanism need not, in the interests of Justice, be too seriously deplored. As far as his personal interests are concerned, it is another matter. Believing himself to be unbiased, he is distinctly biased.

Stories of revolution are apt to resemble one another. There is, though, a certain rather unexpected feature common to most of Dr. Ernst's histories; and there is no reason to conclude that it is common to exiled dynasties only. It is probably to be found in all Royal houses. This feature is the tremendous and often paramount influence of Queen Consorts and Queen Mothers. We are accustomed to see humbler households dominated by women, but we are still so greatly under the influence of school history books that we liked, some of us, to think that a King, at any rate, could call his domestic soul his own. We were wrong, it seems. Almost alone in Dr. Ernst's group of dispossessed, the Kaiser seems never to have submitted to petticoat government. Perhaps we nowadays underrate that man.

END

A Letter *from* Paris (*Continued from page* 63)

of the material running across the top of the shoulder. Scottish influence is much to the fore and heather greens and browns are winners this season. The loose raglan coat with scarf collar is still seen for real country and travelling wear, but it is full length and less flared than its summer sister.

Some more hats—this time in an untidy, rather dingy couple of rooms over a noisy street, yet this firm is one which makes history as far as millinery is concerned, and what is shown here will, in one version or another, soon adorn the heads of women the world over. There are taupé velours turned up all the way round, soft antelope and velvet with creased crowns and a disarming air of nonchalance. Again a good deal of green, the inevitable black and some grey.

Then to a house which is famous for its coats. This season they are of rough woollens in brown, black and a lovely deep ink blue of which we may expect to see a good deal this winter. Shoulder width is entirely dispensed with in favour of a low shoulder yoke on to which wide sleeves are set. The skirts are moderately full, some belted and some fitted to the figure, the upstanding fur collars are lined with civet cat, others turn over and are of Persian lamb. More formal clothes include afternoon gowns of shiny satin, neatly cut to cling closely to the figure, the skirt fullness concentrated at the back and the severely high neckline softened at the front of the throat by a large jewel. Several evening gowns of velvet (*Continued on page* 86)

THE "SHELLS" HAVE IT

The only sound test of public opinion is by the old method of "counting heads." If you could count the knobs on the petrol-pumps all over the country their electoral votes would show you that there is a greater popular demand for "Shell" petrol than for those of any two other brands put together.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

or satin show a modified version of the bustle, the long skirt being gathered up behind and held by a faille bow: in every case the fullness is at the back, and there are many trains. There are also some three tier gowns and a few tunics.

ANOTHER salon, this time genre 1933, white, simple and airy. Clothes of sophisticated cut, black wool and velvet combined in a three-piece costume, a coat and skirt of black wool buttoned up to the throat and piped with black velvet, a three-quarter coat of corduroy with cloth sleeves and a white cravat. Black cloth afternoon gowns with a flounce around the hem which reaches the ankle or is cut four inches shorter in front than at the back. There are fur sleeves or shoulder capes of lamb or seal on black or ink blue cloth coats, contrasting waistcoat backs of flat fur on both dresses and coats, three tier skirts and one or two tunic effects. Crêpe afternoon dresses of mulberry red, black or dark blue have a corsage of flowers in autumnal colouring massed just at the base of the throat, sometimes sewn on to detachable little scarves tied in a bow behind. Three-quarter length evening coats of velvet have fox sleeves or fitted lamé coats have basques and buttons up the front.

Another house of extreme modernity. Here novel materials are relied on for effect. Rough crêpes, so wrinkled that they resemble tree bark in shades of cocoa brown or ink blues. Lovely quilted materials patterned in large diamond and lozenge shapes make evening wraps, coats and capes in silk or velvet. Tight satin evening gowns are flared at the bottom where two stiff flounces give a pagoda silhouette. Hats with dashing cowboy brims and creased crowns, short coats belted at the waist, narrow straight scarves of a contrasting colour tied at the neck with long ends falling down the front. Enormous leather belts with novel fastenings and quaint little leather bows like butterflies fasten dresses and coats, all of which are totally devoid of buttons. A three-quarter length brown tweed coat belted at the waist but with a flared skirt, the fullness chiefly in the front, is worn with a brown check tweed skirt.

A great house with a world-wide tradition: a series of mirrored galleries, incredible heat and blinding light. Woollen three-quarter length coats over cardigan suits with hats to match, or capes which resemble the French schoolboys' but made of tweed to match the skirt or of grey lamb worn over a two-piece woollen dress. Interesting sleeves with the fullness below the shoulders but giving breadth to the silhouette, often of fur on cloth or velvet coats—the latter hanging loose and not belted. For the evening short sacque coats of stitched or silver lamé over long crêpe romain gowns, perhaps black with a flame-coloured bodice consisting of little more than a few straps, or simple gowns of classic Grecian inspiration with clever draperies winding around the figure, the neckline high in front and low at the back.

Then a house of equal prominence but of a very different character. Mirrors reflect oneself and the mannequins in a bewildering series of receding pictures: the clothes are conventional to a degree, plain jersey coats and skirts, red or green or ink blue, excellently tailored, the skirts reaching to well below the calf, the fullness moderate, the coats fitted to the waist and with neat revers and tiny basques. With these are worn patterned jersey blouses tied with bows at the necks and amusing little hats tipped well over the eyes—not put on sideways. Alternately the coats and skirts are of harlequin patterned jersey and the blouses plain. Afternoon dresses are in the minority, but there are plenty of woollen one-piece dresses, the belted skirts fitting neatly, the sleeves long and with white piqué at the neck. Long cloth or tweed coats have fitted shoulder capes or loosely hanging, detachable capes are worn with a plain skirt and a patterned woollen blouse. Evening gowns are of velvet, geranium pink or ink blue with gloves to match, one charming model of the latter colour has a shoulder cape attached to the shoulder straps and gold buttons down the front. Several gowns show a horizontal décolletage with narrow straps over the shoulders and another band running at right angles across the upper arm, from which hang chiffon or velvet flounces. A good deal of lamé, some heavy taffeta, and there is also needle-run lace and moiré, and the furs are lamb and fox.

YET another series of salons—and another series of beautifully cut and made models, a new colour which resembles stewed blackberries and a lot of lamé. Backless dinner gowns which are high in front are made in clinging crêpes or in a new material of tulle embroidered in wool; shining satins, the fullness concentrated at the back, with short trains and an occasional glimpse of fine jewellery.

A new décolletage which reaches the waist line in front between two pieces of material held up by a jewelled strap. Semi-circles of black fox trim a magnificent long black velvet evening wrap, one around the shoulders, one at the hem at the back. Some shoulder capes edged with fox on cloth coats, these latter of the blackberry colour, black or sage green with shiny satin gowns to match, cleverly cut with long tight sleeves and an air of delusive simplicity.

Gloves.—Our autumn gloves are going to dispense with many of the frills and fantasies which have amused us this summer but which were often in the worst possible taste. A glove made entirely of velvet has cuffs embroidered in chenille braid, another has inserted gathers and there are short kid gloves for the evening and fine suède for the afternoon with long but narrow gauntlets. Also black antelope with black velvet insertions and suède stitched with braid.

Hats.—Small felt caps with pleated and indented crowns often trimmed with tiny feathers, slightly masculine brimmed felts turn up at the back and down in front and have a creased crown: some fine Imperial taupé velours recall the late Emperor Francis Joseph, there are a few moderate brims and some tufts of ospreys on more elaborate models: a new material achieved by stitching ostrich feathers on to a felt shape and then clipping the feather close to the stem (or is it stalk?) so that a fluffy stripe is the result.

END

The King's Mistress *(Continued from page 57)*

the illusion that they are not wives of dull husbands, not mothers of stupid children. I make them dream they are king's mistresses, make them forget they are only conventional women, who ask each other to tea and gossip and talk scandal. . . . I give them what they dream might have been—women, life, in a wild sea of emotion. . . . Love, fear, hate, heroic self-sacrifice, glamour and exaltation. . . .

"It is for *that* that I starved as a child in the war. Starved! Until I learned, as wild beasts learn, that I could not live at all unless I lived wildly, dangerously. . . . And so, I danced and sang and loved! To become La Marina, sitting in the satin lap of luxury. . . .

"Ah, there were no half measures in Vienna during the war. It had to be the satin lap of luxury—or starvation!" She paused. Tears welled in her beautiful eyes—"So here I am! And they do not know, those foolish women out there, those dull men who feed on me like vultures, that when they see *me* in themselves they are being thieves. . . .

"They do not know that to be a king's mistress La Marina had to pay the price . . . of hell . . . on earth! Give me more brandy—quick. My dress. . . . *Du lieber Gott,* I hate them! I would like to kill . . . them, or myself! Carrion!"

IN the taxi, going home, Joan's face still had a look of La Marina.

Even her yellow hair looked as though firelight were playing on it. Though perhaps the signs in Piccadilly Circus were responsible for that, Mathers decided. He wondered, for a moment, whether she saw his cane as a royal sceptre. Would it be worth experimenting to find out?

Even Mathers had to admit that La Marina had introduced a new *motif* into his little Mozart air. A disturbing *motif,* with passion in it. . . .

He put one arm about Joan. She did not draw away, but she looked at him with a queer, hunted expression in her eyes. Mathers could not tell whether it was a facsimile of La Marina—the jungle creature—or real fear.

"Joan—little girl. . . ." He bent to kiss her.

She yielded him a kiss more voluptuous—and less sincere—than any Ronnie had ever had from her. But Mathers did not know that. He felt he was still in the dark about Joan. It gave added piquancy to a situation which was rapidly beginning to get the better of him.

He scrambled eagerly out of the taxi and gave her his arm.

There was something about his eagerness which was rather frightening, she decided.

Outwardly calm, she began to bid him good night. Her inward fears became unpleasantly real as, suddenly, she ceased to be La Marina and felt herself growing frightened—frightened and uncertain.

"Must it be good night?" pleaded Mathers. "Didn't you say your friend was away? Can't I send this fellow off?" He indicated the taxi-driver. "Mayn't I come up with you?"

Shrunken, now, like a bird in the presence of a cat, Joan hesitated, seeking a verbal way out. While she hesitated help came, from a most unexpected source.

"Sorry," said a voice; "but if you don't mind I'm going up with her myself."

There was a familiar gravity to the voice. Joan gasped.

"Ronnie!" she cried, emotions crowding quickly one upon the other.

There was an awkward pause, broken at last by the tactful voice of Mathers—Mathers, the strategist. . . .

"It's up to you to decide, Joan. Which of us is it to be?"

She flung him a grateful glance. Vaguely, she felt that, after all, he *was* something of a dear. . . . Now was her chance to play La Marina.

Somehow, though, she heard herself saying, meekly, "I think—I think it had better be Ronnie, Mr. Mathers. . . ."

But oh! how grateful she was to him for giving her the chance.

"IT ended according to Mozart, anyway!" Mathers ruminated, pursuing his way down the street in search of a cruising taxi. "Charming! Charming!" He felt more benevolent than he had for years.

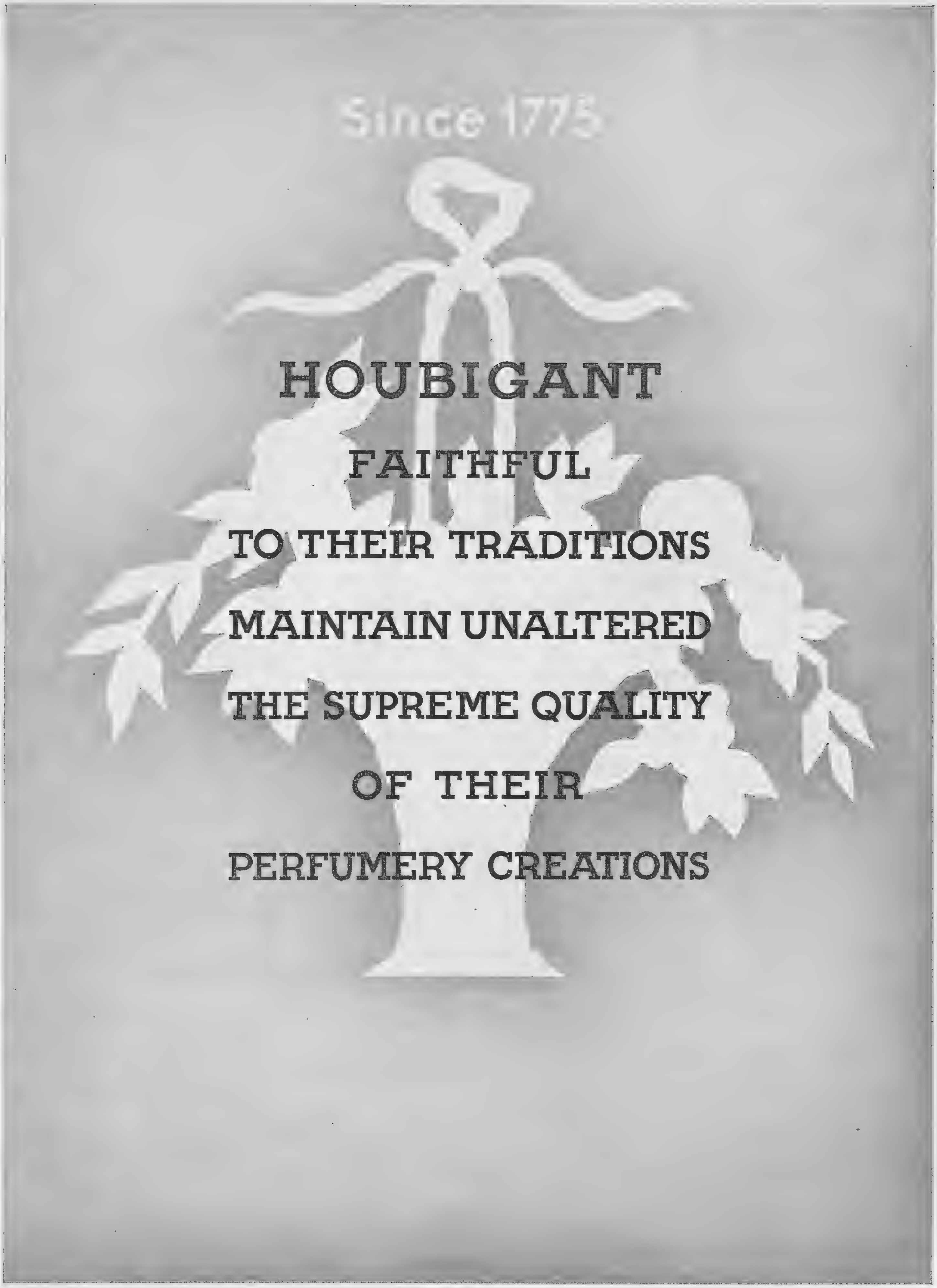
And, as they climbed the stairs to Millie's flat, Joan turned and looked at her husband in amazement and wonder.

"Ronnie," she said; "it's lovely to be rescued from a villain, and all that, but *why* are you driving a taxi?" She tried to say it bravely, but it sounded like false bravado, she felt so many misgivings inside. Had she really wrecked his life?

Ronnie grunted. "If you'd looked closer you might have noticed that you drove home in a very special taxi," he said tersely. "It's the first to be made to my patented design. The firm's already got contracts for hundreds of the things. Made me chief designer on the strength of it. I was just giving the old bus a trial run around town when I spotted you." He grinned suddenly. "I decided to take you and the lad for a bit of a ride."

Joan gazed up at him with shining eyes—the eyes of a woman whose man has brought home a kill. "So it *has* come off! Oh, Ronnie! Ronnie, *darling!*"

"Yes," said Ronnie grimly, and the sternness in his tone gave *(Continued on page 88)*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The King's Mistress

her a little thrill; "it has. You'll not go to the office to-morrow. Mathers can find himself a new secretary. And when you feel like it you can start looking about for the new house you used to burble about. . . ."

"Oooh!" murmured Joan, ecstatically.

Ronnie continued remorselessly. "It's more than you deserve. But at least you had the decency to choose me instead of the old lad—even though you thought I was only a taxi-driver."

His magnanimity struck no chord of rebellion in Joan's heart. Meekly, she allowed him to help her pack her things. Silently, she followed him downstairs again to the taxi.

As they began to drive away a giggle escaped her. "Funny sort of elopement, this," she murmured, leaning her head on the driver's shoulder.

Ronnie grunted and headed the taxi in the direction of suburbia.

It was not until he had departed for work next morning that Joan had time to glance at the morning paper.

A headline immediately caught her eye. The headline said: FAMOUS ACTRESS'S SUICIDE. Joan read the type below.

So La Marina was dead! Suicide. . . .

Joan turned to the business of tidying up the house. What a mess Ronnie had got it in! Shirts, socks, collars—all over the bedroom. A kitchen full of greasy plates! Drawing-pins on the living-room carpet! . . . Dust everywhere!

Suicide! Why?

She threw herself into the task of collecting all the scattered pins—and she shrugged.

Who has ever fathomed the unhappiness of others?

END

Box Office Stuff

(Continued from page 33)

Mr. Grunbaum agreed. "How do you get around to the clinch?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"The clinch," repeated Mr. Grunbaum. "The hook to the jaw."

Once again Mr. Bensch interposed.

"Mr. Grunbaum means the final—the lingering—the rapturous—the—er——"

"Clinch," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"There is no clinch," Geoffrey told them.

Both gentlemen sat back. They looked at one another.

"You mean to tell me," thundered Mr. Grunbaum, "that the goil tells him there's a kid coming and the guy doesn't marry her?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey.

"Impossible!" said Mr. Bensch.

"Out!" said Mr. Grunbaum.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Bensch. "No guy in that position could possibly behave like that."

"But in real life——," persisted Geoffrey.

"Impossible!" Mr. Bensch interrupted him. "In real life, on the movies, it is all the same. We could not show it."

"But I tell you——"

"Forget it," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"If this were a Hollywood production——"

"Not even in Hollywood," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"But for an English film, with this young man who is an English gentleman—and the English are the most aristocratic, the most—" he searched for words—"*Tak ruschatcky noimol.*"

"*Ik,*" said Mr. Grunbaum.

"Mr. Mollis," said Mr. Bensch, "you must forgive me. Now. There are possibilities in this story. But it wants a little rearranging. In this business we must be showmen. So. The public is not interested in Cornwall. But we can arrange that. For the moment we are interested in the story. What this film needs is an entirely fresh character. A strong character."

"Of course," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"A woman of the world, dark, passionate, intelligent, poetic, with fire, unscrupulous—"

"Thinking of Vera Garden?" said Mr. Grunbaum.

"Not necessarily Vera."

"Still, she's under contract."

"Anyway, it is what our story needs. She is the divorced wife of a great diplomat."

"We did that in *Lovers in Pawn.*"

"No matter," said Mr. Bensch. "It was good."

"Sure. Good box office. Good sex appeal. Nice camera."

"Very well then," Mr. Bensch continued. "The young couple arrive in Antibes at their villa, or at Luxor, or Lake Garda."

"How about the Grand Canal?" suggested Mr. Grunbaum. "Glamour!"

Mr. Bensch made a face. "But the sets!"

"You don't need a drop of water. We can do all that with a transparency."

"But still——"

"All right," said Mr. Grunbaum generously. "Let it go."

"You must emphasise, if you please, the difference in characters between the young girl, pure, sheltered, fine, and this mondaine, lithe, sensuous. Have you read Stendahl?"

"N—no," said Geoffrey.

"He was the greatest writer who ever lived," said Mr. Bensch gravely. "His father was the Consul at Civita Vecchia."

Mr. Grunbaum banged the desk.

"I've got it!" he yelled. "Bathing! See? He meets this Olga on the beach. Wow, what a figure, see? But this other goil, she don't bathe, see? Too modest. The guy's never seen her out of her sport clothes, see?"

"You're right," said Mr. Bensch. "The point had been worrying me. A purely platonic experiment."

"Eh?"

"*Istrovic upja.*"

"Sure! Keeps it clean, see? English films. Take your mother. That's why this Olga almost gets him. Foist time he's ever seen anything like it." Mr. Grunbaum outlined an hourglass in the air. "See what I mean?"

"But how about the sun bath?" asked Geoffrey.

"Golly," admitted Mr. Grunbaum. "That's true." He leaned forward and gave himself up to intense cerebration. Mr. Bensch was pacing.

Suddenly Mr. Grunbaum sat up. "I know! She takes 'em when he isn't there. Shy, see? Every time the guy's swimming with Olga, what does she do? Takes a sun-bath. One day he kisses Olga for the first time, and then comes back to the villa to tell this goil the experiment's off. Parks the car, see? Goes in. Room's in darkness. Outside—he sees her. Falls on his knees."

"But the dialogue——" Mr. Bensch pointed out.

"Sure! She doesn't know he's there, and says it to herself. Kind of a prayer, see? But he hears her. Cries out. She starts. Grabs her peignoir. He hides his eyes, blinded. But he's seen her. She comes in. Lifts him to his feet. Dialogue. Blah, blah, blah. Clinch!" Mr. Grunbaum clicked his fingers and capered about the room.

Mr. Bensch nodded faster, faster, more conclusively. Then he turned, scholarly, charming, to Geoffrey.

"Could you manage something on those lines?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Bensch and Mr. Grunbaum exchanged a glance.

Mr. Bensch smiled. "Mr. Mollis," he said, disarmingly.

"I decline utterly," said Geoffrey. "If I may say so, the thing strikes me as vulgar and absurd."

"I think not," smiled Mr. Bensch.

"Well, damn it, I do," Geoffrey shouted, thoroughly annoyed.

Mr. Bensch became infinitely soothing, tender, almost caressing.

"*Mister* Mollis—I understand. I sympathize. As one artist to another——"

"Well, I'm not going to do it!" Geoffrey said.

(Continued on page 90)

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"It is a very good ending."

"That's right," agreed Mr. Grunbaum. "Good box office."

"Box office be damned! It's a ridiculous and impossible ending!"

"I prefer it," said Mr. Bensch, in honeyed tones.

"Then write it yourself!" He picked up his hat and strode to the door.

"May I remind you," asked Mr. Bensch, "of the terms of your contract? You will write whatever ending we decide," Mr. Bensch said, "*without any further!*"

And ever will be.

"DO it again," said the director, who was none other than Mr. Grunbaum. "Lights!"

"Qui—et!!" roared a young man in plus fours. Somewhere a bell rang, clamorously.

"Motor!!" said plus fours.

A tired person stepped forward and held up a board.

"Track 42, Take 4," he said, and stepped nimbly on one side.

"Go!" said Mr. Grunbaum.

The young author seated himself once more at the piano, crinkled his fingers, smoothed his hair, adjusted his stool and crashed his hands down on the keyboard in complete silence. Then he began to play, still soundlessly, but with great expression, a reverie, something fairly classical. He was in a vast salon, furnished in the height of modern taste. The staircase which sprang up one side of the room might have been something on board a ship. In one corner stood a tall, leprous woman in bronze, with a brainless expression and huge feet. In a large tank in the centre of the apartment, set on chromium-plated legs, a live octopus expanded and contracted slowly with a sort of rhythmic pulse. The piano at which the young author was now working himself up to a passionate and inaudible climax was an oblong set on three elliptical cylinders. Round the tops of the walls, originally enough, human faces peered at intervals, masticating quietly by the side of giant searchlights. Through the window, bathed in brilliant purple sunlight, stretched the Mediterranean with a glimpse of Monte Carlo, between splendid pillars down which roses grew in riotous profusion, rooted seemingly in mid-air. Immediately above the young author's face, burned already by the purple sun to a manly primrose, a microphone dangled on a sort of fishing rod. Facing him, like a menacing howitzer, was the camera with its unwinking eye, tended by its flannel-trousered, zip-fastened crew. Mr. Grunbaum was seated in a canvas chair on the back of which was stencilled "Mr. Grunbaum." Next to him was Geoffrey. Grouped about him in a respectful semi-circle were all those people whose names and occupations drift unendingly, like a stage army, across the field of vision in the finished product, while the curtains fall gracefully to either side and the organist, with his organ, descends smoothly into the abyss.

"I *hate* all women," said the young author suddenly, "Hate them! Hate them!" And he put his head in his hands and began to sob convulsively.

"Cut!" roared Mr. Grunbaum. "Cut it for God's sake."

"Cut!!" yelled plus fours. "Save your lights!"

The lights were dimmed one by one.

The camera man surveyed the young author sardonically. His strong Italian chin was working. "Baby," said the camera man, softly to himself.

"It's lousy!" shouted Mr. Grunbaum. He strode up to the piano. "What d'you want to cry for? You get angry, not miserable. You've just been vamped by Olga in her two-piece. You're annoyed, see? You think all women are lousy. Say, who the hell wrote those lines? They yours, Mollis?"

A young woman sucking a pencil in a deck chair blushed.

"How would it be, Mr. Grunbaum," asked the young author diffidently, "if I said, 'All women are lousy'?"

"Yeah, that's better," said Mr. Grunbaum. "Say it. All right, boys, try it again."

"Lights!" yelled plus-fours. "Motor!"

The tired man held up the blackboard once again.

"Track 42, take 5," he snapped, and dodged away.

"Shall I play the whole melody again, Mr. Grunbaum?" the author asked.

"No, just the last part. We're going right on. Where's Angela? Is Angela ready?"

"Angela!" shouted plus fours.

"Coo-ee!" replied Angela from somewhere behind Monte Carlo.

Geoffrey gripped the arms of his chair.

"Go!" said Mr. Grunbaum.

The young author plunged his hands once more on to the keyboard. Once more no sound came. He finished playing. He wiped his hand through his crinkly hair and leaned his head back so as to display to better advantage a sensitive Adam's apple. "All women are lousy!" he said.

The semi-circle of people behind Mr. Grunbaum's chair nodded at one another and smiled, all except the young woman who was chewing her pencil, all except Geoffrey.

Then Angela came. It was Edna. She came slowly between the pillars in a gorgeous bath-robe and high-heeled shoes. The young author sat at the piano with his head in his hands. It was clear that Edna did not know he was there. She sat on a bench, so lowering herself relative to the camera that only the upper part of her remained visible, and held out her arms to the purple sunlight. The young author woke from his reverie and started playing again, something more classical. Edna shook out her hair in glorious ripples. With a charming gesture she dropped the bath-robe and once again held out her arms. The young author saw her, stopped playing, stuffed his fingers in his mouth and began quivering violently.

"Oh, Mr. Sun Man," said Edna, in her best Blue Lagoon manner, "Please make Harry marry me, because of my baby——"

A large tear hesitated for a moment on Mr. Grunbaum's nose and fell quietly on his cigar. Then a Voice spoke, a mechanical, disembodied sort of voice that seemed to come from everywhere at once, and yet from the microphone that dangled over the still quivering Harry.

"I can't hear Miss Martin," said the Voice.

The cameraman raised an Italian eyebrow. "Cut?"

"Cut," said Mr. Grunbaum. "What's the matter, Ernie?"

The Voice spake again, like the voice of Jehovah. "I'm sorry, Mr. Grunbaum, but Miss Martin's blasting. Try that mike further up."

Miss Martin reassumed her beach wrap.

A couple of hands rushed down to the Mediterranean and swung another microphone on another fishing rod a little higher into space.

"Try it again," ordered Mr. Grunbaum.

"Oh, Mr. Sun Man," said Edna, "please make Harry marry me because of my baby—"

"How's that, Ernie?" Mr. Grunbaum asked.

"Better," replied the Voice, "but she's still blasting."

"Higher still," directed Mr. Grunbaum.

"Oh, Mr. Sun Man," said Edna, "*please* make Harry marry me because of my baby—"

"All right, Ernie?" asked Mr. Grunbaum.

"Oke," said the Voice.

"Baby," said the cameraman to himself.

"Take it, Mr. Grunbaum?" asked plus fours.

"Let her go," replied Mr. Grunbaum.

Once again the bell rang, the tired man babbled of tracks and takes.

"Go!" said Mr. Grunbaum.

"Oh, Mr. Sun Man, please make Harry marry me because of my baby—"

The young author trembled more violently than before. He stood up. The piano stool tottered and fell with a crash. "Guh!" he exclaimed, since the English censor does not permit actual mention of the deity. He took a handkerchief and dabbed his daffodil forehead. The octopus shifted slightly in the corner of its tank. "Angela!" shouted the young author.

Angela started and rapidly reassumed the gorgeous robe. She turned. "Harry!" she exclaimed.

"Angela—" he said. He rushed across the room, down the steps and out on the portico, pursued by the camera on its truck, and flung himself on his knees before her, laughing and sobbing horribly into her lap. "I did not know," he cried. "I did not not know."

She stroked his pomaded hair.

"Harry," she said, "look up!"

He looked up. Two men in aprons dashed out with small bottles and deftly applied four glycerine tears. They dashed away again.

"Harry," she said, "would you marry me, for the sake of my baby?"

Mr. Grunbaum gulped.

"I'd marry you," Harry asserted, "for your sake alone. You are—you are beautiful!"

"Am I?" she said. She was. "More beautiful than Olga?"

"Olga!" he exclaimed in disgust. "I never loved her. She was a mere conditioned reflex."

"She was a *what*?" yelled Mr. Grunbaum.

"A conditioned reflex," repeated Harry.

"And what in the name of heck is that?" demanded Mr. Grunbaum. "Cut! Cut!! Who wrote that? Who wrote that lousy muck?"

There was a frightful silence.

Geoffrey leaned down and put his head in his hands.

"They're out—" said Mr. Grunbaum. "What follows?"

The young lady with the pencil spoke. "'It's you I love,' Mr. Grunbaum."

"That's O.K. with me," replied Mr. Grunbaum. "All right, boys, let's go."

"Tony!" called Miss Martin.

The two make-up men hastened to apply fresh teardrops.

"Qui-ert?" roared plus fours. The bell resounded.

"Motor! Speed up!"

"Track 46, take 6," observed the tired man.

"Go," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"I'll marry you," asserted Harry, "for your sake alone. You are—you are beautiful!"

"Am I?" she asked. "More beautiful than Olga?"

"Olga!" he exclaimed in disgust. "I never loved her. It's you I love."

"Are you sure?" she asked softly.

"Of course I'm sure!"

"I'm glad of that," she said simply. "It was simply a girlish trick of mine to make you realize your love."

She turned her head and gazed enquiringly at Mr. Grunbaum. So did the young author.

"Cut it," declared that gentleman. "Fine and dandy. Shift your camera for a close-up, Joe."

"O.K. Mr. Grunbaum," said the cameraman with slow disdain. A little group formed round Angela. The camera nuzzled up to within a foot of her face. The lights gathered round like eyes. Mr. Grunbaum lifted himself upon his chair and tottered over. Mr. Bensch came tiptoeing and put a hand with a cigar in it on Geoffrey's shoulder.

"As an artist—" said Mr. Bensch—

Geoffrey stood up suddenly and went towards the group. He thrust Mr. Grunbaum on one side. He pushed a couple of camera assistants to the other, and confronted Edna with his bald head blushing.

Her eyes widened. "Geoffrey!" she said.

"Did you mean that?" Geoffrey demanded.

"Mean what?" she asked, looking a bit afraid.

"That bit about the simple girlish trick."

Her eyes widened further. "But didn't you *know*," she said, "isn't this your ending?"

They stared at one another.

So did Mr. Bensch and Mr. Grunbaum.

"Istalozzi!" said Mr. Bensch.

"Ik," said Mr. Grunbaum.

"Baby," said the cameraman.

The author and the female lead were in a clinch.

END

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BRITISH MADE

Motoring Developments in 1933

(*Continued from page* 67)

regard as being more or less inevitable. In nearly all cases, it is safe to say, cars at the 1933 Show will be equipped with some form of "floating power." By this I mean that nearly all engines will be carried in the chassis frame on some sort of flexible mounting, presumably of rubber. The advantage of this has by now been fairly well proved. All engines are liable to some degree of vibration, and it is obviously desirable that, so far as possible, this vibration should be prevented from transmitting itself to the car as a whole.

With regard to braking systems, I have no doubt that, once again, we shall find that manufacturers have concentrated mainly on smoothing the way for the owner-driver. It may be taken for granted that modern four-wheel brakes are invariably of ample power; so that progress must now lie in the direction of light, progressive operation and simplicity of adjustment. In these respects, there is good reason for the growing popularity of the hydraulic system. I expect to see hydraulic brakes fitted to a very large percentage of the Olympia cars.

In regard to springing, we may be sure that long semi-elliptic springs will once again be well nigh universal. There is much talk of independent front wheel springing, and the transverse spring still retains a few adherents; but, for all-round purposes, the semi-elliptics have no real rivals in sight.

We need look for no surprises in the matter of steering. There has been a tendency of late to gear the steering lower, with a view to obtaining an ultra light action—but we must hope that this policy will not be carried to excess. Steering geared very low can be extremely tedious, involving several turns of the wheel before full lock is reached; and it is quite possible to achieve the desired lightness by other means. Nearly all steering gears will be, to some extent, self-centring—although the amount of this "castor" action, as it is called, will vary considerably—being at its strongest, naturally, among the sports models.

As to coachwork, I have some hopes that we shall not see quite so many examples of "Motor Show madness" as usual. Of late, there seems to have been a rather more common-sense spirit at work among the builders of coachwork for small chassis. Quite frequently, now, a "four-seater" body does really provide four comfortable seats—a pleasing contrast to the state of affairs when the small "sports coupé" first leapt into popularity.

There will, of course, be the inevitable small percentage of "freak" bodies, designed primarily to "catch the eye"; but, apart from these, the small car purchaser will find himself better served by the coachbuilder than ever before. Indeed, there will be very few luxuries, either in regard to seating or accessories, which will be denied to the motorist who has £200 to £300 to spend.

On the whole, then, the 1933 Show, without being especially spectacular, will be well worth a visit. It will represent the fruition of the various tendencies which I have mentioned—all designed to render the new models more practical, handier and simpler to control than those which are now being superseded.

New Cars for 1934

(*Continued from page* 71)

another stand not to be missed is that of the Vauxhall Company. The announcement of the new Vauxhalls was made at an early date, so that 1934 models are already, to some extent, familiar. I myself have already tested one of the new 12 h.p. cars, and can vouch for the fact that it gives a remarkable performance, while being very moderately priced.

Speaking of new 12 h.p. cars, I imagine that there will be few to rival in interest a 12·8 h.p. car (tax £13), which is being produced by the Sunbeam Company. I hardly anticipate (I have not the actual figures by me) that this will be a cheap production. Rather it will aim at providing for the small car owner the same high quality and thorough workmanship for which the larger Sunbeam cars are noted. It will have a four-cylinder engine capable of very sporting performance.

Two other orthodox models are being produced. One of these is to be known as the "Twenty," although paying only a £19 tax; the other, paying a £24 tax, will be termed the "Twenty-five." Both of these have, of course, six-cylinder engines, are faster than the average, and are fitted with a new system of grouped chassis lubrication nipples. Finally, there is to be a 21 h.p. Speed Model, designed to combine the merits both of high speed and also of flexibility and handiness. A special pillar-less saloon body will be available on the speed chassis. At prices graded from about £700 upward, such cars, if not cheap, may be regarded as really sound investments for the more discriminating type of motorist.

Here, of course, we have but a few of the many exhibits which will draw the crowds to Olympia during the Show period. The general tendency, none the less, is plain. The new cars are to offer us a wide choice of individual models; they will be more lavishly equipped than ever, and will, in almost every case, be easier to drive. Prices, in some instances, will be a trifle higher, but value for money will be given perhaps more generously than ever.

A Gallery *of* Women

(*Continued from page* 27)

It is quite true that she worked in an hotel to be at closer grips with the characters for her novel.

"Nobody knew who I was," she explains to me now, quietly and composedly; does anything ever disturb this serenity I wonder. "The other people in the hotel saw me as they saw the other workers, and probably forgot all about me. But it gave me an opportunity of soaking in the atmosphere of a big luxury hotel."

The atmosphere of a big hotel. She saw drunken men being put to bed with their boots on, watched elderly husbands quarrelling bitterly with their young wives, sighed over the honeymoon couples who wandered dreamily along the corridors with their arms interlaced. Out of the lives of the hurrying or harassed or bored visitors she conceived her story. The hotel orchestra played somewhere in the distance, the switchboard girls put through the calls to the different bedrooms, the revolving door whirled ceaselessly on its axis. People coming, people going. Nothing happening on the surface. But behind the bedroom doors drama and despair and heaven only knows what.

She accepts a cigarette from me. She puts it between her expressive lips. She looks down at her small feet. Let's forget all about *Grand Hotel*, she seems to say. And we do. After all, it is only one of a dozen books she has written. We talk of the private life of Frau Lert, wife of Richard Lert, conductor at the Berlin Opera House. And Vicki Baum's blue eyes sparkle, for she is Frau Lert, and she is always happiest—I know now—when talking about her home, her husband, and her children.

She met her husband when she was a harpist, studying for a musical career.

"When I was playing my harp in the orchestra I had no thought of writing," she says. "I had never

(*Continued on page* 94)

MINTY CLUB CHAIR

'COWLEY' MODEL

SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR COMFORT

● Modern stress calls for Modern Rest—not only modernity of design, but a perfect union of ease and appearance. Minty chairs have evolved on these lines. The new 'COWLEY' model is the latest Minty development. When more comfortable or more artistic rest furniture is made, Minty will make it.

There is still a great demand for the 'ISIS' model, and this is illustrated below and priced opposite.

'ISIS' Model

Above is shown the unit construction of both the 'COWLEY' and 'ISIS' models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

● THE 'COWLEY'

embodies several entirely new features in upholstery, the most important of which is the extreme resiliency of the Loose Cushions. Pocketed Springs, with a generous overlay of Rubberised Hair, give a down-like effect without the disadvantages of the ordinary down cushion. Rubberised Hair is also used on the arms and produces a soft and springing effect.

PRICES of 'COWLEY' Model
according to length of seat—

	Small	Medium	Large
	£7.7.0	£8.8.0	£9.9.0
		Width 4 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 8 in.
'COWLEY' SETTEE		£12.12.0	£16.16.0

Two Chairs and one Settee form an excellent Suite.

PRICES of 'ISIS' Model
according to length of seat—

	Small	Medium	Large
CHAIRS	£5.19.6	£6.9.6	£6.19.6
	Length 4 ft. 4 in.	4 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
SETTEES	£10.10.0	£12.0.0	£13.10.0

Write for Catalogue of the Minty 'COWLEY' and 'ISIS' Chairs, and patterns of coverings.

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A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 Brand Tablets which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

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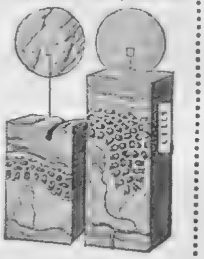
which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm, rich active tissue, increased rows of cells some of which are growing, improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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Of course there was Cointreau in the Fruit Salad!
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

written anything in my life, and neither of my parents was at all literary. One day I fell seriously ill, and as I lay in the throes of a high fever all the incidents of my childhood came back to my mind with astonishing clearness.

"I remembered things the ordinary adult mind has forgotten, I recalled little intimate incidents of childhood which must have been latent in some obscure cell of my mind, but of which I had no knowledge. When I got well again and was convalescing I amused myself by writing down what I had remembered. One day a friend of mine came to see me and began to turn over the pages I had written. He became interested and asked me if he might take them away to read at his leisure. I said 'Yes.'

"Two or three weeks later he came to see me again and said that he thought that he had taken an unpardonable liberty, and hoped that I would forgive him. He had shown the manuscript to a prominent publisher, who wanted to publish it immediately as a book.

"That was the beginning. The book was published and enjoyed quite a success, and I began to write seriously."

Then she got married. The cares of a home and the arrival of her babies put a temporary stop to her literary career. But not for long. Somehow Vicki Baum found time to write another book, and that definitely brought her success.

"I have a passion for sport," she confesses, as if her boyish figure were not sufficient evidence. "For almost every form of sport. Every morning my own trainer watches me do my physical exercises. I love walking, but I like also to drive my own car. When we go to our country house near the Grünewald, I take the wheel. I like speed."

She is still sitting in front of me. Her hands have moved only to carry the cigarette to and from her wide mouth. She has talked of her dozen books and her success and her physical training and her home and cooking, and not once has she dropped her perfect control; not even in her enthusiasms, which are quietly vivacious. I think of some of the women I know, with their expressive gestures and fingerings. Vicki Baum is a change.

Not even when we talk of Wolfgang and Peter, her two boys, does she lose her grip, although the blue eyes seem to grow a little brighter. We discuss modern parenthood and education. She is completely modern in her outlook, this forty-three-year-old woman who crams so much into her life. She has no use for the old-fashioned methods of suppression.

"Wolfgang came home from school one day and gave me a problem that most parents have to face at one time or another." She crushes the cigarette into the ashtray and her hand drops on to her lap and lies relaxed and motionless. "He told me that some of the boys at school had been reading amusing and naughty books by a man called Casanova and another man called Boccacio. Apparently they kept them hidden in their desks because the masters would punish themif they discovered them. Wolfgang wanted to know if *he* could read Casanova.

"I did not hesitate for a second, but simply said: 'Go into the library and take all the books by Casanova and Boccacio that you can find. There is one by Boccacio called *Decameron*. Read that. Read them all. But let me tell you now that I think you will find them very dull and boring. I don't think they're a bit naughty. But go and see what *you* think.'"

She smiles again. The eyes sparkle. The hand lies still on her lap.

"Wolfgang spent most of the evening searching for those naughty stories in Casanova and Boccacio. He gave it up as a bad job in the end by coming to me and protesting that he did not want to open the books again. They were, he said, boring and dull. So dull."

(*Continued on page* 96)

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The Perfect Round–

**DON'T BE VAGUE
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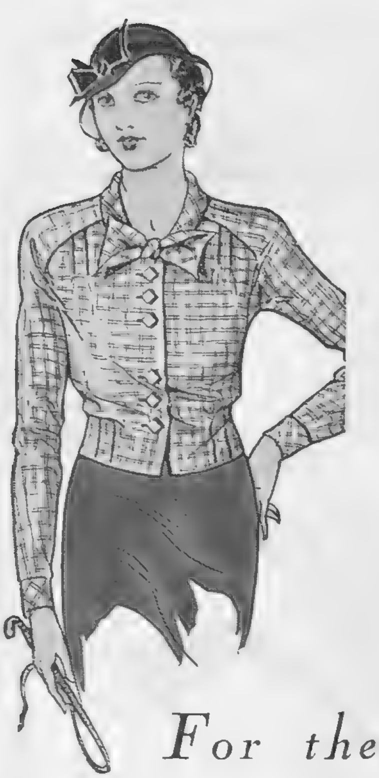
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



For the Sportswoman...

Now here is a little blouse—the newest of the new! Smart and correct yet not too heartily 'masculine.' Feminine chic and light-heartedness is apparent at the first glance. Made from gaily checked flannel, it is distinguished by the raglan cut of the sleeves, the unusual wooden buttons and the skilful arrangement of the well-setting collar which is left with ends that tie into the cutest bow imaginable.

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Causton

A Gallery *of* Women

IN their country home among the tall pines and the soft mists of Grünewald the Lerts live a healthy, open-air life. They are a very happy family, made so because the very wise and level-headed Frau Lert knows when to push Vicki Baum gently but firmly into the background. There is no world-famous author in the Lert home; there is only the woman who knows how to look after husband and children. In the country she is like every other warm-hearted woman—she does the odd, impulsive things that make life worth while.

But at this first meeting I do not know all this. I have to learn that later. So, when we discuss success, I listen to her at first with perhaps the faintest trace of scepticism in my smile. She meets it with her bland and amazing self-sufficiency.

"Fame really does not mean much," she reflects. "Isn't it your own Bernard Shaw who says that fame does not make him happier than the ordinary man? It does not make him digest his food better or prevent him from having a pain in his leg. Nor can it bring him peaceful sleep. It is nice to know in yourself that you have succeeded, of course; but it means little that people talk about you or even recognise you in public.

"Some of the loneliest people I know are the most famous and envied"

She pauses, and then continues:

"I know a brilliant woman, one right at the top of her profession, whose life is just a maze of worries. She was hard and pushing and determined to succeed. She has done so, but her domestic life is a mess, and I think that she knows little of happiness. Once she had a love affair—a lovely thing that made her softer and more human—but that was a long time ago. I don't believe she knows anything now of the softer relations that exist between people. You could not really call her life *living*. The humblest young man and his girl, looking understandingly into each other's eyes and finding there all that they want to know, are miles above this woman in the supreme achievement of human happiness. I think that she realises this sometimes, but she cannot capture it now."

"No, I don't want *only* success. The real things in my life are my husband and home and children."

Vicki Baum draws the curtain and we look down into the courtyard below. She catches my eye and the momentary sadness goes out of her.

We are looking down on the people coming and going about this grand hotel; down on the hooting taxis drawing up to the big glass door; down on the insolent private cars with their freights of lovely women and successful men; down on the passers-by, envious of the luxury within their reach but not within their grasp.

We watch the people coming and going.

"They all want the same thing," Vicki Baum says. "Happiness. They are all going their different ways to win it. And you cannot win it. It comes and you know it for what it is, or you pass it by."

My eyes leave her for the people beneath. They belong to Vicki Baum, really, these people. They are hers. It was she who saw the hopes in their lives as they passed through the doors of the great hotel; she who told their story. She had the imagination to see through the closed doors of their bedrooms and through the open eyes of their masks.

Perhaps at this moment in this same grand hotel two people are standing at a window looking down into the courtyard below. They are silent. The woman is small and slim and goldenly fair. The sparkle has died in her as she watches the people around the revolving door, and a soft sadness, like a spring shadow, lies in the blue pools of her eyes. She stands very still. Perhaps she is wondering about it all and the meaning of it.

Perhaps she is Vicki Baum. Perhaps she is Frau Lert.

Rehearsal Time *at the* B.B.C.

(*Continued from page* 17)

neighbour, commenting on the tireless energy of Eustace Robb, the Television Producer, who at this moment was prancing down the studio to demonstrate to the girls exactly how he wished them to face the public. Yes; who cares, when one is a pioneer.

At least twice before each television programme the "turns" are rehearsed, and it is during these rehearsals that the new technique—the Showmanship of to-morrow, is being invented. With its "close-ups," its "extended views," television already has a technique peculiarly its own, nearer to that of the film than anything else.

UPSTAIRS in the Concert Hall, where Broadcasting House can accommodate an audience of several hundred people, the Theatre Orchestra is rehearsing. The tip-up seats are covered by white cloths. The walls are bathed in the amber glow of concealed lighting. On the platform thirty players sit at their music stands, each with its electric light, and before them Stanford Robinson, a tall dark young man in shirt sleeves, gives a clear and vigorous beat.

"Ah—*tump*—tum!" pleads this B.B.C. conductor, stopping them. "Not ah-turrum!"

They repeat: ah—*tump*—tum.

Soon they stop again. The conductor and the principal horn have a consultation in an effort to achieve a certain balance of tone; and then a Balance and Control Expert who has been listening on a loudspeaker in an adjoining room hurries in for a consultation.

Our Balance Expert says that the clarinet is not coming through at all, so the clarinet is told to play a little louder and they all start again.

Ah—turrum . . . ah-turrum . . tatatata-turrum . . . presto . . . *fortissimo* . . . CRESCENDO—stop!

"You must not breathe there," cries the conductor to the first trombone. "I don't care how you manage to survive, but please don't breathe there, or there will be a sag in that crescendo."

And then they start again.

Love *to* Walter

(*Continued from page* 25)

"Well, my dear, I hate to break up the party, but I've got to get home and catch up some back sleep."

"Good-bye, Gay."

"Are you all going? Norah, for pity's sake stay and have a cocktail!" Balanced again, smiling and a shade derisive. "Well, give my love to Walter, will you? Tell him about Carl and the new novel."

"I will, Gay."

Mildred's smart little black coupé was at the kerb.

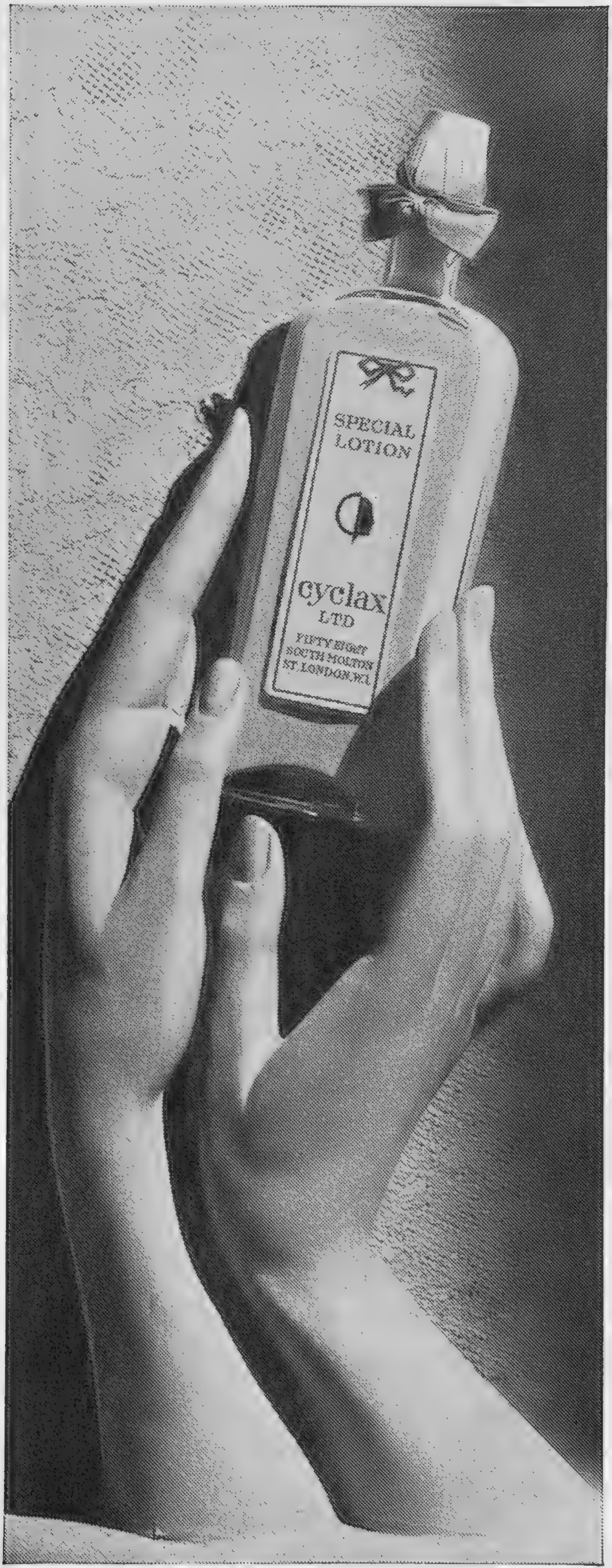
"I'll drop you if you like."

Mildred flicked the coupé through the traffic while she gloomed:

"I ought never to drink. I've got a terrible liver. This morning my skin looked like a crocodile dressing case. Notice anything funny about Gay? Jumpy as a cat, I thought. I suppose it's some man or other. Men! Lord, I hate the whole pack of 'em. I'm going right home to take a bath and go to bed and not get up till Tuesday. This is your place, isn't it? 'Bye, honey, take care of yourself. I'll call you up some time soon."

Walter was home. She knew it as soon as she put the key in the lock and opened the door. The apartment had life when he was in it; when he was out it was dead. She heard the fretful pecking of his typewriter as she looked into

(*Continued on page* 98)



When I was about to show this bottle of Special Lotion in this advertisement, some kindly-meaning critic said, "Supposing they" (which means *you*) "think it's just a bottle of perfume?" "Supposing they do" I replied, and there the matter dropped.

I'll tell you exactly what it really is. Special Lotion is my first love and my greatest love. For to my mind, Special Lotion is the beginning of beauty.

You paint it on and with persuasive insistence it draws out all those skin enemies which take shelter in the pores and refuse to surrender for anything less than Special Lotion. But Special Lotion has a way with it, an attracting, irresistible way, which coaxes all those buried impurities out and leaves your skin sweetly pure and clean.

I am stating facts, I am not boasting idly, when I tell you that this Special Lotion is exactly the same as the Special Lotion for which the beauties of the Edwardian age came to see me in those faraway palmy days. Time is a cruel master, but at least time has proved how infallible, how completely essential Special Lotion is for beauty. *But I have written a book, "The Art of Being Lovely" and I invite you to write for a free copy. It is an interesting book and will repay you well the slight trouble of sending up for it.* FRANCES HEMMING

cyclax

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The new Cyclax perfume . . . Cyclax
Number One . . at 10/6 a bottle . .
is very lovely.

the bedroom to throw down her hat and bag. The living-room was thick with cigarette smoke, the floor strewn with papers. In the middle of it he sat in his shirt sleeves, hair wild, eyes glassy and irritable. He glanced over his shoulder at her and said nothing. She sat down in the shabby armchair and lit a cigarette. It was queer how comfortable it was to be here after the cloying, the stifling femaleness of Gay's room. Gay, poor Gay, with her Japanese prints and her jonquils and her virginal bed under its smooth golden cover! Pity for Gay was an exquisite luxury in which she revelled as though it were an astringent bath. The jolly little coarsenesses of life—she remembered Walter quoting that once. Gay knew nothing of the jolly little coarsenesses of life. Walter muttered suddenly:

"Have a good time?"

"Yes. Mildred and Norah endleton were there."

He laughed, screwing a sheet of paper into a ball and aiming it inaccurately at the wastepaper basket.

"What a crew!"

"Gay sent you her love."

He said nothing.

She sat looking at the back of his head and shoulders. His back looked square and firm, his neck a dull, uncreased red where the dark hair grew down untidily. He needed a haircut, she thought absently, and was surprised at a sudden warm rush of feeling that made her get up and go over to him and clasp her arms round his neck.

"Walt," she said.

Her heart was beating faster, sending new and buoyant blood pushing through her body. He looked up at her, slightly surprised, and patted her hand.

"There!" he said.

Her happiness was absurd, overwhelming. She loosened her arms and turned away.

"Don't let's answer the phone, Walt. Don't let's answer if anyone comes. I'll get dinner presently and we'll have a lovely quiet evening—just the two of us, Walt. Seems ages since there was just the two of us alone."

"Sorry." He stood up, putting on his coat, his voice casual. "Sorry, honey, it can't be done. I've got to go out again. A date. I'm meeting a man at nine."

"Oh!" She felt the threatening tears of weariness, of disappointment as fierce and unreasonable as the happiness of a moment back. "Couldn't he come ere? That would be better than going out, Walt. Call him up and tell him to come round here."

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Can't do that exactly. I promised to go round to his place, d'you see, honey. At nine, I said. Can't put him off now very well."

At nine, at nine. The words rang a bell somewhere, she didn't know where. Numb, fighting tears, she turned away. He paused on his way to the door and put a hand on her shoulder.

"You turn in early and have a good night's sleep—I'll probably be late," he said kindly.

She heard him pottering about in the bathroom, the plash of running water, and his voice raised in tuneless humming that suddenly found words, punctuated by the vigorous scrubbing of a bath towel.

My heart is breaking
For the sound of the wind in the grass.

Her own voice seemed to have the quality of a nightmare shriek.

"Walter!"

He looked in, mildly astonished, towel in hand.

"What's that song?"

"I don't know. Russian thing—heard it the other night. Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

The nightmare, instead of breaking and leaving her sweaty with relief, seemed to gather strength and drag her into a thicket shadowy with remembered gestures, chance words, sudden unwary expressions of eyes and lips. She was still sitting there when Walter looked in on his way to the door, and told her again to get a good night's sleep. The morning's shakiness seemed to have vanished. He looked alert, smiling, handsome. The apartment door banged. She sat there a long time staring absently at the cigar burn on mother's little maple bureau. Presently she got up, sat down at the bureau, and took a sheet of writing paper out of the drawer.

"Darling Mother," she wrote.

She paused. The tears rolled down her cheeks and fell unheeded on the paper before her.

END

Love Philtre

(*Continued from page* 39)

"You *have* been drinking!" said the Rev. Parker Widgery.

"Yes, pa darling," laughed his daughter, "I've had two swell cocktails with the darlingest men in Rabaul, and I'm so happy that I'm going to kiss you right on the tip of your Wellingtonian nose."

The Rev. Parker Widgery, very naturally, was startled. His daughter was so changed that she seemed to be under a spell, and nobody had ever kissed him on the tip of the nose before.

He said: "Remarkable! Remarkable!"—and polished his glasses as if convinced that his eyes were at fault.

Baffled, he kept on repeating the comment, but it was gratifying that all those young men should have made such a fuss of her. If her success continued she might exercise a noble influence on the depraved society of Rabaul. After all, these men had souls almost like their brown brothers.

Success is very hard to resist. It is like a drug; it goes to the head—and the heart.

THE cruise ship came, a palace of luxury, a metropolis floating into the dark places of the world on a magic carpet. Its people flocked out of it like the animals from the ark, and spread over Rabaul.

Meanwhile those citizens of Rabaul who could take no part in the plunder of the visitors occupied the floating palace. Miss Widgery was a soldier in that army whose occupation was limited to a single day—a new Miss Widgery who knew just what she wanted and intended to get it.

What Miss Widgery wanted was every aid, natural and artificial, to make the flagship ball the triumph it promised to be. The liner was a transitory and exotic migrant. It came and went, busy with its own life, a world apart wherever it might be. The new Miss Widgery saw the luxury craft only as a means to a greater end—the visit of the Fleet.

As is the way when fortune starts to smile, all went well with her, for by a stroke of fortune—though one would not have thought it so—all the hairdressers were engaged when she got aboard. As the manicurist was free Miss Widgery decided to make use of her services. An admirable decision.

The manicurist's name was Ivy and she had eyes like blue saucers and hair that might have been dipped in synthetic gold. Her mouth was the materialisation of a kiss, and her figure, to twist the phrase, left a lot to be desired. Miss Widgery thought her gloriously beautiful, like a princess in a fairy tale, forgetting momentarily that the rôle belonged to her.

So, of course, it seemed only right to tell Ivy the beautiful secret, since a secret must be shared to be enjoyed. Impossible to tell any resident of Rabaul, but this glamorous visitor from another world, gone again to-morrow, was the ideal confidant, and the cubicle—white, shining and quiet, cooled by a stream of perfumed air—was the very confessional for such a tale. Miss Widgery revealed what the powers of darkness had done for her.

Ivy at first was bored, haughty and aloof. She drawled: "Oh, yahs, quaite so!"

But as Miss Widgery proceeded in her simple and convincing way Ivy's attention was completely captured. She forgot to be elegant and refined, and, putting down her tools of trade, lent dimpled elbows on the table and gasped, "Coo, quit it, you're kiddin' me. Don't I wish you wasn't!"

Miss Widgery was too hurt by this imputation to be conscious of Ivy's change of manner. She protested indignantly. Ivy was no fool. She had learnt people in a hard school. Her client was telling the truth—she was certain of it—and it was the most enthralling thing Ivy had ever heard. Love philtres were much more in Ivy's line than Miss Widgery's. Her imagination saw rosy pictures. And just what you'd expect to find on a desert isle.

"So," Miss Widgery concluded, "I want to be made to look as nice as possible for the ball, because I've dances with all the nicest young men in Rabaul. They've been simply angels to me ever since they booked them. Perhaps Maku made his powder a little too strong. I really can't marry them all." She knitted her brows over the problem of her surfeit of lovers.

"Listen," said Ivy sharply, "can you get any more of that stuff?"

"Why, certainly, but I'm quite satisfied with——"

"Could you get some for me?"

"A beautiful girl like you wouldn't need it!"

"Wouldn't hell!" said Ivy. "I'm the best judge of that. There are a coupla unattached millionaires aboard, and couldn't I use one for a husband? I'm going to take a chance and believe your crazy story. It's a good bet anyway. I've often heard of them love potions, but I thought it was all my eye and Betty Martin. If this one's worked for you why shouldn't it do the trick for me?"

"No reason at all," said Miss Widgery modestly. "You'll need even less of it."

"But it has to go further," smiled Ivy. "What you say it costs?"

"A pound for the course."

Ivy did mental arithmetic, working out her own needs and how much it might be profitable to have on hand for wealthy patrons, who, when she had safely annexed her man, might provide a dowry and trousseau.

"Could you get me five pounds' worth?"

"I'm sure I could. This very morning."

"Make it a tenner's worth," said Ivy, plunging. "This looks the goods. Tell you what, Miss Widgery, you buzz right off and get me that stuff—I'll put up the money, of course—and when you come back with it I'll give you a complete evening rigout bought in Paris that'll knock 'em endways. And what's more I'll have the boys turn you out a perfect ash blond with the skin of a rose, so's you'll have all those naval Johnnies down on their knees, love powder or no.

"You're too good—much, much too good," protested little Miss Widgery.

The Rev. Parker Widgery was abed when his daughter returned at last from the ship. He did not see her through the next day either, for she was resting in preparation for the ball.

Miss Widgery was, in truth, keeping cool and composed in a cotton slip. To have moved about in the heat of the day would have imperilled a masterpiece of which all the artists aboard the cruise ship were warrantably proud. She rested and dreamed and waited, patient, certain. At eight-thirty she emerged in all her splendour.

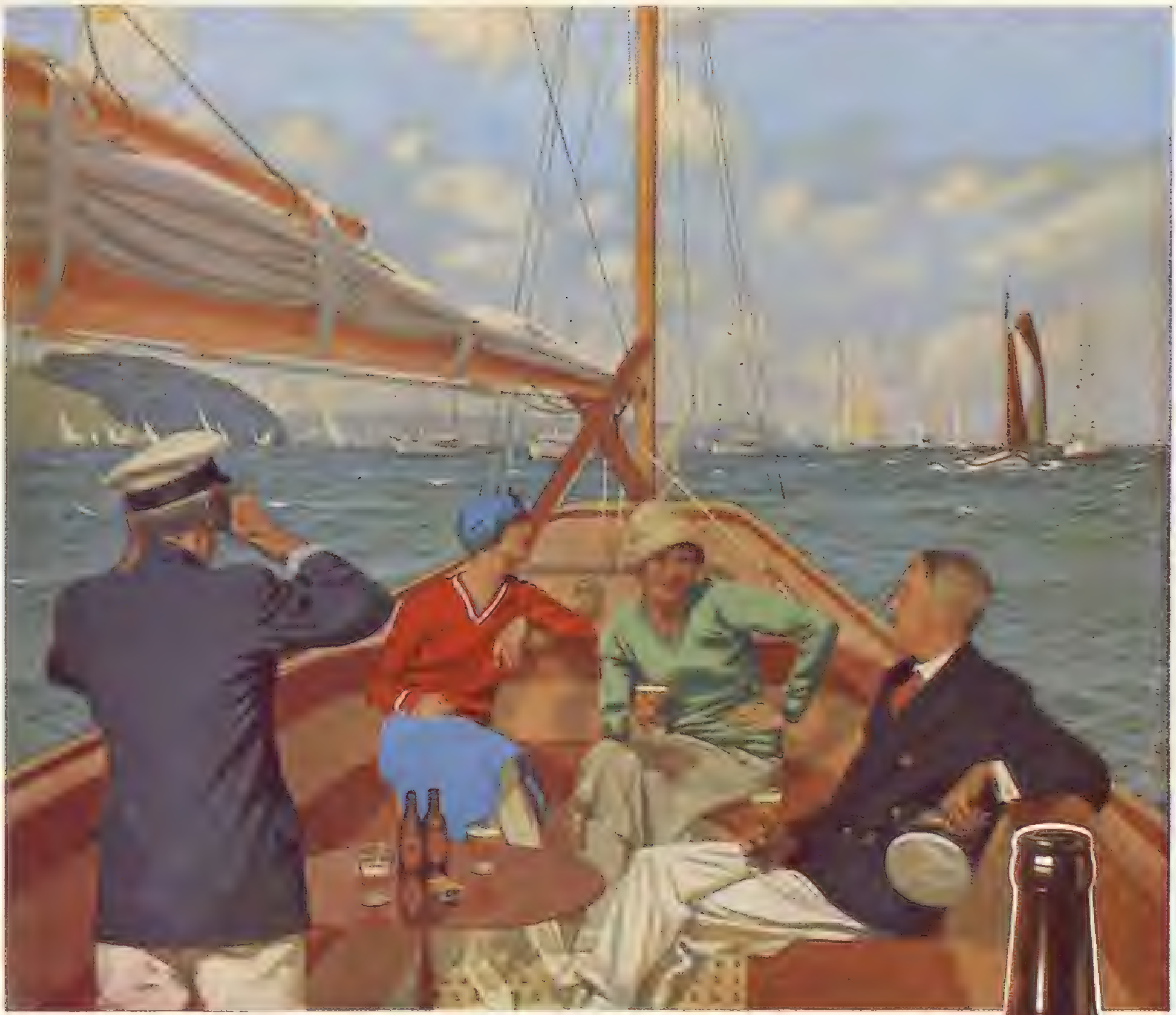
"Great heavens on high!" gasped the Rev. Parker Widgery—an unprecedented oath for him. "Who is it?" He started to his feet and stood there goggling.

"Your charming daughter," said Miss Widgery, dropping a pert curtsey.

"I don't—I can't believe it!" The Rev. Parker had had little experience of what was possible in the way of aiding nature.

They had done things to Miss Widgery aboard that ship. Under the inspired direction of Ivy—passionately grateful for a silk-lined future—she had been turned, as promised, into an ash blond with the skin of a rose and a wind-blown bob that became her astoundingly.

(*Continued on page* 101)



Here's Health

Ashore or Afloat

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

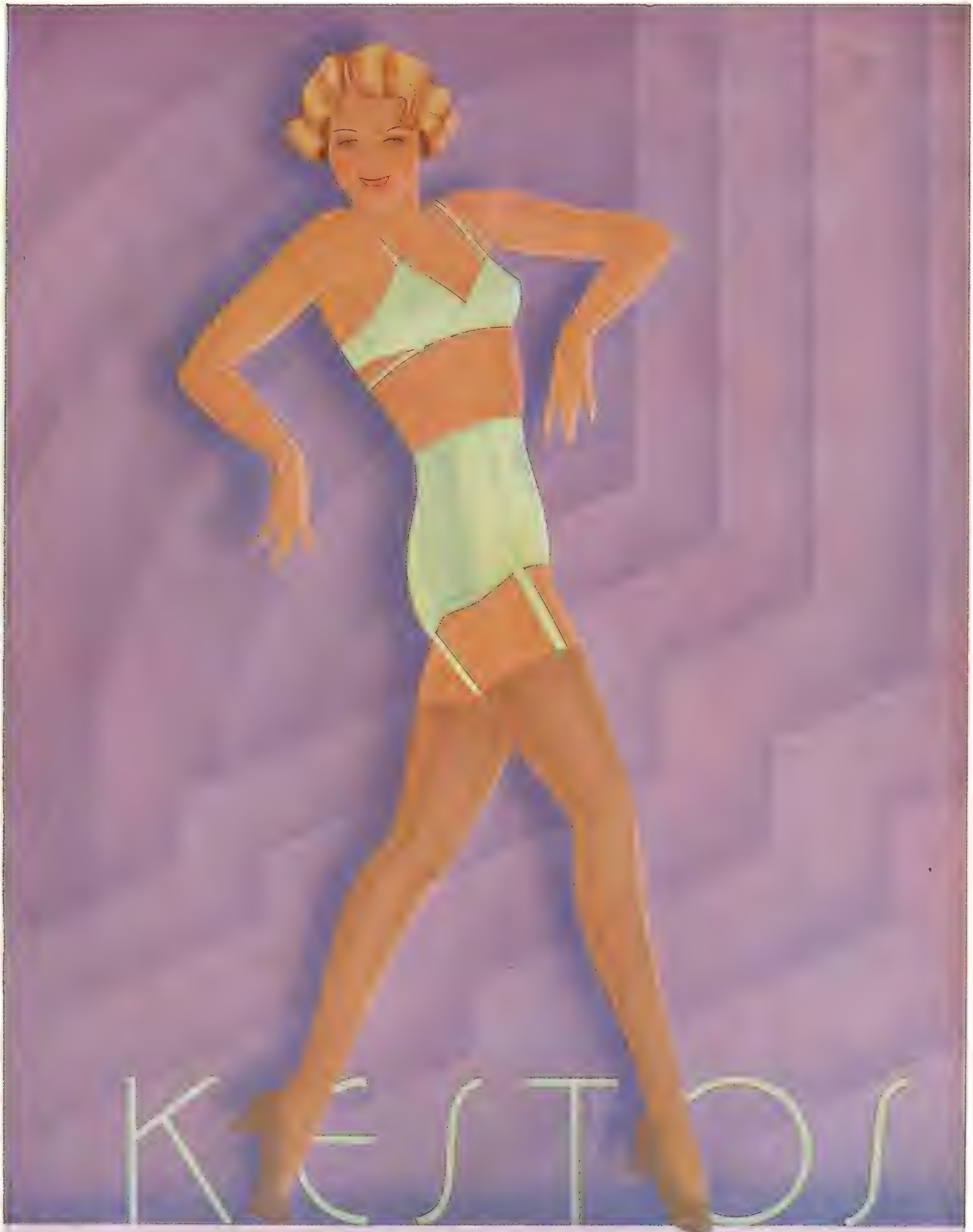
is a most welcome Beverage

WHITBREAD'S
WHITBREAD & Co Ltd
LONDON
PALE ALE

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

Issued by Whitbread & Co., Ltd. Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

I.P.S.



Unlovely and unwanted curves are diplomatically and effectively dealt with by Kestos—the gifted creators of foundation garments. The Kestos Brassière, so skilfully cut, bestows perfect beauty of figure, by subtly emphasising natural charms and tactfully concealing and improving where Nature has not been so kind. And the mastery of Kestos Girdles over intractable hips is truly amazing! Though light and charming in appearance these ingeniously designed garments give correct contour and grace of line to every figure.

Kestos Brassière, 3/11 to 17/11. Kestos Girdles at various prices. Sold everywhere.

Catalogue on request. KESTOS LTD., Maddox House, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Wholesale only.) Also at Paris and Brussels.

"Don't you like me, pop?" demanded Miss Widgery, quite sure that he had no choice.

"No doubt I shall when I can identify you."

ON the still water the flagship floated, not grim and grey that night, but a bouquet of light and bunting from which music drifted like perfume through the soft air. Everybody who was anybody in Rabaul was there, and the naval officers in white and gold made perfect hosts.

Miss Widgery was not the most beautiful woman on the quarter-deck, neither was she the most perfectly gowned, but she looked so much better than Rabaul had ever seen her before that she appeared absolutely lovely. The chrysalis she had shed made her the more the butterfly. Also she was certainly the happiest woman there, and that made a difference. Then, too, she had the early dances booked with all the very nicest local men. That created an immediate impression on the observant naval folk. They flocked about this girl rated so highly by those in the position to know best.

And Miss Widgery, who in the past had stumbled round with hobbledehoy boys, found that a good partner who wanted to dance with her lent wings to her feet, particularly when she wore a frock worth dancing in, and was sustained by the knowledge of secret power.

All thanks to Maku.

Mrs. Hemmington said behind her fan: "Where could the Widgery girl have got that gown? Look at the men dangling round her. If you ask me, she must have sold her soul to the devil. How else can you account for it?"

However, it was accounted for; the fact remained that Miss Widgery was a success, and unspoilt by it.

Surgeon-Commander John Wyman had eyes in his head. They were eyes of deepest blue. He was not much of a dancing man, but he knew a fine girl when he saw one. Quiet and tall and thin and brown, he had a way with him which, if not spectacular, was remarkably effective. He squared his shoulders and sailed in to capture that young woman even though she was in such demand.

Surgeon-Commander John Wyman sailed in and made the young woman his prize and was captured himself. For the rest of the Fleet's five days at Rabaul they voyaged in company. Poor Wyman, an innocent sailor in that isle of white magic—what hope had he? Miss Widgery, for her part, discovered why love philtres had been invented. He proposed on the evening before they sailed, and confirmed it by radio daily.

When Miss Widgery caught the steamer for Sydney to marry him she left Maku the richest witch-doctor in the Pacific.

For she never knew the mean trick Maku had played in giving her in return for twenty bright shillings a harmless white powder ground from the pith of reeds, nor did she know that he had boasted of this deceit to George Warren's servant. It follows, therefore, that she remained in blissful ignorance of the truth that the interest of Warren and his cronies was started as a rag to make a cruel mockery of the woman who had been silly enough to buy Maku's love philtre.

They kept their secret, being somewhat ashamed of themselves when they found what hope was doing for little Miss Widgery. They even counted themselves fortunate to be abetting Maku, for it is a heartening and disturbing experience to share in the creation of romance. Sometimes when liquor has loosened their tongues they sigh sentimentally and wonder, eyes reminiscent, whether Maku's potion may not have been the genuine article, and then one says, "That naval bloke was in luck, confound him!" Thus Miss Widgery, lost, lingers romantically among them, a memory, a ghost about which they can never be sure.

Is *the* Sheik *a* Great Lover?

(*Continued from page 21.*)

flicking the ash idly over the woman's silk frock. Handsomely insolent, too.

"Hakem is one of the lucky," muttered Abdul.

"Why?"

"The woman, an American, veree rich, oh yes, veree rich, has been in Cairo now for over a year. She will not go back to the United States. She is, what you say, in fatuated?"

"What, with the Sphinx?" I asked.

Abdul grinned.

"No, with the sheik. Hakem, he calls himself a sheik. He is no more sheik than I am. He began as donkey-boy. Now he dragoman. He met the veree rich American woman when she arrived. They always together. He live at same hotel. They go into

(*Continued on page 102*)

THIS charming hand-smocked dress is one of many varied designs to be found in the salons of Lilla at 7, Lower Grosvenor Place: All the styles are original and the prices vary from as little as 3½ guineas for dresses and 15s. 11d. for short smocks which are ideal for wear in the house. Apart from these attractive smocks and dresses Lilla offers a service which is much appreciated by a wide circle in these hard times: this is a department which deals exclusively with reconditioning last year's clothes and making them look like new—a work which requires expert knowledge and excellent craftsmanship, both of which Lilla can be relied on to provide at the minimum of expense. A well arranged catalogue showing a selection of styles and prices will be forwarded upon request. Write to The Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

SLIMMING!

THE SANE, SAFE, NATURAL AND SCIENTIFIC SLIMMING TONIC

"*Now at your service*"

What SLENDENE-VALETTA is and isn't—Does and Doesn't

IT IS an essentially natural product.

IT IS NOT a drug and contains nothing in the nature of a drug.

IT IS a perfectly harmless and reliable reducing agent.

IT IS NOT a ruthless destroyer of tissues, nor a dangerous underminer of the constitution.

IT DOES reduce superfluous flesh and creates a natural slimness.

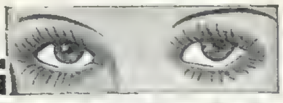
IT DOES NOT lower vitality. On the contrary, it has a healthy tonic effect on the whole system and greatly benefits the nervous system. You can have slenderness with safety, and less weight without weakness.

Nothing could be simpler. You just drink SLENDENE-VALETTA as you would drink tea, preferably before meals. And you make it in much the same way—by simple infusion. It is a pleasant, palatable beverage, quite apart from its special properties of slimming down and toning up.

No need for strict dieting of the "milkless tea and butterless toast" variety. You can eat normally and with full enjoyment. Do not delay. Enjoy life more by being slim and fit. Send crossed P.O. or cheque for 7/6 and receive sufficient SLENDENE-VALETTA for six weeks' intensive treatment, or send name and address for full particulars. Full instructions are given on package. Recommend SLENDENE-VALETTA to your friends. They, and we, will thank you.

Dr. H. E. P., CLASSICS, LTD.,
Dominion House, Bartholomew Close,
London, E.C.1.

SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC



CILOREAL

FOR FASCINATING LASHES & EYEBROWS

CILOREAL complete with Eye Palette and full instructions. 4/- POST FREE post free or from high class Chemists and Hairdressers.

No need to spend time each day with Eyebrow Pencils and other Cosmetics. Get CILOREAL and in a few minutes you can permanently tint your Eyebrows and Lashes so that they will be the envy of all your friends.

Descriptive folder sent on request to C. Nestle & Co. Ltd., 5 Ciloreal House, 48 South Molton Street, W.1.

BARBARA'S
BATHED IN
HEALTH . . .

Maybe Barbara puts too great a strain on those active limbs of hers. She positively subsides into her bath; tennis under that sun is too much, even for healthy nineteen—and there's dancing again to-night. Wright's Coal Tar Soap foams deliciously, making her skin tingle, washing away weariness. No over-scented soaps for Barbara. Her lovely clear skin, even the number of her admirers, bear testimony for Wright's, the safe, refreshing soap. Mothers use it for their babies, too.

BATHE WITH A SAFE SOAP

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY, in a survey of several thousand physicians, found that Wright's Coal Tar Soap was used more often by these doctors than any other brand of toilet soap.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, that great reference work compiled by acknowledged experts, puts the use of Coal Tar products in the first rank on account of its importance in the prevention and suppression of disease.

WRIGHT'S
coal tar **SOAP**

FOR FRESHNESS AND RADIANT HEALTH!

desert for days together. Hakem is one of the lucky."

It was Wilde who said that woman was a sphinx without a secret. On this occasion I turned my back upon the squinting colossus, and furtively eyed the infatuated woman from America. She gazed adoringly at the handsome scoundrel at her side. He ignored her, except to continue flicking ash over her frock. He was much more concerned in the correctness of his theatrical pose against the romantic background of the desert. I saw more than one woman tourist turn twice to gaze at him. And Hakem never missed a single glance.

Some of these fake sheiks have been known to meet the boats carrying tourists at Alexandria. They have discovered that post-war Europe has crowds of middle-aged women with money but no men-folk. The magic word "sheik" stirs something in their romance-starved souls and they are easy prey in the hands of unscrupulous Egyptians. Port Said has an army of fake sheiks.

Perhaps the most successful of these fake sheiks, better known in Liverpool than Libya, is the gentleman who styles himself Mohammed el Raschid, Emir of Kurdistan. He is Europe and America's greatest coloured lover, and is still roaming the world in search of women dupes. At the moment I believe that he is in Syria, where a relieved French Government deported him after a few weeks spent on French soil.

Mohammed el Raschid had an inglorious career in the East End of London as a trousers cleaner and presser. But this was in his dark days. Even then his swarthy countenance attracted the attention of shopgirls who did not hesitate to give him their savings and their love.

American women were easy prey to this sheik. He never lacked luxury and entertainment on American shores. But when the immigration authorities discovered his very dubious credentials he was placed aboard a White Star liner and deported back to Europe. Even then his lady friends in America insisted upon paying the difference between his third-class fare and the first-class to which they considered their sheik entitled.

When he arrived at Liverpool the Aliens Officers refused him a permit of entry into the country. He was lodged at the local Bridewell until the next White Star sailed for New York. Then he was sent back to the United States. But they would not have him there, and he was returned again to Liverpool. British Aliens Officers were equally adamant, and forthwith sent him back to New York.

By this time the White Star Company had grown tired of giving the Emir of Kurdistan free trips across the Atlantic, and no doubt the Emir himself had become fatigued with this incessant travelling. Therefore on his next return trip to Europe he was placed aboard the Cunard liner "Tuscania," and landed at Southampton. But the Aliens Officers were waiting for him. Back aboard the liner went the Emir, and he was transported to Havre. At Havre, the French authorities were also adamant. But the captain of the "Tuscania" had had enough of his swarthy passenger. He pointed out that the Emir had a French passport issued in Syria and identity papers stating that he was born in Vrinscha, Syria. The end of the day saw the Emir staying the night in the local gaol at Havre. But a few days later he was taken to Paris, thence to Marseilles, and placed aboard a ship bound for Beyrout. That, so far as the international police departments are aware, was his journey's end.

There is something pathetic in the contrast of the love stories of real sheiks. They seem to enjoy less romance than the fake sheiks. Actually, as anyone who knows Egypt will admit, the sheik is in many cases hag-ridden. There are more nagging wives in the harems of real sheiks than there are in the homes of European business men. A harem may be

Bronco
FOR
ECONOMY

APP LY
800
SHEETS

Have you ever asked yourself why it is when you buy those so-called cheap toilet rolls, you no sooner have bought one roll than another is needed? The reason, of course, is because there is such a small number of sheets to the roll.

In each BRONCO roll there are approximately 800 sheets, nearly three times the quantity found in many rolls. Obviously, then, it is economical to buy BRONCO.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

You can get BRONCO from Stores, Stationers, Grocers, Chemists, etc.

Manufactured by
The British Patent
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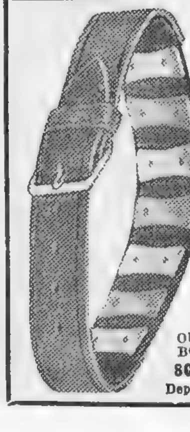
The Perforated Toilet Paper



Electricity draws out
URIC ACID

This curative wristlet, the invention of a Doctor of Science and tested by Faraday House, uses the natural moisture of the skin as an electrolyte, thus generating a continuous, mild electric current, which draws out the harmful uric acid from the system. The wristlet takes the form of an attractive, adjustable strap and is indispensable to all sufferers from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, NEURITIS, ARTHRITIS, etc. Send for descriptive leaflet and testimonials of this and other lines.

THE WRISTLET. PRICE 10/-
In 2 sizes. Post Free
In Lizard, Crocodile or Morocco Finish.
(State wrist measurement with order.)

Obtainable through any of the branches of BOOTS CHEMISTS, or direct from
SCIENTIFIC HEALTH AIDS LTD.,
Dept. B, Ivy House, Newgate St., London, E.C.1

secluded, but it is always present. I have seen many a hook-nosed Oriental twitch his face in a frightened manner when some subject is broached that might concern his women. Instinctively he glances round nervously.

Paris has a particularly gay welcome for the sheiks of Northern Africa. French people are only too ready to spread the carpet of their civilisation before the eyes of citizens of the sands. And, invariably, the visiting sheiks find their way to those coloured cabarets, the "nigger heavens" of Paris, of which *Le Train Bleu*, *Creole Cabaret* and *La Boule Blanche* are the best known. It is in these cabarets that gold-filled teeth still grin over the desert love-making of Mohammed Hassan el Aderrahman. This ruler of a vast territory in the South of Morocco had installed himself in a fine hotel in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. His eyes rolled delightedly over the scene of Paris pavements at the hour of the *apéritif* and lighted upon a chic creature of twenty-four who happened to be passing the hotel.

So far as the sheik was concerned, it was love at first sight. He gathered his burnous about him and rushed forth from the hotel. He panted along the pavement and eventually reached the creature of his dreams. She was standing, waiting for someone.

"You must marry me," he babbled in bad French.

"You are mad!" she replied, with devastating coldness.

The sheik persisted. A crowd gathered. The woman looked frightened. And then, immaculate in new suit and white gloves, appeared the young man for whom the girl had been waiting. A few words sufficed to explain the situation. The sheik was still pleading his very honourable intentions. The young man stopped the parleying. He struck the sheik across the face, bowed with exquisite politeness, and left the sheik to the grinning crowd. Mohammed Hassan el Aderrahman left for Morocco in a rage. One feels that he may sulk in his harem to-day.

END

New Faces for Old

(*Continued from page* 11)

are not definitely disadvantageous. Moreover, it is recognised as a sort of moral duty to-day to be as physically attractive as possible. It is a question not of æsthetics alone but of ethics. In a negative sense, at any rate, we must not exhibit unpleasant defects. Dr. Passot went further. He held responsible for various forms of neurasthenia, for timidity, for discouragement, and even for suicide, such apparently trivial physical eccentricities as a pair of outstanding ears. Why retain flapping ears, which make one a figure of fun, when a little incision in the cartilage will put them back in their normal place? I know a painter of talent who has never obtained the position he merits because of his nervous apprehension of all social relations. I know another man, and editor of repute, who is terribly self-conscious about his wing-like ears. This is peculiarly a masculine disability, for it is comparatively easy to hide the feminine ear by an appropriate coiffure. All that is necessary to remedy it, said Dr. Passot, is a cut and a stitch, and the ears will lie flat against the head.

Yet it must not be supposed that anyone can set up as a beauty surgeon. Dr. Passot, who wrote a book *Sculpteur de Visages*, confessed that he had performed three thousand operations for wrinkles, and only when he had performed five hundred did he feel that he was really master of his technique. "Face-lifting," it is called in English, and it is necessary to borrow the word to describe it in French. Nothing could be more simple in principle or more difficult in practice. The skin is slit where it meets the hair and pulled back and adjusted. Even the bandages are virtually invisible, and in a few days they can be removed without danger. It is asserted that, in fifteen minutes, fifteen years can be subtracted

(*Continued on page* 104)

PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY APPOINTMENT
EAU DE COLOGNE
Nº 4711
GLOCKENGASSE
BLUE & GOLD EAU DE COLOGNE DOUBLE
Nº 4711
GLOCKENGASSE Nº 4711

PRICES
Original glass bottle with New Screw Cap 8/9
Half size 4/9
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Watch Shape bottle for Handbag . . 2/6
Other sizes in assorted styles up to 52/6

NOW & ALWAYS
—THE SAME ORIGINAL
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A quality for which there cannot be any adequate substitute, that is fortified by comparison with its imitators, that remains true to the original and genuine formula of nearly 150 years ago. "4711" genuine Eau de Cologne stands alone, the unchanging quality which those who are competent to judge insist upon.

Nº 4711. **Genuine Eau de Cologne**

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Gar. G. Nº7

Pay your figure the supreme compliment of a belt by

J. Roussel

CORSETIÈRE OF PARIS

and have the modern line which only his marvellous belts can give you.

Are you satisfied with your figure? Are you interested in exercises or wish to know the correct type of belt to wear? Call or send for the "Roussel Review" with Catalogue No. 17.

177 Regent Street, W. 1, and 74 New Bond Street, W.1

6 King Street, Manchester. 6 Midland Arcade, Birmingham. *166 Bd. Haussmann, Paris.*

R 10

■■ I KNOW, IT'S **dreadful**

but once Pyorrhœa gets a hold it's far better to have teeth out than let them undermine your health ■■

What a price to pay for neglect! She's married, has two children, is under thirty; her figure is still graceful as a girl's. But she is all out of sorts and doesn't know why. Her gums bleed at a touch. The visit to her dentist has been put off too long, and now the X-ray says "Pyorrhœa"—three front and two back teeth must come out. Pyorrhœa takes years to gain a hold. In most of that time she could have used Forhan's for the Gums, could have checked the disease; begun soon enough she could have prevented it altogether. Get yourself a tube to-day! It is more than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhœa! At all chemists.

Forhan's FOR THE gums

FORHAN'S LIMITED • ALDWYCH HOUSE • LONDON • W.C.2

from one's appearance. There are, of course, more delicate operations, but a technique has been worked out to meet all cases, including neck wrinkles. For such wrinkles as are caused by nervous contractions an injection of alcohol is sometimes used.

It is not pretended that the effect is permanent, but it will last for two years or so, according to this authority, and after several operations, at intervals of two years, there will be no need for further intervention. The French proverb has it: "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*"

In these days of motor-cars—and of motoring accidents—we are all liable to require first aid. Fragments of broken glass can inflict nasty though not dangerous injuries to the face, which, if not properly attended to, will leave conspicuous cicatrices. Now it is claimed that skilful treatment would avoid 80 per cent. of these facial mutilations. Therefore, if a specialist is not available, Dr. Passot recommends merely a provisional antiseptic bandage and a speedy consultation of an æsthetic surgeon.

Extraordinary details for the right treatment of cicatrices are given. If there are depressions left by a malady, nothing would seem to be easier than to graft under the skin a portion of fatty tissue—taken from another and invisible part of the subject. The grafting of flesh taken from others is rather deprecated. One must furnish one's own fat for these séances.

Tattooing is pressed into the service of surgery. If there are spots of a different colour to the rest of the skin, these blemishes can be done away with by the simple process of scientific tattooing. Even the colour of the eyes can be changed; so that if one eye is pale blue and the other brown, they can be brought into conformity. The sculptor becomes a painter, though his brush is a little bundle of needles.

And if it is simple to colour the skin, why not a permanent rouge for the lips? Why lipsticks? Dr. Passot claimed to have given the right kiss-proof red to the lips of some of his patients, and he foresaw the time when not only pale cheeks could be given a healthy bloom, but the eyelids could be darkened, and the whole paraphernalia of feminine make-up could be discarded. What a saving of time and trouble! Still, I daresay that women will prefer to compose their own complexion. Presumably it is one of the pleasures of the toilette and furnishes possibilities of variety.

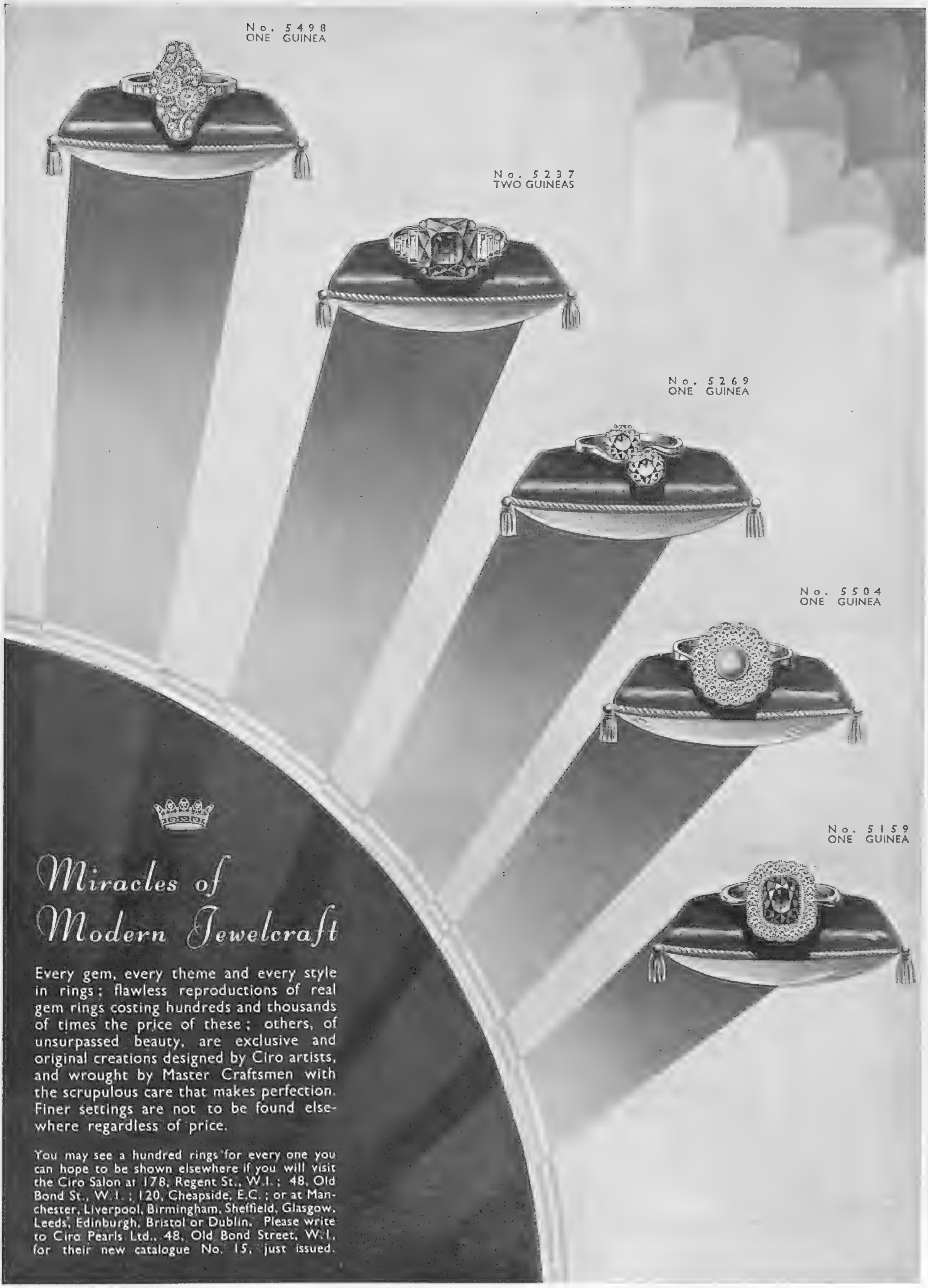
One of the most important branches of the new art is nasal. Pascal told us that if the nose of Cleopatra had been a little longer the face of the world—as well as the face of Cleopatra—would have been altogether different. Edmond Rostand, in one of his best-known tirades, makes Cyrano mock ingeniously his protuberant organ. It may be that in the Germany of Hitler the shape of noses has become an obsession. In fact, there are few people who are altogether satisfied with their nose. It is the central feature of the face, *(Continued on page 106)*

"Asa-plene"

In our issue for June, 1933, in an article headed "Queer Cures of To-day," we published statements concerning a preparation "Asa-plene," saying that the preparation had at one time been on the English market and that the company that was floating it soon went into liquidation.

We desire to make it clear that the statements did not refer to Aseplene Limited, of 444, Strand, W.C., or to the preparation "Aseplene" which they are supplying upon the English market to-day, and we did not intend to cast any reflection on them. Aseplene Limited sell a preparation known as "Aseplene," a remedy for pyorrhœa. They have been in business since 1920, and there has never been any question of their going into liquidation.

We desire to express to Aseplene Limited our sincere regret for any inconvenience or misunderstanding that may have arisen.


No. 5498
ONE GUINEA
No. 5237
TWO GUINEAS
No. 5269
ONE GUINEA
No. 5504
ONE GUINEA
No. 5159
ONE GUINEA
Miracles of Modern Jewelcraft

Every gem, every theme and every style in rings; flawless reproductions of real gem rings costing hundreds and thousands of times the price of these; others, of unsurpassed beauty, are exclusive and original creations designed by Ciro artists, and wrought by Master Craftsmen with the scrupulous care that makes perfection. Finer settings are not to be found elsewhere regardless of price.

You may see a hundred rings for every one you can hope to be shown elsewhere if you will visit the Ciro Salon at 178, Regent St., W.1.; 48, Old Bond St., W.1.; 120, Cheapside, E.C.; or at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, Leeds, Edinburgh, Bristol or Dublin. Please write to Ciro Pearls Ltd., 48, Old Bond Street, W.1, for their new catalogue No. 15, just issued.

Photo Manasse

Famous French Treatment
Will Give You a
BEAUTIFUL BUST
in 3 to 5 weeks by the Famous
PARISIAN METHODS

Is your bust insufficiently developed? Has it lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood or age? Do you want to develop and beautify it? Do you want to restore its firmness? Do you want to regain those pleasing curves which are a woman's charm?

Apply for Free Booklet on the
EXUBER BUST RAFFERMER for strengthening the bust, or
EXUBER BUST DEVELOPER for developing the bust.

Both these methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill effect; they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise, no internal medicament, and for 23 years have been used all over the world with remarkable success. Internationally renowned theatre and cinema artistes owe their attractiveness to the

PARISIAN METHODS

FREE OFFER

Readers of "Britannia & Eve" will receive, under plain cover, full details about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING.

Mail to-day to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11 rue de Miromesnil, Div. G.46H, PARIS (8e). Please give address in block letters and enclose 2½d. stamp for answer. Postage 2½d.

Old Boy,

I felt TURGID. If it hadn't been for Betsy and her "*celestial* little globes" (Cachets Faivre is their respectable name), I should simply have been NOISES OFF. The effect was completely solacing. Headache and general DECIMATION gone in the twinkling of a flash. As COVE to COVE, I advise you to send for one of their bounteous sample boxes. They're the ultimate RECTIFIER of all the neuralgiae, rheumatisms and *desperate* headaches.

Free Sample Box? Write for one to:—

Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd. (Dept. *B*.4), 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2 and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

TAKE A
CACHET FAIVRE
brand

2/3 and 1/- a box, from your chemist.

and determines the character of the visage. Those who have short noses would like them lengthened; those who have long noses would like them shortened. Those who have arched noses admire straight noses; and those who have straight noses would prefer them slightly curved. We are even informed that a celebrated actress with a beautiful Grecian nose, jealous of the success of a rival, asked to have her nose saucily tilted! Well, Dr. Passot's colleagues can supply any kind of nose while you wait. You can have a nose like Greta Garbo, or a nose like Ramon Novarro; you can have Bourbon nose or a Spinelly nose.

President Wilson, in his lighter moments, composed a limerick proclaiming that he was not handsome:

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
    But my face I don't mind it,
    For I am behind it;
It's the people in front get the jar!

The sentiment may be dubbed selfish; but it is not enlightened selfishness. I will not say that a better treaty would have been made, nor will I say that the President would have been approved by the American Senate, if the people in front had not got the jar; but faces do play a considerable part in the world's affairs. Now we are assured that if we don't like our faces we can change them. The beauty doctors—or the æsthetic surgeons—as in the story of Aladdin, are crying, "New faces for old!"

Nor is this by any means all. If you are bald there is no need to wear a wig. Little strips of skin and hair can be removed, without leaving noticeable gaps, from the back of the head, and grafted on the top of the head. The hair will grow thickly and can be brushed to cover the denuded parts. Eyebrows can be grafted in the same manner. Even eyelashes can be supplied, though this is a longer business. There are girls who will supply eyelashes—they give one out of every two, and in a few months the plucked eyelashes have grown again, and they are ready to give (or sell) their eyelashes once more! On the other hand, by electricity, superfluous hair can be removed—though great patience is required.

A new chapter might be written by Samuel Butler. If it is a crime to be poor, it is equally a crime to be inæsthetic. Just as one goes to the dentist to-day, so one will go to the sculptor of visages to-morrow. If one does not, it will be shameful self-neglect.

Certainly there is a good deal in the contention that physical appearance has a real influence on moral well-being. Perhaps it is true, with reservations, that one is as old as one looks, and as good as one is good-looking. Perhaps it is false that beauty is only skin-deep—the contention is that if one takes care of the outer man the inner man will try to live up to the outer man. We will face life with more assurance, more courage, more determination, if we can be transformed from the ugly and neglected sister into a resplendant Cinderella.

Anyhow, though doubtless Dr. Passot ministered in many cases to mere vanity, his purpose, and the purpose of his confrères, was by restoring the ideal of beauty to make life in general more beautiful, more cultured, and more happy.

END

Virgins *to* Venice

(*Continued from page 15*)

Emily Coast swung round. "I suppose that fellow's had a lot of women?"

"Not for a long time; only one."

"I see. Well, that's frank, I must say. And what's he going to do about her?"

"Oh, I expect he will come back to her. They are very much in love."

"But he will go and live in England if he marries my lady."

"He will come back to Venice. He is a Venetian. No man lives in England if he has any money, he visits it."

"Well, I must say. . . ."

"Wouldn't you rather live in the sunshine and such a free life as we live?"

"It would depend. You've got some funny ideas of living, you have. Tell me this, since he has

(*Continued on page 108*)

A Vacuum Cleaner *with* No *Running* Costs

THE "Newmaid" Vacuum Cleaner has been evolved by men who have made a special study of engineering in many branches, and especially in connection with vacuum cleaners. It typifies a general advance in domestic appliances, for it embodies all the advantages of an expensive model, such as the high efficiency of its vacuum suction and the finest ball-bearing journals, yet sells for the low price of forty-two shillings and is guaranteed for five years by the makers. Without being driven by electricity, which means a considerable saving of money, super-efficient and silent working is ensured by precision-made worm gears encased in a grease-tight chamber. A full size machine weighs only eight pounds, being built of solid aluminium castings, and can be operated under a low bed or cupboard, since it is only six inches high. The ingenious design of the "Newmaid" provides space for a specially large brush with soft bristles, difficult to clog, which speedily removes all hair, fluff and pieces of cotton off deep or shallow pile carpets or linoleum. The extra large capacity bag gives space for the great amount of dirt gathered by the "Newmaid" Vacuum Cleaner in the shortest time.

The long handle of the "Newmaid" Vacuum Cleaner is one of the many advantages of this new type non-electric machine, made for the modern practical woman who has to do much of the housework herself

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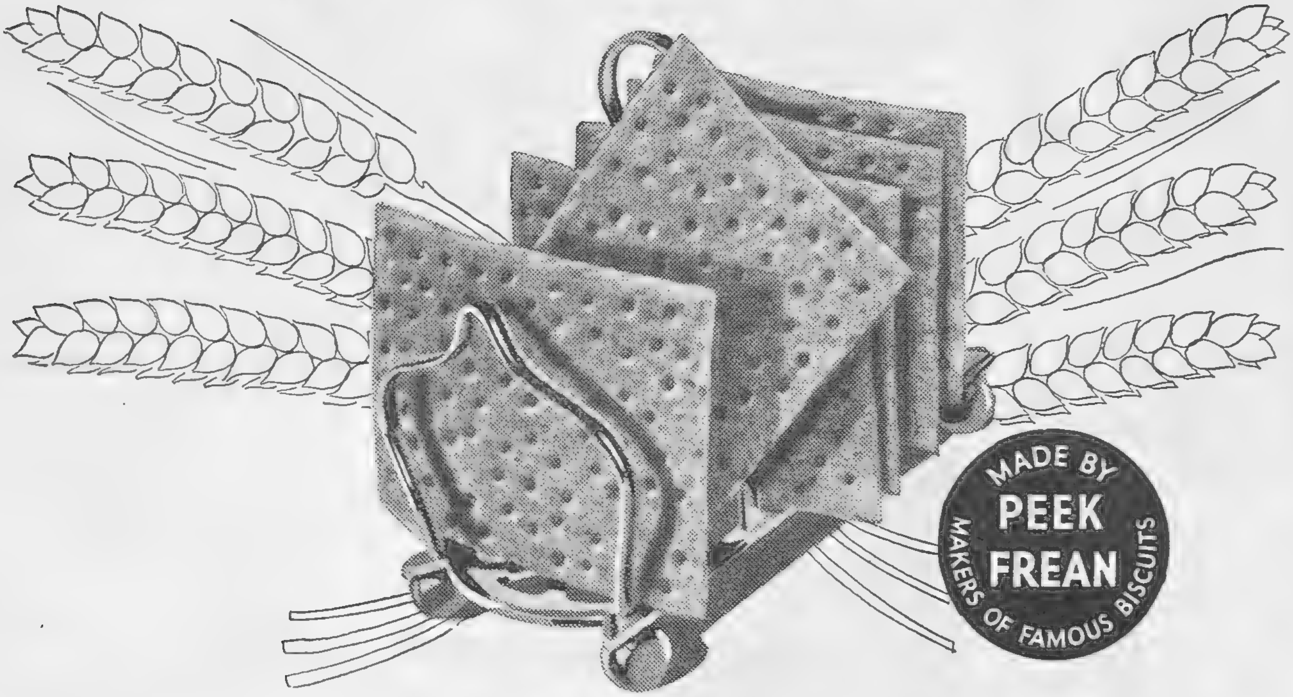

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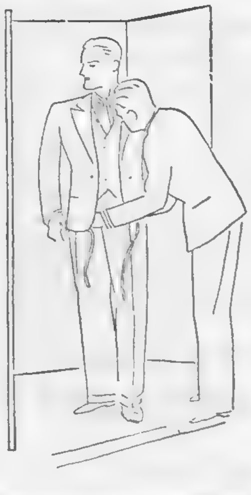

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What a vast improvement!

" YOU can see the pattern now—it's not cut across by ugly rods which harbour dust both on the carpet and at the sides."

" Yes, I read of them and ask at the shop for Stair Carpet Clips, but the man corrected me and said what I meant was 'CLIPPERS,' not Clips. 'I've tried them all,' he said. 'Most of them hinge up, letting the carpet sag, and they stick out at the sides, making dusting difficult.'

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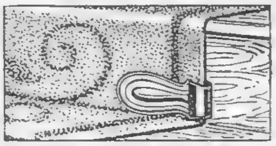

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To BURRAGE & BOYDE Ltd., Northampton.

been going about with my lady, has he seen the other one ? "

" Yes. He is a gentleman."

" I shall never understand you. Not if I live to be a hundred," said Emily Coast.

" You don't have to," said the hall porter. " You only have to like me. You like me a little, Emily ? "

" I don't know."

" And you will stay in Italy and together we will open a little restaurant."

" Are you asking me to marry you ? " said Emily Coast.

He bent his handsome head, so handsome. His eyes slanted, laughed, promised, softened.

" When you look at me like that . . . " said Emily Coast.

He knew she had a thousand pounds, six hundred left her by Luella Pardow's father when he died, and the rest savings. There was a little restaurant to be let, a grand situation, a Mecca for the tourist.

" I DON'T know what my maid does with herself all the time," said Luella Pardow.

Her hair was dressed a new way, softly and tenderly by the clever little hairdresser in the square. Her nails were varnished. She used a lipstick. Her eyes were chased perpetually by formless, coloured dreams. He knew their origin better than herself.

" Isn't she with that hall porter chap all the time ? "

" Is she ? "

" I think so. He's a naughty boy."

" Naughty boy ? "

" A very naughty boy. He married a Croatian. He keeps her in Ragusa. She runs a little hand laundry there. Living is very cheap and they have three children. He goes back to her sometimes. He wants to start a restaurant over here."

" I wonder if Coast knows ? "

" Knows what ? "

" That he is a married man."

He laughed softly.

" Sometimes you are more English than your Galsworthy. It is an atmosphere that you carry with you."

" You are laughing at me ? "

" It is an atmosphere that enchants me. Let her be happy. This is Venice."

" Yes, but you don't understand . . . "

" Who wants to understand but those who have grown too old to do anything else."

THE Major's English chauffeur found his way to the hotel and sought out Emily Coast.

" Got a bit of time to spare for an old pal ? "

" I find plenty to do, thank you."

" You're lucky. You must get some time off. I always see your lady mooning about with that dago. You might come and have a spot of eats with me one night."

" I find all my time cut out, Mr. Voss."

" Well, who cuts it out for you ? "

" Are you being funny, may I ask ? "

" Funny ? I turned down a job at five quid a week by the river because of my rheumatics, and now I have to go and live in a hotel with its feet in the water ! I'll give you Venice for a packet of English Goldflake any day. Look here," he added. " I don't know what's on your mind and I'm not asking. But don't you think you understand foreigners. English people don't understand foreigners. It's the foreigners who understand the English, and that's where all the trouble comes in."

" You are taking a lot upon yourself, Mr. Voss."

" There is a look about you that I don't like, but I recognise," said Voss. " It's what I call the lost honeymoon look."

Emily Coast drew herself up.

" There you are," said Voss, " Bridling ! It takes an Englishwoman to bridle at the idea of a honeymoon. What you don't understand about these foreigners is that their mind's stuffed and sticky with honeymoons, but the idea (*Continued on page* 110)

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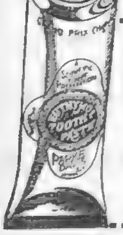

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Be Wise—Euthymolise

of marriage ain't among 'em. Now, to my mind, the one leads to the other."

"And both lead nowhere," said Emily Coast.

She sent in her application for the withdrawal of her money from the Post Office Savings Account that day, and instructed her uncle in Somerset to sell the Savings Certificates she had left with him.

"I've found a little business out here that will prove a gold mine," she wrote. "A restaurant. I shouldn't be surprised if I don't stay out here and manage it."

She stood outside the empty shop that she coveted with the hall porter.

"Your name and mine," said he. "Paolo and Emily."

"We'll sign the lease together when your money comes and then we will have it so charmingly fitted and furnished. With my money and yours we can do the thing really splendidly and I might have had to wait for years."

"If I'm going to be in the desk," said Emily, "I'm going to be married beforehand."

"Does one have to be married in England to be in the desk?"

"One has to be married to *stay* in it," said Emily.

VOSS, the chauffeur, spoke to his employer. He stood there, small, stocky, sullen and typically British; a little rock of a man with rocklike ideas.

"I'm worried about Miss Coast, sir."

"Miss Coast, Voss?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Luella Pardow's personal maid. She's took up with a foreigner, a bit of no good."

"Oh yes. Well, I'm worried about Miss Pardow, Voss. She's in the same boat. A man can do nothing with a woman until she comes to him for help; then she collapses completely and the man can do anything. I'm afraid we'll have to wait."

"It may be too late, sir."

"I'm an old man, Voss. In many countries I have learned this about women. The really good women and the really bad women both collapse at the exact psychological moment. It's their salvation. The other kind of women don't matter. The really good women and the really bad women manage to collapse intact, and you can always put them straight again."

"If you say so, I'm sure, sir."

"They'll come to us, and the worse it is the more they'll come to us. They are good women, Voss."

"Speaking before the race, sir, if I may say so."

"There will be no race, Voss."

"I hope you are right, sir. I have had my eye on Emily Coast a long time. It's been surprising to see her given over, as it were, like this."

"She hasn't given over, Voss, and she won't give over; and neither will Luella Pardow. They are both good women. They just like the excitement of thinking they might. Venice is no place to let a good woman loose when they aren't loose women—but only good ones."

"If you say so, sir."

That afternoon Luella Pardow suffered one of her infrequent headaches. They totally incapacitated her. She lay down in her darkened room, cancelling her gondola trip with her usual escort.

He sent her a great sheaf of orchids because they had no scent and would not worry her, and she could bear them near her, which was where he would like to be himself.

He had borrowed the money from the hall porter to pay for them.

The hall porter was on duty. Emily Coast, her jaunty hat on her exalting head, passed him with a little nod, a flush and a smile.

"Going out by yourself, my beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Then be good and take care."

She must get used (*Continued on page 112*)

"Now . . . only the inconvenience."

"Cephos has given me relief from the terrible pains I used to suffer. I am thirty years of age and I had given up all hope of ever being any better. I used to dread such times, and now I only have the inconvenience."

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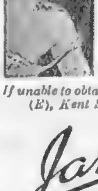

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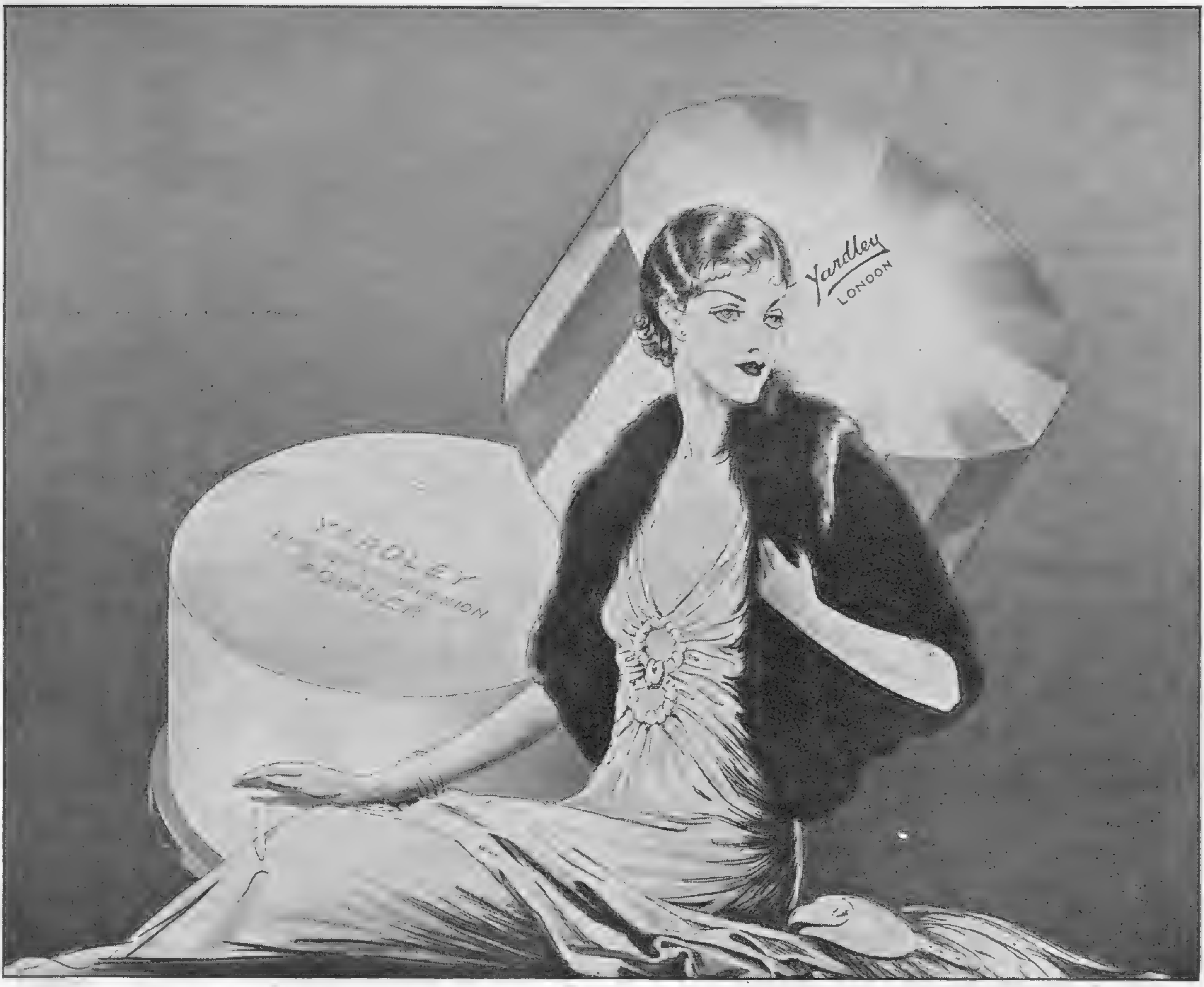

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to Venice, she decided, listening to the martial ring of her footsteps on the stones. The square was almost deserted in the crude, brilliant glare of midday.

She couldn't stand the heat. She sought refuge under the awning of one of the cafes and ordered iced coffee.

She must get used to Venice, used to the sunshine, used to sitting and gossiping out of doors, used to laughing and not bothering about to-morrow. Used to everything that Paolo was used to.

She looked across the square and saw her mistress's gigolo. He was sitting with a girl who obviously belonged to him.

She was lovely and chic and young and gay with an unusual gaiety.

He took her hands and cupped his face in them. Her elbows were on the table. She took his hands and cupped her face in them, with his elbows on the table. Their arms made a trellis. They belonged utterly to their setting.

The trellis suddenly folded close. He leant across the table and kissed her.

"Well now," said Emily Coast.

She didn't judge them. They were so different from herself. It was as if they were children and she a grown-up. She had lost their world, if she had ever known it.

He didn't see her. He didn't see anything but the girl he was with.

When Emily Coast drifted back to the hotel, her Paolo said: "There's a registered letter come for you."

"That will be money," she said practically.

"And I have the agreement ready to sign when we pass it over."

"Can't bother about that now," said Emily. "I've got to see how her head is. She'll want some tea."

"Do Englishwomen *always* want tea."

"*Always*," said Emily, "and sometimes that is all they get; so it is a good thing they are so easily satisfied."

She found Luella Pardow in a gentle flutter.

"Coast, I'm going to wear my blue tea gown, and, Emily, we are dining on the verandah to-night. My head is much better."

"I see, madam," said Emily.

Then suddenly she looked at Luella Pardow and the mists of Venice fell from her, and the scales of sunshine and moonlight fell from her brown eyes. She saw Luella Pardow delivered up, helpless as a baby, to dreams. Luella, who was fine and limited, ignorant of life and men. Better go back to her garden, her chickens, her books, her wireless set, her lifelong friends, her happy little seances about clothes, and luxurious little summer holidays in select hotels.

Setting her teeth, suddenly making up her mind, Emily Coast did her salvage work brutally and ruthlessly and cleanly.

"He is no good to you, Miss Luella."

"I beg your pardon, Coast."

"He was with his mistress this afternoon in the Square. They were drinking coffee. You could see they were crazy about each other. He is only marrying you for your money. He hasn't got a bean. He is a gigolo, dances with rich women in the Lido all the summer, and makes his money that way. I know what I'm talking about, I know all about him. The hall porter told me. He was an airman, and then he got dreadfully in debt and had to clear out; and since then he has to live on women. He makes a lot of money in the summer at the big hotels and the Lido, and pays his bill here with it. They let him stay on. He knows you've got money, and when you are married he will come back to her. She is his kind. Even I could see that! You are not. He was different this afternoon, different to what he is with you—lit up, natural."

"Please, Coast!"

"It is better to know, madam. I think it is better to know than muck up your whole life. I know all about him from the hall porter. He has never been any good, not what you and I (*Continued on page 114*)

TO RHEUMATIC AND KIDNEY SUFFERERS

It is universally admitted that a large proportion of all ills and weaknesses—from tuberculosis to a common cold—are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities in the blood. For instance, uric acid causes rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. "Trying to get rid of the ailments without purifying the blood is merely wasting time," says a high medical authority. If you stimulate the liver, flush the kidneys, and thoroughly wash out the intestines, there will be no breeding places from which disease germs can be absorbed into the blood. Prove for yourself the truth of this by drinking before breakfast a glass of alkaline medicinal water prepared with 'Alkia Saltrates.' This produces a refreshing tonic-aperient drink that will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities which are causing the trouble. 'Alkia Saltrates' can be obtained from any chemist; try this treatment for two or three days and see how quickly your pains and ailments disappear as a plainly noticeable improvement in your health, vitality and disease-resisting power takes place.

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(The original letter to Carreras Ltd., can be verified at Arcadia Works).

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She Lost 60 lbs of Ugly Fat

Without Dieting: Reduced Hips 11 inches, Bust 5 inches, Waist 4 inches

Are you moving towards that stage when your friends will joke and say that you're "plump"? The next stage after that is a shapeless mass of ugly fat. But there is no need for you ever to face that last, dreadful, humiliating stage. **Start right away with the daily dose of Kruschen Salts.** The writer of the letter below found that, without altering her diet, 60 lbs. of ugly fat had melted away!

"*On April 28, 1932, I weighed 16 stone 12 lbs. and was 56 inches round the hips. I tried all the advertised remedies without any result except sickness and pains around the heart. Then I had an attack of rheumatism and started taking Kruschen Salts. After two weeks I was weighed again, and to my surprise I had lost weight. I increased my dose from half a teaspoonful every morning to a whole teaspoonful every morning, and to-day I weigh just 12 stone 8 lbs. I am also completely rid of my rheumatism and feel better than I have done for years.*

Measurements before and after.

BEFORE		*AFTER*	
Bust	.. 42 *ins.*	*Bust*	.. 37 *ins.*
Waist	.. 39 *ins.*	*Waist*	.. 35 *ins.*
Hips	.. 56 *ins.*	*Hips*	.. 45 *ins.*

As to diet, I have altered nothing except bread, taking brown instead of white, and less sugar. All other foods I have shared with my family, making no difference whatever."

28*th Apl.*,	1932	16	12	12*th Oct.*,	1932	14	2
18*th May*,	,,	16	5	27*th Oct.*,	,,	13	11
4*th June*,	,,	16	2	24*th Nov.*,	,,	13	9
16*th June*,	,,	16	0	8*th Dec.*,	,,	13	8
22*nd June*,	,,	15	12	28*th Dec.*,	,,	13	10
3*rd July*,	,,	15	10	12*th Jan.*,	1933	13	4
21*st July*,	,,	15	5	25*th Feb.*,	,,	13	1
4*th Aug.*,	,,	15	4	9*th Mar.*,	,,	13	0
16*th Aug.*,	,,	14	12	23*rd Mar.*,	,,	12	12
1*st Sept.*,	,,	14	8	19*th Apl.*,	,,	12	11
29*th Sept.*,	,,	14	4	9*th May*,	,,	12	8

(Mrs.) L. D., Essex.

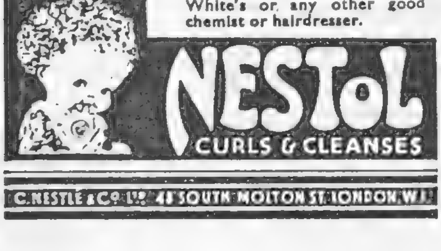
The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of those European Spas which have been used by generations of over-stout people to reduce weight.

Get a 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts from your chemist's and start to-day.

BETTER THAN SOAP AND WATER

Don't wash baby's hair, rub Nestol gently into the scalp every day. In a few weeks baby's Curls will surpass your expectations. The only method which has stood the test of time.

30 days' treatment 3/6. Get it from Boots, Lewis's, Timothy White's or any other good chemist or hairdresser.



C. NESTLE & Co. Ltd. 48 SOUTH MOLTON ST. LONDON, W.1.

call good. Perhaps it's the food they eat these Italians, or being allowed to drink wine from children; but, there, of course, they can't drink the water here—one shouldn't judge them."

"Coast——is she lovely?"

Coast shut her eyes. She couldn't use the knife and look; and yet she knew it was the cleanest and most honest thing to do.

"Grand," she said. "Twenty at most, and a knock-out."

"I see," said Luella Pardow.

"I'm sorry, miss," said Emily Coast, and turned towards the door.

Luella Pardow spoke. Her hands were clenched, her face was as white as chalk. She didn't look at her maid.

"Emily, my dear, I don't want you to think that this is tit for tat. I would so much rather not tell you, but I've got to. I don't know why I didn't say things before; perhaps I didn't want to. Paolo, the hall porter, is married. He has a wife in Ragusa, a Croatian, and they have three children."

"A Croatian," said Emily Coast. "My goodness, not black!"

"No. Oh no. Croatia, it's in Dalmatia. I don't know what he's told you."

"He hasn't told me that," said Emily Coast.

"No. I was afraid not. We shouldn't have come to Venice, Emily, you and I."

"Venice is all right," said Emily Coast. "I'd sent for my money. It arrived this afternoon—all I'd got in the world—and such a letter from my uncle. We were going to open a restaurant. We had got the premises. We were going to sign the lease and pass over the money to-night."

"Oh, Emily! I knew I ought to have told you before. I ought to have told you the moment he told me."

"And I ought to have told you the moment he told me about yours, only it seemed such a pity."

"Such a pity," echoed Luella, softly. She caught Emily Coast's hands in sudden panic. "Oh, God, Emily! We must get away. We must get away!"

"Yes," said Emily Coast.

The white faces stared at each other; the brown eyes soft with tragedy, the brown eyes hard with tragedy.

"Oh!" said Luella Pardow and bent her head as if struck.

"No good taking it like that," said Emily Coast. "No good blaming it on Venice. I expect it's us——asking for it."

"Coast. Emily, dear, could you go and see Major Carfax? Could he take us away very early to-morrow morning. His car is at Trieste. He asked us to drive home with him over the Dolomites. I'll tell *him* I'll meet him in the square to-morrow at eleven, and by then we shall have gone."

"It's easy for you, miss, but a hall porter's a hall porter and lives in the hall."

"Ask Major Carfax to send Voss, Emily. You'll pack to-night?"

"I will, miss."

At the door Coast turned her white face over her shoulder. Luella had given a little shuddering cry and buried her face in her hands.

Coast went back and bent anxiously towards her.

"Don't take on, Miss."

"Oh, Coast, will it go on hurting like this?"

"No, my dear, it won't. Once we are back in England it won't seem English, and things that aren't English aren't decent in England, thank God!"

"Virgins to Venice," sobbed Luella Pardow. "That's what they call women who have never been to Venice before. I don't feel like a virgin. I just feel like something that has been smashed to nothing."

"You'll feel like a virgin in England, Miss," said Emily, almost cheerfully. "Everyone does. It's the climate. Now you write me that note saying that your head has come on bad again and that you'll meet his Lordship at eleven o'clock

(*Continued on page* 116)

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PLAYER'S *'MEDIUM'* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
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In Bottles, Half-Bottles and Flasks.

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

in the square to-morrow, and I'll go and see Major Carfax."

"But you, Emily. What about Paolo? You'll have to see him downstairs."

"I can deal with him. I can deal with anything that is *there*. It's only when he isn't there I'll have to deal with him—remembering and thinking."

Letting herself down in the lift, the white faced Emily clasped her hands and shut her eyes tight. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" she said loudly.

The lift stopped. She shut back the gates. The hall porter came forward, superbly handsome, divinely smiling and propitious.

"Why, Emily dear!"

"Busy," said Emily, "and going to be busier."

She passed out into the sunlight.

"THESE," said Voss, "are the Dolomites, Emily."

"Plenty of 'em," said Emily. "Do they *have* to have snow on? You get a bit tired."

"You've altered, Emily."

"You'd alter," said Emily, "if you expected to see heaven every time you turned the corner sharply, and had to keep stopping so that the car could get its breath. Next time we find a hairpin bend, don't treat it like a bit of straight road."

"Those are gentians."

"And who wants 'em," said Emily. "And who wants any of this except on a postcard. My goodness, do you see her poor little face staring and staring. I could murder that dago."

Voss pressed his knee unobtrusively against her. He cautiously reached down and patted her hand, out of view of the Major and his companion behind.

"You'll forget 'em," he submitted with strangely understanding gentleness. "Once you are back in England you'll forget 'em quicker than you think. The foreigners are like the movies, they're only real when you are with them."

END

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

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In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

H.R.H.—*Landlord and Business Man*

(*Continued from page 9*)

who are in contact with him are the first to insist that it is so) he is definitely not an "armchair strategist"—except in so far as the aeroplanes that take him to and from his outposts provide him with tubular chromium armchairs for, perhaps, the only rest-and-sit-down that he gets during the days of his amazing tours!

"BEING Royal" does not spare the "Duke of Cornwall" those problems that afflict authority elsewhere: he also has Unemployed on his Estates . . . he has footslogged through the Devastated Areas of industrial England

(*Continued on page 118*)

STATE EXPRESS
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555 25 for 1/8
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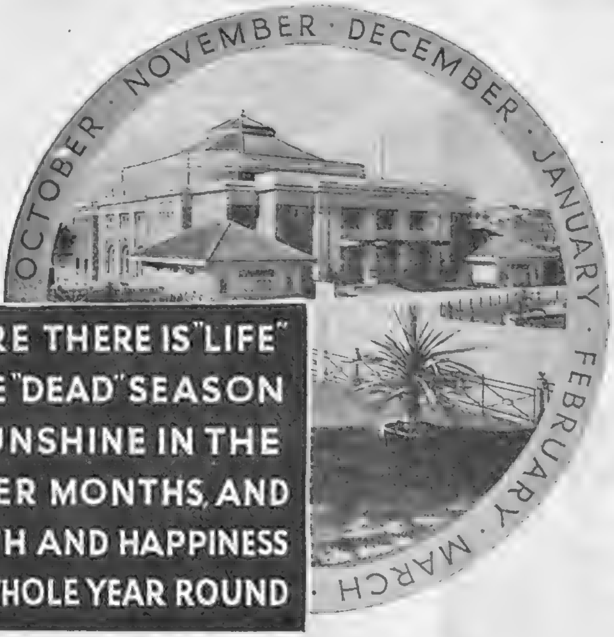
Other packings in proportion.

★ 333 cost you no more than ordinary cigarettes.



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IN THE "DEAD" SEASON
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THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND

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WHY

DO MEN LOOK YOUNGER

THAN WOMEN

?

It's no good burying one's nose in one's powder puff and behaving like an ostrich. Facts have to be faced. The average man of thirty looks a mere boy, while the average woman—well, she looks a woman of thirty. Yet men don't care a pin about youthful appearance, and women spend daily sessions in an attempt to preserve it. What's the explanation? It isn't very difficult to find.

Men as a whole think far more about general fitness than women. In fact there are plenty of *Mr.* Cans in this world but far too few *Mrs.* Cans. You know Mr. Can of course. He's the virile, optimistic perennially young type of man you're always reading about in the Eno advertisements. Inner cleanliness is his creed. He knows that a neglected " inside " poisons the whole body—clouds the mind, dulls the eyes and makes every muscle flabby. And he guards against it in the sanest, safest and surest way—by taking a glass of sparkling Eno's " Fruit Salt " every morning. The gentle, natural action of Eno banishes all poisons before they have time to do any harm—enlivens and refreshes the whole system daily.

If only women would look after themselves as religiously as Mr. Can! If only the Mrs. Can'ts would forget cleansing creams for a bit and think about cleanliness within! If only they'd put themselves on Eno!

Almost at once eyes begin to brighten, skin becomes clearer, hair gains new life. The very first day you start the new regime, your body seems lighter. And, perfectly freed from all that clogging waste each day, it does in fact grow lighter. You not only look younger, but you feel younger, too!

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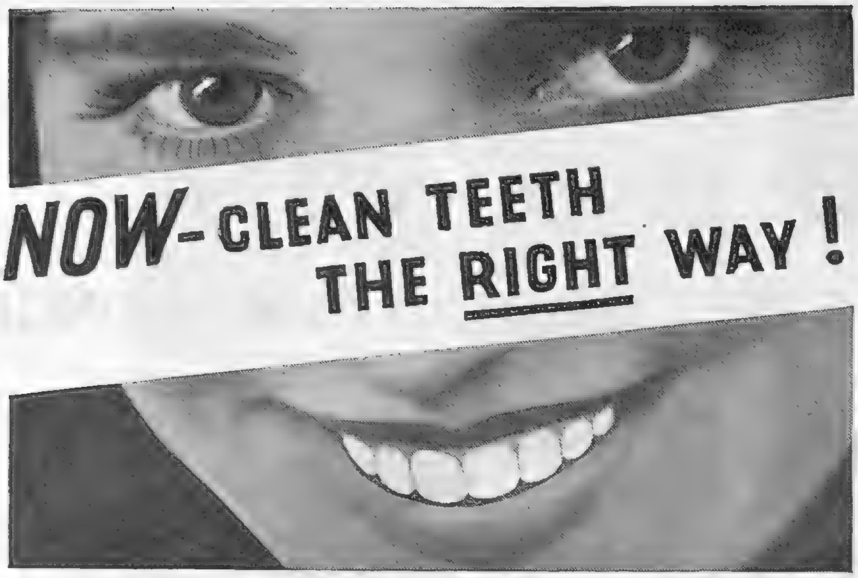
Eno's " Fruit Salt " is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d. for the handy size, and 2s. 6d. for the double quantity household bottle.



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and knows these men, and their wives and their predicament. Lately, on one of his tours through his Duchy, he took a personal and detailed interest in schemes for the Unemployed near St. Austell in Cornwall. Here, owing to the depression in the china clay trade, numbers of men are without any regular work. Many of them have willingly engaged themselves in working for the benefit of the neighbourhood . . . at one place it is a bowling green that has come from those spare hours . . . another a recreation hall and elsewhere children's playing fields. In every place *he did not merely inspect*, but got right down to the details of the work, and the workers.

Not only Devon, Cornwall and Kennington to plan for and to visit, but until a few weeks back, his famous Grove Farm near Nottingham . . . as well as the Duchy property in the Scillies and as far as the famous "E.P." Ranch in Canada. And this much occupied man is not an amateur dabbling in landowning, but an expert extremely concerned with his property—*and his tenants.*

ACTUALLY, in the perilous post-war world, the difficulties of being a successful Prince are enormous: and the Prince of Wales has unconsciously, but definitely, set not only a fashion but also a standard for the Princes Royal of half a dozen kingdoms, as well as, nearer home, a standard of estate management and "Slump" defiance that has appreciably quickened the pulse of commerce. The equipment for his personal and tremendous fight against the Depression and the inertia of despair, is interesting: the background more interesting still. There is little in the exterior of Ambassadors' Court, York House, in Saint James's Palace precincts to indicate its importance; within easy reach are the Offices of the Duchy of Cornwall, the London headquarters of the Prince.

The average business man of his age and achievements is sipping his early tea at the hour that sees "H.R.H." taking some form of violent exercise; then a simple breakfast and then, between ten and half-past, the Prince is normally at his desk where his morning mail is sorted, ready. Punctiliously, every letter is dealt with: as far as is humanly possible, the Prince himself deals with those that ask his own attention and his staff sometimes work in shifts to keep up with their tireless chief.

"Prince of the Overworked" he settles down to his day: in turn ex-officer (Army and Navy!), peer, landlord, traveller, trade expert, super-trade-liaison-officer, trained speaker . . . a dozen times during his working hours his tremendous concentration has to be switched over from one to another of his personalities and luncheon time and whatever appointment he has for lunch, comes after what many of his contemporaries might regard as a hard day's work.

The afternoon may bring a couple of "inspecting visits" each needing its own concentrated interest and possibly remembrance of previous inspections and people seen before. Then, back to town and possibly an unheralded visit to his own Kennington Estates. Here the interest is personal and intense. Mr. Louis de Soissons, the architect to the Estates, tells how before the start of this new block of flats, the Prince not only passed the designs in Council, but himself came down to the site and there went through every detail with the architect.

"He is *tremendously* keen on modern buildings," and, apparently, has also definite ideas as to their layout. For the trees that are to lend gaiety to the exterior must not be planted too near the windows even if space be sacrificed to the necessary distance! The hot water system is carefully adjusted to the equitable distribution of its cost between tenants and the white tiling of kitchens and bathrooms is a definitely modern innovation in working class flats!

Back from his afternoon's work, the Prince may—or may (*Continued on page* 120)

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for Mother and Baby

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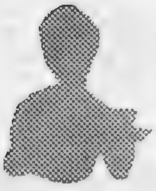

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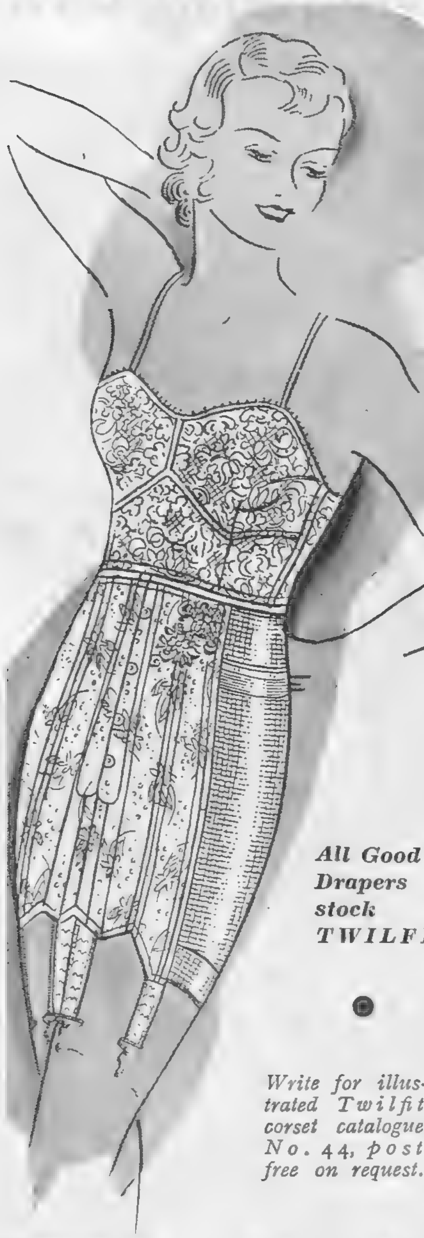

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not, have time for another strenuous bout of some form of exercise; and just when the normally tired man would be settling down to rest, the Prince is fixing his white tie preparatory to starting forth again with yet another dossier of notes to yet another function at which it is his duty to preside or to be present . . . *not an easy life*, that day to day, quietly efficient life of the Prince of Wales.

IT has not been a poise and an experience easily achieved: first, that small boy of seven starting his work, over thirty years ago: slight in stature, to be hardened by relentless training to long hours and unremitting alertness of mind and body. At thirteen, looking younger, pitched into Osborne with his handicap of Royal rank to find his level among some of the most critical youngsters in Europe . . . that nickname "Sardine" tells us a great deal about his initial plunge into democracy; his training was carefully planned and pursued with great thoroughness. The child of thirteen who presently emerged the "Snottie" had learned his first real job with great enthusiasm: had pulled it off in spite of handicaps . . . handicaps revealed in one comment of his own after he and Prince Albert had been in sick bay suffering from some ailment, the Prince Edward remarked to a friend that his hard-bitten young contemporaries had been "awfully nice to us, *in spite of our being Royal* . . ."

Filling out now, and standing up well to his remorseless training; there were no short cuts for Royalty and the expert of to-day did not acquire his poise and knowledge by standing still, wearing his diffident smile and a uniform—and the Prince of Wales was hard at it—already tasting the sort of work we call drudgery when the war broke out and the ex-Midshipman, ex-Undergraduate was again detached from his background to become the soldier. This was training that had not been in the scheme so carefully planned . . . and H.R.H. started, as usual, right at the bottom again! Typical of the start was the incident recalled by an onlooker—a huge Grenadier sergeant standing in front of H.R.H. demands: "Do you know the umpteen different parts of a rifle, Sir?"

The still-juvenile-looking Prince had not that elementary knowledge of the foot soldier: smiled and said so: "I'm blessed if I do, Sergeant—but, *I can learn* . . ."

This last sentence the epitome of his future: and the keynote of his activities immediately after the war ended and those responsible for the safety of the Heir to the Throne could breath again! There came the immediate aftermath . . . one tour after another and learning all the time, returning home to plead with his people that they, too, in the business world, try and learn. His father's illness, more duties, more work: and the cry of one of his friends that: "Confound us, we shall kill him, he's far too willing . . ."

Behind the closed door of his study in Ambassadors' Court on the first floor, the Prince is working: his office and those of his staff are quite unassuming: but he is Royalty, modern style, completely unassailed and planted firmly in the heart of an unassailable democracy; sturdy landmark in distracted Europe!

END

Jewel Fashions

JUST as the autumn demands much of the wardrobe, so does it of the jewel casket. Such a great deal can be done if only the latter is well stocked, that a visit to one of the Ciro Salons just now is more than opportune. There is a glorious range of reproduced gems from which to select, and the cost most modest for items of real adornment.

Take your choice

BEAUTY
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You wonder why they've lost their looks so soon — women lined and aged before their time — till you look at their eyes and learn the truth — EYE STRAIN.

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—for the sleek, slim mode of to-day is mercilessly revealing of too-plump hips or roll of fat about the waist. Confine your figure, if you will—but why not massage away "fat spots" for good—with the convenient "Neda" Massager?

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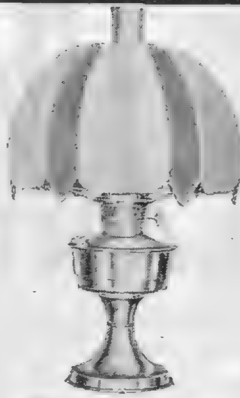

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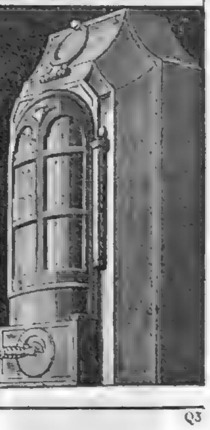

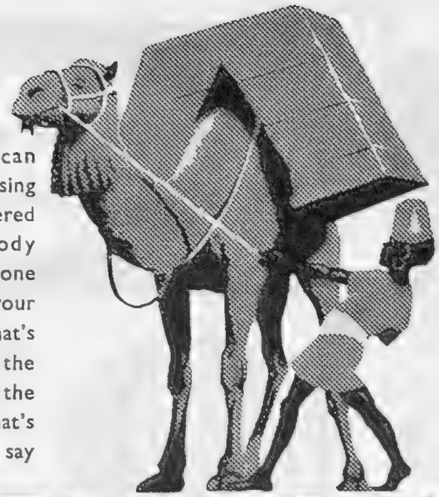

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"LATONA" REGD.
RADIATORS

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, " BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best nonsense verse connected with any aspect of motoring.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post October 16th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—October 16.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best letter refusing an offer of marriage.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post October 30th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—October 30.

Results of 158th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to " Una."

Hon Mention: Gertrude Pitt, Enid M. Norman, N. Shyvers, E. Leslie, F. A. Edinborough, Kathleen Nichols, S. C. Straker, Mabel Asher, May Belben, B. Gibbs, " D. M.," " Denise," " C. H. D. W."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description of a bored visitor to a flower show.

Awarded to C. Giffard.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, B. Gibbs, " Helen Grey," Ruth Pickwoad, " G. G.," " Lweno Notwali," Kathleen Nichols, G. S. Ryder, Gertrude Pitt, Enid Norman, G. Phillpotts.

Results of 159th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to V. A. Ralph.

Hon. Mention: D. Mason, May Belben, Edgar Pasfield, Alice Georgano, W. E. Negus, N. Hewitt, " Joan d'Echo," A. V. Williamson, B. Maile, " G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of eight lines on a local council which banned beach pyjamas.

Awarded to " Denise."

Hon. Mention: Kathleen Nichols, L. Dimmock, B. Throckmorton, Ruth Pickwoad, M. Aldred, " Lweno Notwali," " G. G.," " Excelsior," Alice Georgano, G. S. Ryder.

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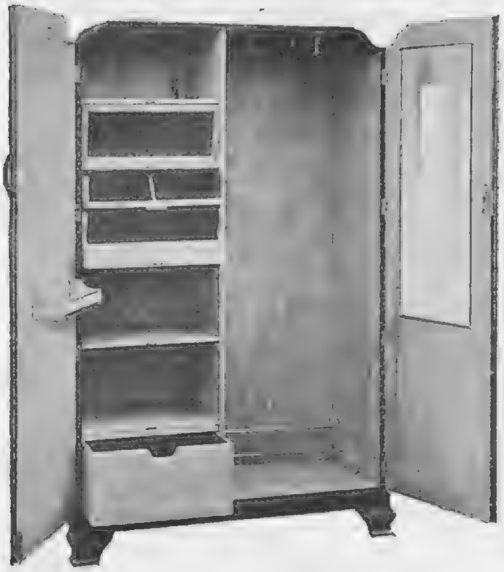
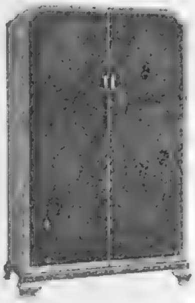
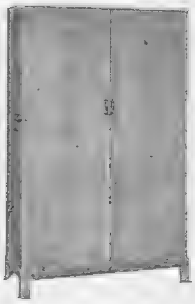
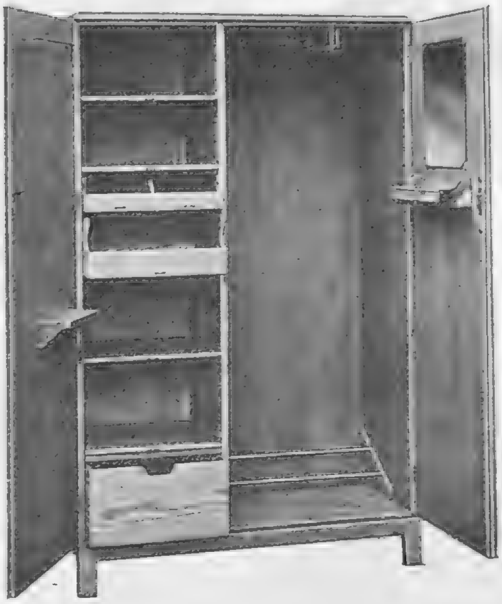




3273.
Closed.



3268.
Closed.



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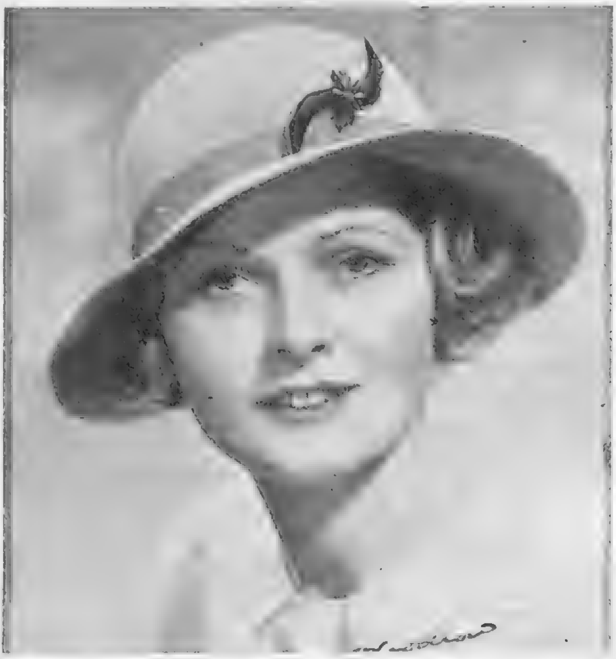

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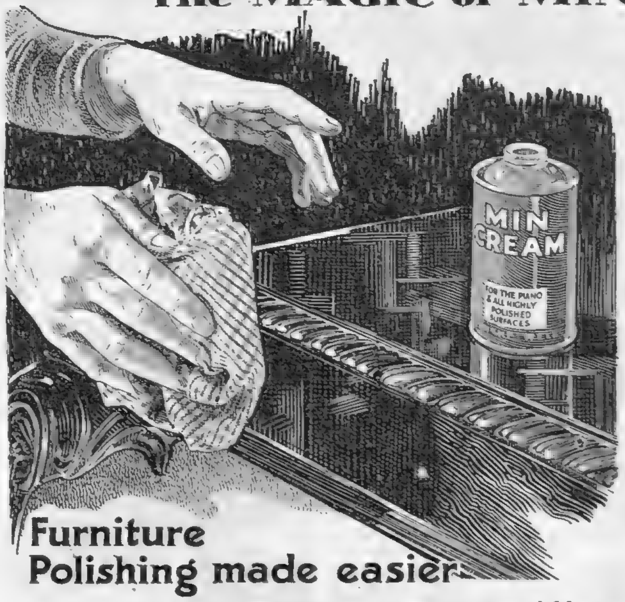
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AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

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NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

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Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, July 17th.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Design for a Dress Fabric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841. Hon. Mention: Norman F. Bunker, G.C.S. 5922; Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary McCoy, G.C.S. 5940. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; S. Curtis, G.C.S. 5729; Jean M. Dunlop, G.C.S. 5973.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Colours. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ruth M. White, G.C.S. 5937. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster For a Flower Show. Prize 10s. Awarded to Molly O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430. Hon. Mention: Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345; W. S. Harris, M.C.S. 3391; John S. Stafford, M.C.S. 3435.

Literature Competition.—The First 300 Words of a Novel You Would Like to Write. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ernest Price, M.C.S. 3393. Hon. Mention: M. Wallace Brown, M.C.S. 3431; Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859; Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368.

Associates' Circle.

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536. Hon. Mention: Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Literature Competition.—Six Titles for Short Stories. Prize 5s. Divided between Pamela Carr, A.C.S. 1438, and Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Leonorah Miller, G.C.S. 5918. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Barbara J. Heaver, M.C.S. 3304; Marion Lund, M.C.S. 3390.

Award of Prizes, August 1st.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603, and Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846. Hon. Mention: Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5859; Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845; S. Curtis, G.C.S. 5729.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Flower Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: B. Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3216.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Constance R. Pultz, M.C.S. 3434, and Betty Perry, M.C.S. 3426. Hon. Mention: Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187; M. J. Howarth, M.C.S. 3437.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon. Mention: J. R. Estcourt, A.C.S. 1559.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903. Second Prize 5s. Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923. Hon. Mention: Joan M. Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401; Mary Pockson, M.C.S. 3438.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(October—November)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A Flower Study. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, November 15th. A Design for a Calendar.

Literature Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Short "Leader" entitled "When Winter Comes." No. III. Closing date, November 15th. Synopsis of a Play in Two Acts.

Needlework Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A Novelty. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, November 15th. Anything in Wool.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, November 15th. A Fifteen-Minute Sketch—Subject left to competitor.

Literature Competition,—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A Paper on Any Topical Subject. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. Four Play Titles—Two for Tragedies—Two for Comedies. No. III. November 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Design for a Calendar. No. III. Closing date, November 15th. Anything Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, November 15th. A Short Poem.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, November 1st. Subject left to competitor.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

VERY many thanks to all those kind friends of our Cinderellas who have subscribed so liberally to their Holiday Fund. As I write the first party are just returning from Littlehampton after one of the best fortnights in this best of all summers. Yes, brown was the word! The first list of donations is as follows:—Kathleen Benning, May W. Harrison, Rachel Cunningham, Mrs. Inglis-Jones, Mrs. Collinge, Christina Pattinson, Lady Dunbar, Jean Dewer and her great Massingham Company of Girl Guides, Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Gwendolen and Ursula Moss, Irene Petch, Joyce Bidder, Pamela Searight, Mrs. Hewett, Miss Muriel Grainger, Margaret McRae, Mary L. C. Roberts, Judith Lart, Doreen Hornby, Jessie Wilkes, Betty Metchim and Violet McNeill Hamilton.

Gladys Traylen, G.C.S. 4424, with her pet monkey, Pedro Carmalito

* * *

Disaster will, I fear, one day overtake those Saloners who send entries for two different competitions on one piece of paper *and* who fail to put the name of the competition and the date on the entry! Scores of entries arrive for every competition, of course, and it adds so much to the labour when little details such as these are missing.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*July 17th*)

Anthony Hern.—The opening page is rather self-conscious in its composition, the rest promises very well indeed and at once engages the interest. So glad to see you competing again.

Ernest Price.—I congratulate you on a first-class beginning, but better, one imagines, for a long short story than for a novel. However, I have no right to say that, perhaps, and I should be delighted to be proved wrong. Any way, *go on with it.* If you can keep it up it would be a certain "winner."

Evangeline Weir.—Technically this is quite satisfactory, but the design is old-fashioned, and in poster work particularly that is a sin one must not forgive! Look at the methods employed by the best of the up-to-date artists.

Jean Weir (age 8), A.C.S. 1462, one of our youngest and most enthusiastic competitors.

Sheila Jaques.—The story shows considerable ability but would be a better opening for a short affair than a full length book. The first title is a bit on the long side; the rest are all interesting, numbers two, three, and four being, I think, the best.

Joyce Bidder.—Technically excellent though the very arresting form would tend to be wearisome. Possibly colour variation would help. The tropic fish and bubbles idea is fresh and worth exploiting.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Rather of the fashion figure order. Colour and white intelligently used. Lettering needs relief, and a margin would help to hold details together. Good invention.

Brenda Milligan.—A good and novel bill, expensive to reproduce but very effective, refined, and artistic. A cheaper effect might serve the purpose better. Charming work.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Your bill has every quality alien to its purpose. It is arresting enough, and violently original, but not persuasive. Clever, but not very happy.

Molly O'Reilly—A clever and effective design, with some knowledge of psychology in its concealments. A very smart and telling bit of poster work, simple, fresh and ingeniously put together.

Stephanie Weir.—Excellent in drawing and big effect, though the shadow colour is not quite analysed. You must penetrate more deeply into colour subtleties, with the "complementary" idea in your mind. Good attack. . . . The second title is a bit weak but all the others are excellent.

Veronica Price-Harris.—Well drawn, and the promise of admirable colour and effect. As your handling improves you should do first class work. A really artistic study.

Joan Gibling.—A delightful subdued colour harmony, strikingly good in taste and truth. You must make your circles in perspective look really round. A remarkably mature and artistic bit of work.

(*Continued on page 126.*)

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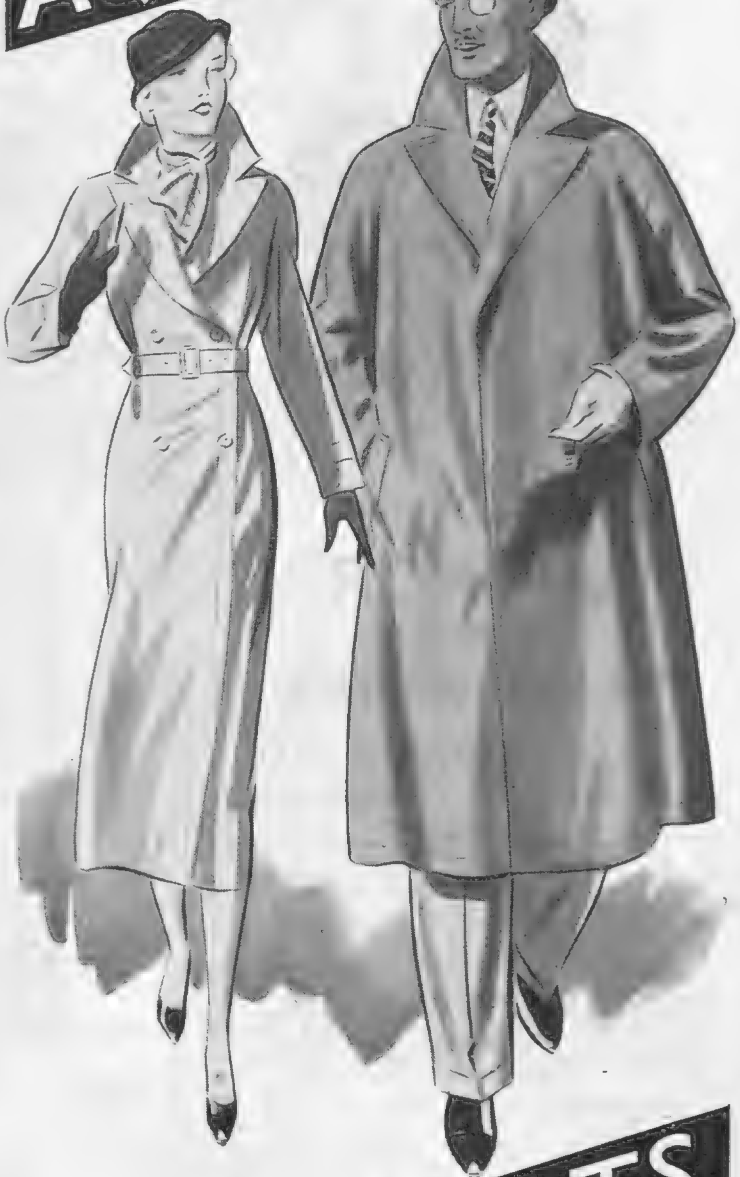

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To Uncle Anchor, Dept. H, Empire Buildings, Tooley Street, London, S.E.1.

Dear Uncle Anchor,—I enclose with this filled-in coupon, wrappers from six pounds of Anchor Packet Butter (1-lb., $\frac{1}{2}$-lb. or $\frac{1}{4}$-lb.), so please make me a member of the Anchor Club, and send me my badge and membership card by return of post, also a little present on my birthday and the Anchor Magazine free every month. I will work hard for promotion.

FULL NAMES..................................

ADDRESS..

....

DATE OF BIRTH....................(*Block letters*)

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In a recent article, Elizabeth Craig, the health and dietetic expert, advised women to drink a cup of Marienbad Reducing Tea 'Mariaherba' first thing every morning as a sure way to regain and keep a slim figure, and yet be able to eat almost anything. At last you can get slim and keep slim without harmful dieting or dangerous drugs. Miss F. W. writes: **"I have found the 'tea' most satisfactory, and have reduced my weight by 26 lbs. without loss of health."** Don't look old and unattractive. Send 5s. for large packet of 'Mariaherba' Reducing Tea to Neo-Medics Ltd., Dept. 29TA, 26, Sun Street, London, E.C.2. Descriptive booklet by Miss Craig, free. (Advt.)

Diana Seth-Smith.—Quite good drawing and colour effect, but best where least elaborated. You must not help nature with details, but set down what you see, and no more.

Penelope Burra.—A difficult subject done with a good deal of success. Some of your grey touches are admirable, but a good many are merely black, and you have not quite dared to be mysterious as well as definite. Fresh and interesting.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—A title would have been helpful. Although it is clear some romantic period is intended, a hint as to which would have been appreciated. An interesting opening, but a more realistic method is advisable.

Joan Guillaume.—Quite sound and interesting as design but it would look better with much more white margin allowed, and the lettering needs to be better placed. A larger sheet of paper would have helped you greatly.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—Very good indeed. You have made great strides, it seems to me, of late. I don't think this subject could have been tackled better. You make some extremely interesting points.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Both entries reach a high standard. The dress material is smart and charming in colour, although possibly the scale of the background is too large, a smaller square here would have given more point to the blue motif. The story is, technically, a big advance, although the plot might be better.

Irene McCoy.—I should like to have read that article, and replied to it! However, you do so admirably in this paper, which shows my bias! I have found it a pretty good test to judge people by their attitude to animals.

M. J. Clark.—Original and promising. This scene could of course be spun out a bit for an actual book, but it seizes the interest well and is neatly composed.

Elsie Montgomery.—Very well set down, although one fears that lack of experience of the particular atmosphere—a complicated one—in which, apparently, the chief characters move, may prove a stumbling block. I hope I am wrong! First hand knowledge, however, is a tremendous help, remember.

Marion Wallace-Brown.—An excellent beginning, full of possibilities, as a beginning should be. I don't think there is anything to criticise at this stage of the story.

Greta Claxton.—The first five lines are charming and there is music throughout this little effort. I shall be interested to see more of your work.

Marit V. Guinness.—Numbers one, three and six are all good. Four and five are too alike, as you will quickly realise now it is pointed out.

W. S. Harris.—Better perhaps as a rather elaborate handbill than a poster, but very good indeed, clever in its colour scheme, and stylishly carried through. A very satisfactory entry.

Jean M. Dunlop.—This very nearly gets completely "there," and it is a difficult thing to do. The chaotic morning is admirably suggested but occasionally one feels that what might be a most effective point isn't sufficiently insisted upon. Working at it again should put this right.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a
Graduate
Member
Associate
of The Children's Salon Competition Circle
(*Strike out words which do not apply.*)

Full Name

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon

Mary McFadyen.—Lovely as a colour scheme. If this is the actual scale, I think it is rather big. Still, original and beautiful work, better suited to embroidery than anything woven, however.

Norman F. Bunker.—The opening lines are excellent. For the type of short article for which there is a good demand, its style isn't quite light enough. It is, you realise, possible to be deadly serious even with a jesting method. I think it will help you not to lose sight of this. I am not, you understand, suggesting mere flippancy. The art entry shows an excellent appreciation of what is required. It has chic and would be thoroughly wearable.

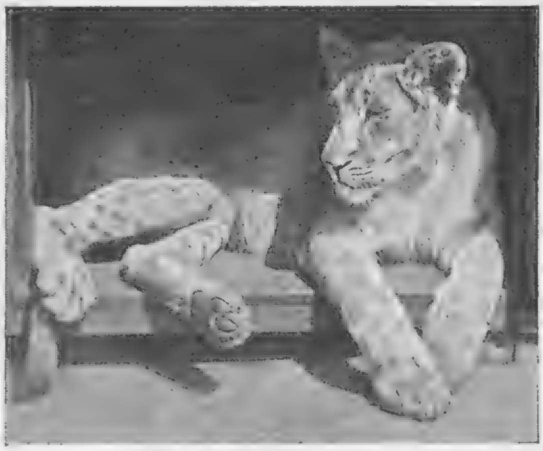
Janet Macdonald.—All the titles have their points, but better variety would have been obtained if you hadn't limited them to a single word. If that had been asked for, specially, this would have been a first-rate entry.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

May W. Harrison.—Ingenious in construction, but better suited, in its colour scheme, for furnishing material. Still, very well suggested and arranged.

Joan Harris.—The three last are very good indeed. The earlier ones show less ingenuity and are a bit ordinary into the bargain. One must avoid that, today, at all costs!

Alison Ackroyd.—One would have liked to have had the title of this novel in case some idea of its scope could have been gleaned therefrom. Such a conversation is piquant enough, but not quite sufficiently suggestive of what is to follow.



Mock Docility. Gwendoline Bertelsman's fine study of a sometimes difficult character. Awarded first prize in the August snapshot competition

Doris Seth-Smith.—"Master" would, I think, be better in that opening line. With just a little more care your work in this vein would be excellent. It is largely a matter of revising to avoid occasional slips into the commonplace. With your wit and ingenuity you ought not to have any difficulty in polishing your efforts.

S. Curtis.—The thing runs splendidly, your verse, especially in the beginning, is most entertaining, but a plot is essential. As it is now, the whole story peters out. Plots, as a rule, are your strong point, so I gather you can put it right if you care to. It is certainly worth it.

Florence McCoy.—A neat skit. The beginning is rather better than the close—the good climax not being quite sufficiently developed. You had a great chance here and have only partially seized it. Still, amusing and to the point, as a whole.

Jennifer M. Skinner.—Much of this is very good indeed, but there is a tendency to be "precious," which you should watch carefully. In other respects this opens very well and one's interest is undeniably aroused.

Beryl White.—For modern tastes and requirements these titles are a bit on the long side, otherwise the list is a good one, with two, three and five as the best, in my opinion.

G. E. M. Moss.—The decoration itself is quite interesting and suitable for the purpose, but a neutral background would greatly help the colour scheme. At present the suggestion is that the red has run a little.

Jane Castle.—The metaphor doesn't quite come off, but the moral does and the method is entertaining and the interest well sustained. Still, it ought to be correct fundamentally.

Stella Bull.—A good beginning, a bit extravagant in style perhaps, but you could easily tone this down without lessening the interest. Very glad to see you competing again. I have been wondering what had become of you.

Dinah Ginsburg.—One title is enough in these days. I have judged your entry on those named first. Three, four and five are the ones I prefer as being the most original and ingenious.

May McCoy.—A delicious little story. The dialogue is most aptly introduced in all cases. You have a most felicitous touch. I congratulate you.

Rena Recaldin.—A most ingenious idea, but it wants exploiting properly. A large margin of white all round would help things enormously. Gold should be avoided in poster work. Better lettering is essential.

Margaret Barrett.—Not at all a bad start. It anticipates things a little too much for a long novel, but that is the only criticism I have to make.

Doris Barton.—You take rather too much licence with syntax in your sentences. An occasional break with traditions is allowable if the matter urgently demands it, but here there is no such necessity. Otherwise quite an acceptable beginning.

Jean Weir.—Rather too many "the's" in this list. Each title you will notice opens with this word. Otherwise quite interesting.

B. Maile.—Certainly this excites the attention. Rather too much is packed into the space. Still, it has its merits, and one is anxious to know how it would develop.

Trixie Ford.—You have handled this coarse flax most cleverly. I know from experience that it is a difficult medium in which to work. The colouring also is very pretty and appropriate.

Winifred Woodnutt.—Thoroughly sound in design and of good eye-catching quality, but a bit crude in colour, the glove being too much out of tone with the rest. I shall be interested to see more of your work.

(*Remaining criticisms will be sent through the post.*)

The Children's Salon
COUPON

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Hand-knitted jumpers are smart for schoolgirls and so much cheaper and harder wearing! Here is a design of attractive simplicity—from Bairns-Wear Booklet No. 12, "Girls' Jerseys for ages 11 to 13 years," price 3d. containing four new styles so easy and clearly explained that your schoolgirl could knit them herself.

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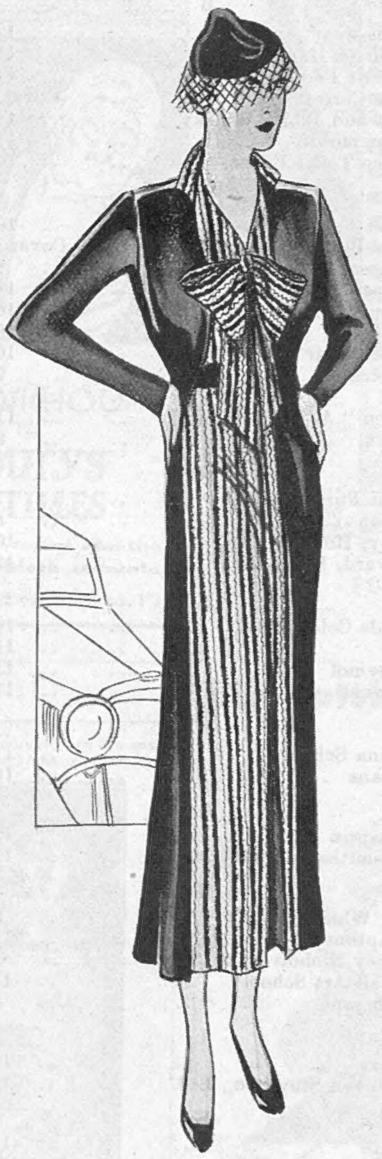

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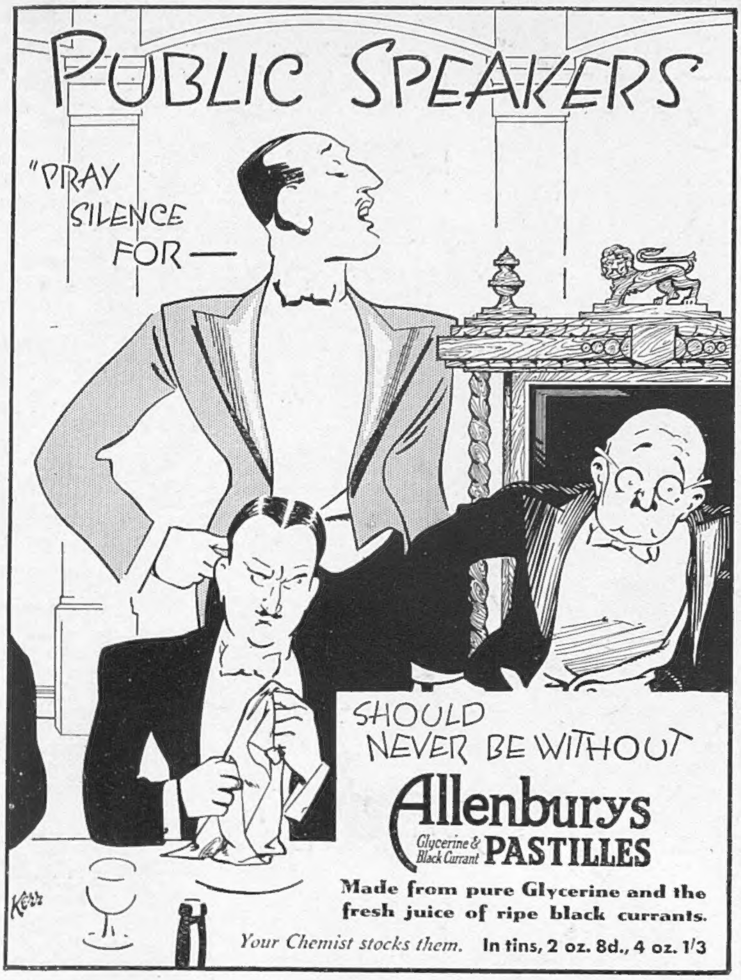

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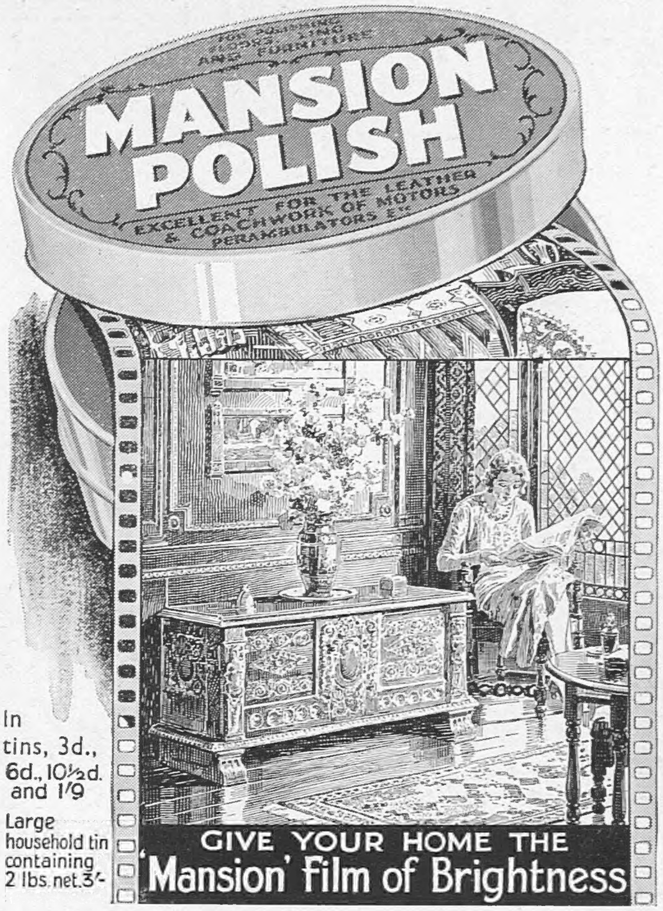
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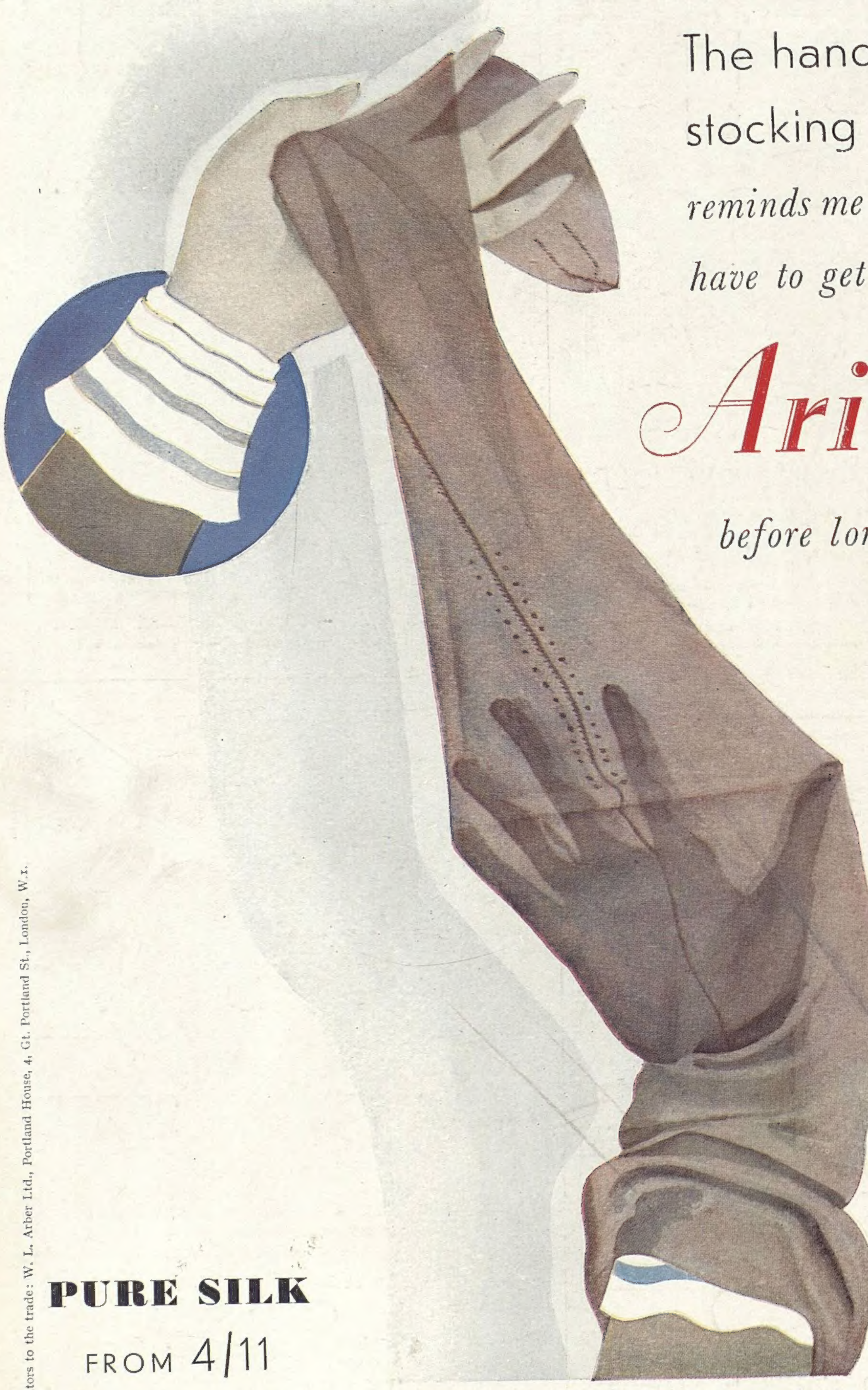

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